

MISCELLANY

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Miscellany 184

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***THE FAILURE of the
ALLIES to OBTAIN a
RUSSIAN ALLIANCE
1938-1939***

Sarah Mumford

This is a study of the unsuccessful negotiations in 1939 for an alliance between Russia, Britain, and France. The failure of these negotiations led the Soviet Union to sign the Non-Aggression Pact with Hitler on August 23, 1939. The materials used for this study consist primarily of the large published collections of German and British diplomatic documents. Soviet materials are far less complete but what is available has been consulted, along with pertinent memoirs and scholarly commentaries.

The Munich Conference of September 1938 was seen by the Soviet Union as the climax in the failure of the collective security policy. It then seemed likely that Britain and France would not block German aggression. Russia was consequently forced to re-adjust her foreign policy for protection against the position of isolation in which she had been placed by Munich. She recognized the need of self-reliance more than ever and the necessity for internal strengthening. Diplomatically, she opened three avenues of action, obviously feeling her way. First, there was the hope that a renewal of collective security might be possible. Making amends with Germany would also be attempted if the opportunity arose. The third line was to improve relations with border areas, especially Poland, that could serve as buffers against German aggression.

The reaffirmation of the U.S.S.R.'s agreement to defend Czechoslovakia on November 6, 1938, indicated that the Soviet Union had not totally abandoned the collective security policy. The German and American diplomatic representatives in Moscow detected no basic change in foreign policy after Munich, and Russia showed herself interested in rapprochement with Britain in spite of the strained post-Munich relationship. The Russian ambassador approached the British Under-Secretary of State on February 14, 1939, and informed him of the

*This paper was read at the Regional Conference of Phi Alpha Theta, national history honor fraternity, on April 18, 1964, and was awarded the prize for the best paper by an undergraduate.

Soviet desire for the conclusion of a trade agreement with Britain. His remark that the future peace of the world depended upon the relations between England and his country is evidence that the Russians were attempting to salvage collective security.

As for Germany, during January and February of 1939, Russia took steps to improve relations through negotiations for a trade agreement. Another straw in the wind was the rumor picked up by the American ambassador in February, that Foreign Commissar Litvinov, living symbol of the collective security policy and a Jew, might be replaced.

Russia attempted to secure the defense of her borders in late November and early December of 1938 by the reaffirmation of the 1932 non-aggression treaty with Poland. This move to neutralize Poland was believed by the German ambassador in Moscow to have been motivated by a fear of joint Polish-German action against Russia.

The British response to Russian overtures during the immediate post-Munich period, judging by the absence of records of diplomatic interchange, was negative. But there had at least been success in arranging, in late February, economic negotiations to begin in March. The situation during this period was therefore quite fluid, with Russia frequently emphasizing the idea of a British-French plot to push Germany toward the East, while extending feelers even-handedly to Germany and to the Western allies.

In January of 1939, the U.S.S.R. became very fearful that Britain and France were attempting to involve her in a war with Germany by their alleged involvement in the press agitation of the Ukrainian situation. The basic problem in the complex Ukrainian situation was the development of a strong nationalist movement in the Carpatho-Ukraine, which, under German patronage, was agitating for the creation of a Greater Ukraine, including Ukrainians in Polish and Russian territory. In a speech of March 10, 1939, Stalin declared: "It looks as if the object of this suspicious hullaballo was to incense the Soviet Union against Germany, to poison the atmosphere and to provoke a conflict with Germany." It is clear that the Soviet Union was extremely suspicious of the Western Democracies.

Moscow's overtures to Germany, however, had fared no better than those to Britain. Stalin hinted broadly in his March 10 speech that the way was open for a detente between Germany and the Soviet Union. Germany fumbled the rapprochement when she was unable because of domestic problems to meet the Soviet demands for an economic agreement. The negotiations were continued in a dilatory manner in the hopes of an improved situation.

By mid-March, Russia had made but very modest headway on the diplomatic paths she had set out to explore. The Polish Treaty had been renewed, trade negotiations with Germany were continuing, new economic talks with Britain were impending. This was far from offering the kind of security Russia was looking for and on March 13 and 14 she made a move which was apparently bait for the West. Poland and Rumania were informed that the Soviet Union would support them if they were attacked on their western frontiers. This was also in line with the policy of creating dependable buffers.

On March 15, 1939, when Germany carried out the logical consequence of Munich by the annexation of the rest of Czechoslovakia, the situation became more tense. The British, deprived of their last illusion, took action immediately by making unilateral declarations of assistance to Turkey, Greece, and Rumania. Russia was also shaken by Germany's action and sent a strong protest to the German Embassy. The moment seemed ripe for a possible resumption of collective security and indeed some moves were made in this direction during the second half of March.

Evidently the change in the British attitude toward Germany also resulted in a change in the attitude toward the Soviet Union, possibly with the aid of the Russian bait of March 13 and 14. On March 17 the British ambassador was instructed to inquire of the Soviet Government whether it could help Rumania resist German aggression if the Rumanian Government requested such assistance. Russia, however, was not interested in independent action. She proposed that British, French, Soviet, Polish, and Rumanian delegates meet for a discussion of the possibilities for common action against

Germany. The Soviet proposal showed a desire to make a definite attempt to block further German aggression through the collective action of the countries most immediately involved.

The British were not ready for such a step. They proposed instead (on March 20) that Poland, France, Russia, and Britain merely declare their intention of consulting for joint action whenever the political independence of any European state might be threatened. French and Polish agreement would of course be necessary. Russia promptly accepted. Further evidence that she was definitely interested in a renewal of collective security could be seen in a statement released by Tass, the Soviet News Agency. It mentioned the favorable progress of Soviet-British trade negotiations, announced that discussions on the international situation had taken place, and ended on an optimistic note about the possibility of Soviet-British collaboration for solution of the problem of peace.

Britain, meanwhile, had been making inquiries in the small nations concerned and had concluded that it would not be advisable to proceed even with this plan. These states, especially Poland, were opposed to inclusion of the U.S.S.R. in a guarantee system; they feared the Soviet Union's intentions and the possibility of offering Germany an additional incitement to aggression. The British were inclined to sympathize strongly with this reaction. Chamberlain was far from receptive to the idea of an all-out effort to create a political alliance with the U.S.S.R. In a private letter of March 26, 1939, he wrote:

'I must confess to the most profound distrust of Russia. I have no belief in her ability to maintain an effective offensive, even if she wanted to and I distrust her motives, which seem to me to be concerned only with getting everyone else by the ears. Moreover, she is both hated and suspected by many of the smaller states, notably Poland, Roumania, and Finland.'

Having decided against pressing even for the Four-Power declaration which they had themselves suggested, the British struck out on a different course. On March 31, Chamberlain announced to the House of Commons that Britain would assist Poland unilaterally if she were attacked by Germany. This move brought an end to the first phase of Anglo-

Russian negotiations for common action against German aggression.

When negotiations opened again, it was the British who took the lead. By mid-April they had concluded that their unilateral declarations to Poland and Rumania "had no military value except within the framework of a general agreement with Russia." On April 14, Britain suggested that Russia make unilateral declarations to assist Poland and Rumania if they were attacked. This rather timid British approach was the beginning of a diplomatic exchange between Britain and Russia which very rapidly led to serious negotiations.

The resumption of diplomatic exchange between Britain and the Soviet Union created an actual possibility of alliance. The fate of the negotiations could not have been predicted at this point, judging from the evidence. Neither party in the negotiations had decided that an alliance was an absolute necessity or was positively an impossibility. The negotiations continued from April until August and were still in session, although deadlocked, when Russia signed the Non-Aggression Pact with Germany on August 23. This would indicate that either one or both parties in the negotiations was willing to exhaust the last particle of hope before abandoning them.

An examination of the negotiations reveals that there were two problems which stand out as the main obstacles preventing an alliance between Britain, France, and Russia. The first was the question of the involvement of the border states: Poland, Rumania, Latvia, Estonia, and Finland. The second was the question of what sort of political and military commitments the Western powers were willing to make with Russia.

The Soviet Union's demands in regard to what states should be included in a guarantee were presented to Britain on April 18. The Russians proposed that England, France, and Russia render all manner of assistance, including military aid, to any of the Eastern European States situated between the Baltic and the Black Seas which bordered on the Soviet Union and were the victims of aggression. Russia consistently refused to consider omitting the Baltic states from such a guarantee. Russia attached great importance to these States in securing her own

defense, because they constituted a corridor to Leningrad. The Soviet Union's fears for the Baltic States were first aroused in March 1939, when Hitler took the Klaipėdsky district from Lithuania. The U.S.S.R. warned Latvia and Estonia at that time that the Soviet Union would not permit any arrangements that might surrender political hegemony to a third power, that might concede exceptional rights and privileges in their territory, or that might harm their independence.

The only additional demand made by Russia concerning the guarantees was the insistence that her definition of "indirect aggression" be accepted. "Indirect aggression," according to the Soviets, would cover any action that involved the loss of independence or a violation of the neutrality of any of the guaranteed states. If their territory or military resources were put at Germany's disposal, with or without overt coercion, "indirect aggression" would be said to have occurred. The British documents show that the Soviet Union feared the development of a situation in the Baltic States similar to the German act of "indirect aggression" in Czechoslovakia in which President Hacha was pressured into accepting German domination.

Poland, Rumania, and the Baltic States were totally opposed to Soviet assistance in any form. Earlier, Polish and Rumanian objections had been the cause of British abandonment of the proposed four-power declaration. Fear that Soviet assistance would be regarded by Germany as encirclement and precipitate a crisis, was the primary reason given by these states for their objections to a Soviet guarantee. A less important reason given was that the admission of as large a power as the Soviet Union to the alliance would diminish the importance of the small states in the eyes of Britain and France and their vital interests might be overlooked.

Britain, however, believed that Poland's real reason for objecting to any sort of Russian assistance was her fear that she would be unable to rid her land of Soviet troops if they were allowed passage through Poland. Estonia openly admitted this fear, and the objections of Finland and Latvia also indicated a fear which grew out of the historical distrust existing between them and

Russia. Finland was convinced that the Soviet Union intended to establish a sphere of influence over the Baltic States and that an alliance such as Britain contemplated would give it the opportunity to do so.

There is no doubt that the countries of Central and Eastern Europe were exerting constant pressure on Great Britain to prevent the signing of an agreement for Russian military assistance that would mention them specifically. The British documents are filled with representations from Poland, Rumania, and the Baltic States along these lines.

Finland was the most outspoken of the Baltic States in her objections to a Russian guarantee. She threatened to accept a non-aggression pact offered by Germany if Britain did not prevent a Russian guarantee of assistance. Finland increased her pressure during July because of Soviet insistence that any guarantee cover "indirect" as well as direct aggression.

Britain had not intended to include the Baltic States in a pact of assistance. The British were concerned at the time only with Poland and Rumania, as the states most imminently threatened by German aggression. Arrangements with other states would have to wait until later. But even in the case of Poland and Rumania, Britain used "kid-gloves" and was not inclined to bring strong pressure to bear for acceptance of the Russian terms. It seems likely in this regard that Britain was over-estimating the military strength of Poland.

To avoid offending Poland and Rumanian susceptibilities, Britain proposed, on April 28, that Russia's guarantees be made indirect: she should merely declare publicly on her own initiative that she would assist Britain and France if either of them became involved in hostilities resulting from the fulfillment of obligations to certain Eastern European countries. Russia refused to accept this formula, pointing to the lack of mutuality, the exclusion of the Baltic States, and the failure to provide for a specific military agreement. The British tried to meet the objection about lack of mutuality without sacrificing provisions to prevent the use of territory of the small states without their permission. Molotov welcomed the recognition of the principle of mutual assistance on the basis of reciprocity in the event of a di-

rect attack on Russia, Britain or France, but pointed out that "the proposal was hedged around with so many reservations . . . that it may turn out to be a fictitious step forward."

Between the end of May, when the question of mutuality had been settled in principle, and the end of June the British made what seemed to them to be most strenuous efforts to meet Russian terms for a guarantee of the small states. A formula was worked out, after several diplomatic exchanges, which, by expanding the list of guaranteed states generally, would also include the Baltic countries. The Russians accepted Belgium, Turkey, and Greece, but balked at Holland and Switzerland. A far more serious stumbling-block was the question of "indirect aggression". The British made several important concessions whose effect was to guarantee British and French assistance if Russia went to war with Germany because she felt menaced by German aggression or pressure forcing a change in the independence or neutrality of a border-state. They now felt that they had met the essence of Russian demands as fully as possible. The Russians stubbornly held out for a definition of "indirect aggression" which would include an internal coup or any change of policy in the interest of Germany whether or not caused by the threat of force.

The British Government believed that it could not defend such a definition of "indirect aggression" before either the countries concerned or British public opinion. It would confirm the worst fears of the Baltic States concerning possible Soviet interference in their internal affairs. No further progress was ever made on the question of an acceptable formula by which to provide aid to the small nations.

The second great barrier to an alliance was the question of political and military commitments between the major powers. The Soviets demanded that any agreement with the Western Democracies be of a binding nature politically and be secured through concrete military obligations. The Russian requirement of mutual assistance, complete reciprocity, and military discussions was part of this second major obstacle.

When the renewal of negotiations had taken place in mid-April, the Russians indicated

from the very first their distaste for unilateral declarations that would bind the Soviet Union alone. Not only did they insist on common action in the case of the small state guarantees, as we have already seen, but on specific political engagements between Britain, France, and Russia accompanied by simultaneous agreement on extent and forms of military assistance should any of the powers be the victim of aggression by another European power.

According to the British ambassador in Moscow, the Soviet Government had been feeding on the British Opposition Press which was saying that the British Government did not mean business. Consequently, the Soviet Union feared being either left to resist Germany alone or having to bear the brunt of resistance. These fears were openly expressed to British Foreign Secretary Halifax by the Russian ambassador.

Britain was a first interested only in securing a general agreement with the Soviet Government which would make her own unilateral declarations to Poland and Rumania meaningful. Soviet assistance, Britain maintained, should be given only if desired and in the most convenient form. The British Government explained to Russia on April 15 that it could not agree to mutual assistance at that time because it was committed as much as possible. The French, who were in general content to leave the negotiations to the British, were willing almost from the start to make provision for assistance to Russia if she became involved in hostilities as a result of rendering assistance to Britain and France. Britain said there was no need for this provision because Britain and France would automatically be in a state of war with Germany if Poland and Rumania were attacked. "They would accordingly be deploying their maximum effort in whatever field this effort could best be made and could do no more."

As early in the negotiations as April 29, the Soviet ambassador in London had made it clear that his government wanted a "more comprehensive effort" in place of the "various patchwork attempts at strengthening international security" then under discussion. By the middle of May Britain realized that the Soviet Government would not come to an agreement on any basis other than com-

plete reciprocity. From this point on Britain became pressed for time and she began to make concession after concession to meet the firm, insistent demands of the Soviet Union. Britain was fearful that Germany might succeed in keeping the U.S.S.R. neutral or even induce her to adopt benevolent neutrality. The British and French proposals of May 27 recognized the principle of mutual assistance on the basis of reciprocity in the event of direct attack.

By the first week in June, the British had met the Russian demands for political reciprocity, and had gone as far as they ever would in moving toward the Russian definition of "indirect aggression" with regard to the small states guarantee. Despite the deadlock in the latter issue, neither side seemed yet to rule out the possibility of an understanding. The British, in fact, appeared to believe that an agreement could be reached on the basis of the compromises already made. Ambassador Seeds was summoned home for instructions to this end, and was told to explain to Molotov the purpose of his trip. The Ambassador's illness disrupted this plan and the Government decided instead to send an official of the Foreign Office to help in Moscow. Ambassador Seeds was instructed to conclude an agreement, short and in simple terms, as soon as possible. The Russians were less satisfied with the results of the negotiations to date. Their position on "indirect aggression" had been approached but not adopted, and nothing had yet been decided about a military agreement. They apparently decided to by-pass the stalemated small states issue for the time in favor of clarifying the total agreement "package."

In mid-July, the Soviet Government began to bring pressure on the British for discussion of the military side of the agreement. Molotov insisted on July 18 that the political and military agreements must form one organic whole and be concluded simultaneously. The British did not share this view; they felt that it would be enough to make provision in the political agreement for military talks and to specify a time for them. It was not just a matter of being in a hurry to reach political agreement; the British were afraid that military talks might encourage the very aggression which it was

their purpose to avert. But rather than prejudice the conclusion of the agreement, the British were prepared to give in to the Soviet demand for immediate military discussions.

The British Government informed the Soviet Union on July 25 of its decision to begin military conversations immediately without waiting for final agreement on any of the outstanding points in the political agreement. It was made clear to the Soviet Government that political conversations were expected to continue with the intention of settling the question of "indirect aggression" and other outstanding differences. Britain instructed its military delegates to confine the military agreements to the most general terms possible because Britain was unwilling to enter into any detailed commitments which were likely to tie its hands in all circumstances.

The British and French military missions did not reach Moscow until August 11. They had traveled by slow passenger ship rather than by air and the Russians viewed this leisurely pace to be evidence of the insincerity of Britain and France in their professed desire for an agreement. The reason for the passenger ship was at least partly technical. But it is true that the British Government did not want to move swiftly with the military discussions until all political issues had been resolved. As was generally the case throughout the discussions with Russia, France was prepared to move much more swiftly toward an accommodation than was Britain. But France had surrendered her diplomatic initiative to Britain even before 1939 and was unable or unwilling to act independently at this point.

The military discussions did not go well. The British negotiator was under orders to go slowly and Soviet inquiries about Britain's exact military dispositions and strength aroused suspicion. Moreover, no progress was being made on the outstanding political issues, in particular, the question of "indirect aggression."

In actuality, Ambassador Seeds had detected a serious change in Molotov's attitude toward the negotiations even before the military conversations began. What was responsible was obviously a favorable turn in the parallel negotiations that Russia had been

conducting with Germany since the spring. "Feelers" had been extended to Germany by the Russian ambassador as early as April 17, the day prior to the submission of the first Russian proposal to Britain. The real bait for Germany was thrown out on May 3 when Molotov replaced Litvinov as Commissar for Foreign Affairs, a change anticipated in rumor since February. At this point Stalin was still "sitting-on-the-fence" because no final decision in Germany's favor had been made as far as can be ascertained. Britain was assured by the Soviet Government that the dismissal did not mean a change in foreign policy in any way.

Immediately after the dismissal of Litvinov from the Foreign Commissariat, the Russians began their extensive "feeling-out" process of the German attitude toward Russia through its Chargé d'Affaires. Germany was receptive to the Soviet approach, but no definite action was taken on her part until after it appeared to her that an agreement between the U.S.S.R., Britain and France seemed close to conclusion. Germany took action on May 30 in deciding to resume the economic talks with the U.S.S.R. The economic talks took place between May 31 and June 22, during which time the Germans attempted to dispel the Russian distrust of her and to abort the Anglo-Franco-Soviet negotiations.

A final decision on Germany's part did not come until July 29. It was the German strategy to inform the Soviets that their interests in Poland and the Baltic area would be protected by Germany. From August 3 until the conclusion of the Non-Aggression Pact on August 23, Germany was almost frantic in its efforts to secure an agreement with Russia because of Hitler's plans for aggression on Poland.

It is difficult to pinpoint just when the Soviet Government made its decision to align with Germany rather than Britain and France because the Soviet Union was "playing" both sides right down to the time of the signing of the Pact. The evidence does seem to indicate, however, that the Russians were stalling with Britain and France after May 31, 1939. If the Soviet Union had been convinced that alliance with Britain and France was the only wise course of action that could be pursued, she would

have accepted the concessions granted by these two powers. After May 31, however, the Soviet Government realized it was in a good "bargaining" position. It felt that Britain and France were becoming anxious about the conclusion of the alliance and that it might be possible to secure even more concessions if they understood that Germany was changing its attitude toward the U.S.S.R. After Germany's approach to Russia in late July, in which she promised to recognize vital Soviet interests, Stalin must have realized where the best bargain lay. This is supported by the Soviet determination not to concur in a proposed joint British-French-Soviet press statement announcing the military talks. The Soviet Union did not wish to create the illusion that the alliance was so near conclusion. The military talks, however, still had bargaining potential for Stalin in his negotiations with Hitler and were therefore essential.

In addition to the two primary obstacles that upset the negotiations between Britain, France, and the U.S.S.R., at least two other factors were involved in the failure of the negotiations. The first of these factors was the element of distrust that prevailed throughout the entire course of the negotiations. This is evident in the Soviet and German documents. It was a force operating behind all the Soviet demands. The second factor which may have determined the course of the negotiations was the extremely vital period between April 18, when the Russians first submitted their proposal, and May 6, when Britain finally replied. It was during this period that the Soviet Union first began to extend "feelers" toward Germany because of the distrust this delay fostered.

The key to understanding the failure in these negotiations seems to lie in the difference in *WHEN* each of these powers felt most strongly in need of an alliance. During the early period of the negotiations, the Soviets indicated a strong desire to renew collective security. The British, however, did not begin to feel the real threat of German aggression until after the Soviets had already tired of their dilatory methods and had begun to hope that there was a possibility of avoiding involvement in the impending conflict altogether. By the time Britain realized

the necessity of concluding an agreement with the Soviet Government, Germany had made its decision and Stalin knew where his best opportunity lay for gaining advantages.

***Anguish and Action in
Twentieth Century
American Literature***

Elaine Rickert

In its recoil the modern self has once again discovered that all truths must be bloody and personal truths, truths, that is, *experienced* in anguish and action.

—IHAB HASSAN

In 1884, Friedrich Nietzsche proclaimed that God was dead, and only the Self remained, in confrontation with all the absurdity of the world. Almost forty years previous to this, Søren Kierkegaard had written of a strange state of despair or "sickness unto death"² in which man sits gnawing upon himself and despairs because "he cannot consume himself, cannot get rid of himself, cannot become nothing."² Nietzsche's solution was to accept this absurdity with joy, while Kierkegaard advocated a "leap into faith" as the only means of living with the disparity between man's idea of himself and the world, and the reality he encountered. Fyodor Dostoevsky first dramatized this despair in a then unusual novelette entitled *Notes From Underground*, published in 1864. In this work we are confronted with a man of contradictory feelings and impulses, who sits for forty years in his underground hole, alternately despising and exalting himself. As a result of this fluctuation, he is reduced to a state of inertia. Dostoevsky's "underground man" is raging against, among other things, a society which has tried to completely regulate men's lives, which tells them that 2 & 2 equals 4 and always will. Dostoevsky's hero (or anti-hero) knows that reason is not all in a man's life, that sometimes to be unreasonable is more desirable. He demands an identity of his own, and he sits in his hole and plots ways in which to make others recognize him. But because there is no one to really blame for man's condition and because "consciousness" is such a crippling disease, the "underground man" can only direct his spite inward and sit gnawing upon himself.

Dostoevsky's strange creation is one of the earliest men of literature to be plagued with the disease of "consciousness," in its modern sense, but he is by no means the last. The absence of the disease is more of an exception in contemporary literature than its presence.

My hypothesis is that in twentieth century American literature, an evolution of "consciousness" can be traced, which culminates, in the fifties and sixties, in an existential despair remarkably like that of the underground man of 1864. Although Ihab Hassan's remark above refers, in his book, *Radical Innocence*, to the post World War II writers, I find it applies to all of American literature in this century. The forms of anguish and action change steadily, however, and it is in these changes that the evolution of consciousness is most clearly seen.

Anguish takes many forms in modern literature—inarticulate or unsatisfied longings, guilt, self-loathing, disillusionment, ennui, alienation, and the simple awareness of existence itself. Action, likewise, appears in various ways—revolt, retreat, acceptance, risks, violence, and suicide. Anguish and action include far more modes than these, but in order to deal effectively with their numerous categories, it is useful to divide anguish and action each into two contrasting forms. Anguish can be either inarticulate or conscious, and action, either necessary or possible. The exact meanings of these terms will become clear as examples of them occur. Throughout twentieth century American literature, various combinations of anguish and action will be seen, but I think the basic continuum ranges from an inarticulate anguish, accompanied by compulsive or necessary action, to an anguish of consciousness, accompanied by freedom or possible action. Thus, we see man moving toward a tragic recognition of his freedom.

Although I have chosen a very limited number of works to discuss, I contend that my hypothesis holds true for most twentieth century American fiction and that other works could have as easily been discussed. The order in which I will deal with these works is not strictly chronological.

It is first useful to look at the world in which modern man finds himself, as it is analyzed in Henry Miller's book on Ameri-

ca, *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*. America is a paradigm case of a society that leads man to despair, and finally, to a recognition of his dreadful freedom. "... in the very quick of the nightmare ... all values are reduced to slag." Society has become increasingly complex and materialistic, and individuals have turned into conforming slaves. Miller sees the nightmare, perhaps excessively, of America as it is, of the money-directed, rationally-programmed society, which is blind to the horror it has fostered.

At this moment we are talking about the defense of our country, our institutions, our way of life. It is taken for granted that these *must* be defended, whether we are invaded or not. But there are things which ought not to be defended, which ought to be allowed to die; there are things which we should destroy voluntarily, with our own hands.

Americans believe that with money they can enjoy all the pleasures of life. This even extends to art, where they proudly pay for what they don't understand because it is fashionable. Artists find themselves fighting this corruption, as Miller and others have recognized.

Miller finds more innocence in prison inmates than in so-called free men. It is an innocence which is unknown on the outside. He sees all men as guilty of crimes, but only the man who has been convicted has owned up to them. Those beyond prison walls live their illusions and believe in their righteousness.

Better the warped judgment of the condemned one than the most enlightened judgment of the on-looker. The condemned one reaches at last to his innocence. But the on-looker is not even aware of his guilt.

Miller comments on the absence of real love in the world. He sees only forms of love, forms which mock at the real thing. Because of this lack, or distortion, of love, man in the world suffers. But he suffers in silence.

SILENCE

He is thinking if there is any way by which he can explain just how and what it is he suffers. He is wondering if there is anyone in the whole world with a heart big enough to comprehend what it is he wants to tell. There are so many little things to say first, and will anyone have the patience to listen to the end? Suffering is no one thing.

In corrupt Americans, Miller sees loathing and murder. A great deadness is permeating everything. Man is dead to feeling and choosing and sensibility and love. He is a mechanism which reacts according to well-laid-out plans. He is as automatic as the inventions he glories in and as devoid of life.

Are you deaf and dumb and blind? he seems to ask. Sure there is music today—but there is no sound to it. Sure there is slaughter going on—but it doesn't produce any effect. Sure the headlines are full of tragedy—but where are the tears? Is it a world of rubber goods pounded with rubber mallets? Is it croquet or cosmological eyewash? Death is one thing and deadness another.

This discussion of Miller does not so much, perhaps, explain the modern world as show the symptoms of it. They are the symptoms of an age which tries, with the aid of reason, to make man happy, but an age which forgets an essential fact—that man must choose his own happiness, even if that choice be unhappiness. With this sociological background, let us move on the theme—anguish and action—as we see it in the works of other twentieth century American writers.

In F. Scott Fitzgerald's greatest work, *The Great Gatsby*, we are immediately acquainted with the whole money-determined fabric of American society. Daisy and Tom Buchanan live in wealthy East Egg Village and lead an ostensibly fashionable life. They maintain the illusion of a happy marriage, although Tom is having an affair and Daisy is terribly bored. They are both reaching out for something, either past or future. Tom seeks to recapture the vigor of his youth as a football hero, while Daisy reaches out blindly for something to dispel her boredom. These two lead their lives recklessly. Their belief that money will protect them and pay for anything makes them indifferent to the consequences of their actions.

They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—They smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made.

We also have, however, in the same novel, the title character—The Great Gatsby. It is in *Gatsby* that we see the original promise of America almost mythically embodied. Gatsby is a man with a dream, and every

move he makes is with the hope of realizing that dream. Through his fixated efforts, he acquires great wealth and becomes, ostensibly, an example of the American Dream of individualism and opportunity. The shoddiness and degeneration of this dream is evident, however, in the corruption of Gatsby's methods. What raises Gatsby in our estimation, however, regardless of his corruption, and what really makes him a mythic American figure, is the intensity of his dream. His drive for fortune is merely a means to an ideal end. This ideal, ironically enough, is Daisy Buchanan. He devotes his whole life to the pursuit of her, and in the end, he finds only disillusionment and brutal death.

Gatsby is, in his own unique way, an innocent, thus the placement of this novel first. Although a post-war boredom and dissipation dominates the background of Fitzgerald's work, Gatsby seems to belong to an earlier period, to a time before this twentieth century with its bloody truths. Gatsby's dream represents the ideal, the destruction of which sets into motion the whole continuum which I have proposed earlier. He lives at the time before inarticulate longings, the time when man can still formulate his dreams and pursue them relentlessly. The anguish which is to play such an important part in the twentieth century begins when Gatsby's dream is shattered by reality, when the disparity between the real and the ideal is seen.

I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock.

The wonder of Gatsby will be hard to find again in American literature. The illusion is shattered, and man is left only with his longings.

Sister Carrie, by Theodore Dreiser, illustrates the real beginning of the continuum of

evolving self-consciousness. We see, from the onset, that man is merely a "waif amid forces." The setting is the same as that of *The Great Gatsby*. It is a money-dominated society in which organization and mechanization have taken over. Carrie walks from factory to factory in the great impersonal city, looking for a position which she can fill. She finds, eventually, only an assembly line job which anyone else could have performed.

We see in Carrie that vague and inarticulate yearning which seems to be man's first step in his evolution toward consciousness. Carrie longs for something to complete her life, but she cannot say what it is. She is not alienated from society; she is simply searching, within society, for something to satisfy her. She is not like the conscious man thinking himself an outcast, but rather a person who still believes that she can be important to herself and to society. Carrie suffers not only the anguish of undefined desires, but also the anguish of disillusionment. A place at the top, when she finally acquires one, means nothing. This is not the ultimate disillusionment we shall see in later novels, however, for there is still hope. Thus, Carrie is still dreaming at the end of the novel.

Know, then, that for you is neither surfeit nor content. In your rocking-chair, by your window dreaming, shall you long alone. In your rocking-chair, by your window, shall you dream such happiness as you may never feel.

The other half of my theme—action, seems to be completely out of the control of the individual in *Sister Carrie*. It is necessary action, that is, action which the characters carry out not from choice, but because they are compelled to, by social and environmental forces larger than themselves. Man is reduced to the point where he must fight for his very existence in a world where only the most fit survive. Darwin's theory is now directly applicable to society. Carrie fights, but she does it instinctively. She does not consciously choose the directions in which she moves. Thus, we see her attracted by money and glamor and drifting into relationships which ultimately give her little or no satisfaction. She breaks rules and destroys as she is swept along by her vague desires, but because she is fit for the struggle, she survives.

Hurstwood, on the other hand, is unable

to adapt to change and is destroyed. He had found a sheltered place in Chicago, but amid the whirl of forces he encountered in New York, he could not fight. We see the achievement of the Great American Dream in *Sister Carrie*, but we are also shown what an illusory and futile dream it is. It is still possible for the individual to get to the top, but there is nothing there.

In Gertrude Stein's *Three Lives*, we again have a naturalistic attitude toward the world, but it is shown on a very primitive level. Eliminated from her novel is the entire external world of reality. We are shown life independent of society; however, the life she depicts cannot be said to be independent of the influences of society. These influences are sometimes shown through dialogue. For example, Rose Johnson seems to consider herself as good as, or a little better than, Melanctha, because the latter hasn't got a husband. A husband is a necessary and good thing according to the world, but the world's values are not enough for Melanctha. She too is one of the inarticulate yearners, but she does not find her illusions in the material gains which society can give. She is searching for some kind of knowledge which, if found, would probably not bring about the disillusionment felt by Gatsby and Carrie. Melanctha is far, however, from any specific formulation of her desires.

The action of *Three Lives* is, as in *Sister Carrie*, a deterministic or necessary action. However, with Stein, it is a determinism from within. Man's life is determined by his basic personality, by his real self, and thus Miss Stein tries to portray the naked individual on his most instinctive level, without the social media, even of education, having entered in. Thus, if a character possesses intelligence, we are shown this intelligence on a primitive level. In Melanctha her intelligence is seen in her continual but vague striving for knowledge. Miss Stein seeks to defend the integrity of the natural instincts, whatever they may be. She has no illusions about her women, however, as demonstrated by the fact that all three women die within the context of the novel. Miss Stein is a naturalist, then, with the individual fates of her characters being determined by their basic natures. Thus, we are told of Anna at the beginning that she was good and that

she "led an arduous and troubled life," and we see that it is this intrinsic goodness which determines Anna's life.

She saved and saved and always saved,
and then here and there, to this friend
and to that, to one in her trouble and
to the other in her joy, in sickness, death,
and weddings, or to make young people
happy, it always went, the hard earned
money she had saved.

Likewise, with Lena and Melanctha, it is, respectively, gentleness and unconscious longing which determine their lives. As in *Sister Carrie*, they drift into relationships and submit to the undirected flux of experience. However, in *Three Lives*, the relationships are the only reality, and they are alternately satisfying and destructive. Thus, Miss Stein's characters fluctuate between instinctive joy and inarticulate anguish, and more important, their actions remain pre-determined by their inner selves.

The whole post world war society in which we have seen Tom and Daisy Buchanan, and in which we shall see Hemingway's characters, is depicted by T. S. Eliot in "The Wasteland." This poem utilizes the imagery and symbols of the Grail Legend. In the legend, the land dries up and becomes sterile because of the maiming of the Fisher King. In "The Waste Land," Eliot proposes the death of the Hanged God as the cause of the world's condition. The protagonist, or the Fisher King, becomes the representative of man's fate in such a world.

Early in the poem we are told of the sterility and meaninglessness which permeates everything.

What are the roots that clutch, what
branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know
only
A heap of broken images . . .

The protagonist is almost painfully self-conscious as he speaks of his present life.

I read, much of the night, and go south
in the winter.

He is one of those who are disillusioned and bored, for whom April is painful because the fertility of it awakens only cruel memories of a vitality and life which has been lost. He says

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

It is an all-encompassing fear which the protagonist shows us throughout the poem.

He is in dreadful fear of the devastation which he sees everywhere, and he wishes for winter's "forgetful snow."

The protagonist's anguish is especially frustrating and tormenting. He sees that all is desolation—in himself and in the world, and he is aware of what is missing as he recalls the vitality of the past. He is even given three staves by the Thunder, which are the key to the regeneration of the land and himself—to give, to sympathize, and to control. But he is unable to make use of them. Frustrating all hopes of regeneration, and increasing his anguish, is his own spiritual and physical impotence in the face of the whole situation. He cannot, and perhaps does not really want to escape the fate which has been predicted for him. Thus, he sits fishing and waiting for death, uttering the "broken images" which are all he knows and which he has "shored against (his) ruins."

In "The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock," we have another soul in a similar state of anguish. He, however, speculates more on how he himself can escape the horror of the "wasteland" and from his living death. He is the increasingly aware man, who is not yet "sick unto death," but who suffers greatly all the same. Like the speaker of "The Wasteland," Prufrock wishes to find a source of renewed vitality and meaning in his life; however, to do this he will have to "disturb the universe" by going against the sterile, fashionable society in which he has always participated and been accepted. He says of himself—"I have measured out my life in coffee spoons." He fluctuates between deciding to make himself heard or continuing in his unhappy but secure way of life. In desperation he cries,

I should have been a pair of ragged
claws

Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.
He is unable to take a step, however, fearing that he will be misunderstood and fail. He will continue leading the same stagnant life, concerning himself with superficialities, being "almost, at times, the Fool."

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers
rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare
to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and
walk upon the beach.

Thus, we see Eliot's characters as ones in whom consciousness has begun to awaken. Their anguish is articulate in that they realize that what they lack is vitality and love. They are as sterile as the land which bred them. Action in Eliot's world remains somewhat necessary. The characters are still controlled as much by outside forces as they are by themselves, even if those forces have been reduced to the level of mere social pressure and opinion. Man is growing more and more aware of his dreadful freedom, however, and in each writer discussed from now on, he will take a step further toward a complete realization and acceptance of it.

Ernest Hemingway, in *The Sun Also Rises*, provides us with the first characters to recoil in their growing anguish; however, this recoil is not into the self, as it will be with Ellison and Styron. It is, rather, a recoil from society in the form of expatriation. The anguish stimulating their recoil is caused by feelings of ennui, disillusionment, and alienation. They seek in Europe the values they have been unable to find in America. The problem, however, has become not so much the actual miseries of existence, but man's growing awareness of and preoccupation with them. Brett, Jake, and Mike are the disillusioned ones who are beginning to see the complete absurdity in the human situation. They have run to Europe because it is more bearable than America, but they have not really found the human condition any different. Jake says,

Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another. There's nothing to that.

The world, as they see it, is a place in which everything is always pretty much the same.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down,

And hasteth to the place where he arose.

The characters of this novel are alienated both physically and mentally. Their inability to really live or love is symbolized by Jake's physical impotence. They are not, however, selves reflecting upon their own images, but rather selves reflecting upon the world. They have cut themselves off from society, but they have done this as a group. They are not "underground" men, for they still participate in life. They are not so concerned

with finding their own individual identities, or with finding the meaning in life, as they are with simply learning how to live in the face of meaninglessness. Jake says,

Perhaps as you went along you did learn something. I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it.

In such short stories as "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Hemingway's characters are again learning how to live, but here it is in the face of meaningless death rather than meaningless life.

Having examined the anguish of Hemingway's characters, we must now look at the action. The world which Hemingway portrays is naturalistic in that the characters are driven to Europe by unbearable social forces and from there seem to simply drift. Thus, there is an element of what seems to be necessary action. However, in the very fact that they recoil there seems to be the beginning of the action of possibility which will eventually obsess the conscious man. In the face of their complete disillusionment, the characters of *The Sun Also Rises* do choose, or at least give the illusion of choosing, three things. The first choice is their expatriation, the second, their code, the basic tenet of which is not to talk about their suffering, and their third choice is their emphasis on tradition and ritual. We see their code of stoic endurance expressed in a conversation between Brett and Jake.

"I thought you weren't going to talk about it?"

"How can I help it?"

"You'll lose it if you talk about it."

The emphasis on tradition and ritual is exemplified by the bullfights and by the strict observance of set ritualistic procedures for such activities as fishing and drinking.

We look now at the man who may perhaps be called America's first existentialist—William Faulkner. In his novel, *The Sound and the Fury*, we are confronted with corruption and a loss of innocence which is significant on three different levels. It is first the story of Caddy's loss of innocence and the effects of this on her family. Secondly, it is a story of the South and its corruption, and thirdly, it is the story of man himself, reacting in the face of his own loss of innocence. We are shown the degeneration of the

Compson family from the viewpoint of the Compsons themselves. The first section is told by Benjy, the idiot son, the second part by Quentin, the sensitive and introspective son, and the third part, by Jason, the spiteful, rationalistic son. These three monologues are all by people who have lost their sense of equilibrium, who are unable to cope with changes. It is an obsession with the past which rules each of them, and thus our view into their lives keep shifting in time. All of them, except perhaps Benjy, are also obsessed with a great sense of guilt, as we see when Quentin attempts to appease his sense of guilt by his insistence that he had an incestuous relationship with Caddy. This sense of guilt is going to be very important in existentialist literature.

When the Compsons find their lives disordered, they must attempt to reconstruct them in some way. They cannot accept mutability as the natural order of things. To them, change can only represent a loss. The anguish of this novel, then, is that of guilt and a sense of unbearable loss, and it is all expressed in Benjy's inarticulate cries.

Then Ben wailed again, hopeless and prolonged. It was nothing. Just sound. It might have been all time and injustice and sorrow become vocal for an instant by a conjunction of planets.

It is in the figure of Quentin that we see the anguish of twentieth century literature becoming more conscious, that is, turning in upon itself. We see here the struggle of an individual sensibility, existing in a time and place of insecurity and degradation, and at war with himself, as well as with society. Quentin suffers within himself because of the violence and hatred of others.

Action of possibility is beginning to appear in a more radical form. Quentin, when he cannot atone for Caddy's lost innocence by taking all the guilt upon himself, commits suicide. This suicide looks at first to be a final assertion of man's freedom, of man's refusal to accept the dictates of time and a world of which he is ashamed. But in Quentin's case, the choice does not seem to be free of an inner compulsion or determinism. His pride is greatly injured, and he can no longer live with himself. It is difficult to tell where this inner determinism ends and freedom begins; and thus, Faulkner seems to bridge

the gap, the other side of which is consciousness and freedom.

From Faulkner, the move to Ralph Ellison and the *Invisible Man*, although chronologically a big move, is thematically a logical one. We are here confronted with a novel of the post World War II period. It is during this period that the novel makes a great shift in emphasis from society to the individual. It is also during this period that the "sickness unto death," described by Kierkegaard one hundred years earlier, appears in American literature. In *Invisible Man*, we seem to see a recapitulation of the whole history of twentieth century American man in literature. We are told first of the hero's initial state of innocence, of his belief in the way of life he has been taught by the white man. At the ceremony on the day the founders and trustees visit his school, he is completely caught up in the proceedings and thinks to himself,

(And who, in face of this would not believe? could even doubt?)

We next learn of his expulsion from the school and his encounter with the northern world, and gradually we see him disillusioned and beaten by society until he finally retreats into his hole underground. From his hole, he looks back questioningly and bitterly on his past.

For how could it have been real if now I am invisible? If real, why is it that I can recall in all that island of greenness no fountain but one that was broken, corroded, and dry? And why does no rain fall through my recollections, sound through my memories, soak through the hard crust of the still so recent past?

This is the road twentieth century man in literature has travelled—from illusion, to disillusion and victimization, to rebellion or withdrawal into the underground. With his descent into his hole, we have the fullest development yet of the despair of consciousness in America. Man, in his remorse and spite over his lack of identity, hides from society and refuses to contribute anything to it. He shouts,

Responsibility rests upon recognition.

Most of *Invisible Man* deals with the hero's or anti-hero's, adventures in the world, rather than his period of isolation. Thus, we do not see the actual struggle to break the deadlock of inertia. This will come with William Styron. However, in *Invisible Man*,

we are told that he has realized that "even the invisible victim is responsible for all". In the epilogue, he says,

And the mind that has conceived a plan of living must never lose sight of the chaos against which that pattern was conceived.

Here we have an important theme of the literature of consciousness and one that is directly related to the opening quote by Ihab Hassan. This theme is that meaning in the world today can be found only after a period of chaos and internal division, and it is through personal suffering or violence that this is achieved. All truths must be "experienced in anguish and action", and the chaos must never be forgotten after the truth is found.

Thus we leave the invisible man in his anguish, as he prepares to emerge from his hole. Action, when once the inertia of the underground has been overcome, becomes pure possibility. Man, if he is to avoid becoming part of a mechanical and ruthless universe, must exert his freedom. Man himself is pure possibility. His life is determined by his own actions. It is the recognition of this fact which makes man's freedom both so cherished and so dreadful to him.

In William Styron's novel, *Set This House On Fire*, we seen another character in the underground—Cass Kinsolving. However, in this book the actual despair is explored and analyzed much more than in *Invisible Man*. Cass is caught up in a complete state of inertia. He fluctuates between opposing poles, but he is unable to become anything, as he sits (metaphorically speaking in this novel) in his underground hole loathing himself.

What I was really sick from was despair and self-loathing and greed and selfishness and spite. I was sick with a paralysis of the soul, and with self, and with flabbiness. . . . I was very nearly sick unto death. . . .

The principal cause of Cass's despair is a deep-rooted feeling of guilt, and it is this guilt and self-loathing which turn him in upon himself. Here we see the essential difference between the invisible man and Cass. Both men suffer extreme anguish in their awakened consciousnesses; however, the invisible man's spite is aimed more at society, while Cass's is aimed at himself. Cass is the

"Underground Man" that Dostoevsky wrote about. He is a spiteful and humiliated self, reflecting only upon himself, and turned completely against himself. This is the extreme state of anguish, the state of full, and as yet uncontrollable, consciousness of one's own being and of one's infinite possibilities of action. Man is victimized, yes, but he also possesses within him complete freedom, and it is this, rather than the victimization, which terrorizes him. With Cass, as with Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*, we see the inertia of the underground broken by the most violent of all acts—murder. This is the limit to which man's actions can go, to deprive another human being of his very life; but it is only out of this action, and Cass's suffering both before and after the murder, that he can apprehend the truth. All truths have truly become "experienced in anguish and action." For Cass, the truth is simply that being is better than nothingness.

Wallace Stevens, although chronologically much earlier than Styron, seems almost ahead of him in his positive assertion of man's freedom. Stevens sees that there is a harsh, brutal reality out there, but he does not feel the anguish we have seen in the man sick with consciousness. He is, however, an existentialist in that he believes there is only man and his freedom. Man, with his creative imagination, creates his own reality. Stevens accepts the Nietzschean idea that God is dead and man will take his place when he says, in "Sunday Morning," "Divinity must live within herself."

It is the confrontation of the imagination with external reality, accompanied by a unifying sensibility, which creates the true reality. However, a complete reality is never achieved, as we must keep going back to the external thing itself and creating anew.

We keep coming back and coming back
To the real: to the hotel instead of the
hymns

That fall upon it out of the wind.

Although some of Stevens's poems have traces of disillusionment and skepticism, he remains essentially an optimist, accepting the absurd, as did Nietzsche, with joy. Although with Ellison and Styron, man makes of his life what he chooses, he cannot make of the world what he chooses. But with

Stevens, we see a determinism in which the world is formed by the force of man's imagination. Thus, he sees a determinism in the world, but it is in reverse. It is now man's determining personality and imagination which acts upon reality.

Anguish has been eliminated from Stevens's poems and replaced by chaos—the disruption that occurs when an order breaks up and all is once more reduced to bare external reality. There are continual cycles of order and chaos, but the chaos is necessary if anything new and meaningful is to come forth. The action which follows the chaos is the creative act.

Death is the mother of beauty; hence
from her
Alone, shall come fulfillment to our
dreams
And our desires.

Stevens seems in some ways to be outside of the continuum I have attempted to trace. This is partly because he derives more from Nietzsche than from Kierkegaard or Dostoevsky. Thus, to have placed him with the writers of his own time would have been to confuse the hypothesis and perhaps Stevens's vision as well. He seems to belong more to the sixties, offering an alternative to despair and the underground.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 Ihab Hassan, *Radical Innocence*, Princeton University Press, Princeton, N.J., 1961.
- 2 Søren Kierkegaard, *The Sickness Unto Death*, Doubleday Anchor Books, Garden City, N.Y., 1954. (Originally published in 1949).
- 3 *Ibid.*, p. 151.



NOT FLESH

Linda Middlestadt

Ursula was washing the lunch dishes when her little girl toddled awkwardly into the kitchen. She felt a tug on her skirt and looked down, smiling. There she was again, the little pest, dragging her lamb by one leg. It was a wonder it never got dirty, the way she lugged it everywhere she went. Maybe they shouldn't have bought it. After all, it was only a stuffed animal and too impermanent to bear such devotion much longer. She sighed; too late now.

Susan babbled something excitedly and tugged again at her mother's dress.

"That's fine," Ursula said, wiping her hands on the dish towel. "Now why don't you take your lamb in to watch television while Mommy finishes the dishes." Susan wandered off obediently. Her mother followed her, turned on the TV, and went back to the kitchen. She was halfway through the dishes when the phone rang. She answered it and brightened at the sound of her sister's voice.

"Hi, Gwen, so nice to hear from you. How is everything?"

"Father's dead—" Ursula stared blankly at the numbers on the dial, her smile turned suddenly hard. She tried to remember where she was, what she was doing.

"Ursula, Father's dead," the voice became more insistent. The words flew through her and out of her and lingered in the air, until finally they formed again and Ursula responded. Father's dead, she repeated in her mind. The finality of the sound jolted her back to life. Her smile crumbled.

"Gwen," she said, and paused as if she were surprised to hear her own voice. "Gwen, what happened?" Her sister's voice answered her, strong and decisive. She listened, knowing she must, knowing it was important but not believing it. He's dead; what more is there to say?

"Yes, I'll be there. Of course. Yes. I'll leave Friday. Thank you, Gwen." She hung up. Thank you, Gwen. Why? For taking care of the funeral? But it really didn't matter—the funeral. Ursula wondered what she would wear. Her black dress, of course; and she'd tell Martin tonight before dinner. She didn't want to tell Susan, not now, maybe when she got back.

Suddenly, she realized she wasn't crying. Guilt and impotence confused her. She

couldn't cry, not like Karen. Karen cried when their mother died, cried so hard that Father had to call the doctor. And Ursula just cried inside, somehow. The tears never broke through, only pressed against her body, trying to push it apart and scatter the pieces in one quick explosion. But she never had to go to a funeral; maybe it would happen there. She'd cry, or maybe just shatter. Maybe the dead body would come alive and its pain at her own dry cheeks would condemn her, and the guilt and the trying inside would burst free. She never saw her mother dead. She died on a visit to Germany to see her relatives. They told them to bury the body there, where she was born. Father never wanted to have the body sent back, even though he said so at first. She knew he didn't want to see it, but Karen—. And Gwen never said anything. Ursula wondered if Gwen cried. She couldn't picture tears ever swelling up far enough to overflow out of Gwen's hard, sunken eyes.

Maybe it's because he's not really my father, not flesh and bone that made my flesh and bone, not the same blood, because my father died before I knew him. And my mother?—I didn't cry. Father that was my father, forgive me for having a father that is my father—even though he's dead now, both of you dead now. But if I could have one back—sin! not to take your flesh and blood, but that one who is like flesh and blood, more than flesh and blood.

Susan flung her arms around her mother's leg and giggled softly. When Ursula picked her up, Susan stared into her mother's eyes. She cocked her head slightly to one side and wondered. She felt something different in the way her mother held her; something quiet, something joyous or sad, she didn't know which. It was beyond her—or too much within her.

Ursula walked into the funeral parlor. A man in a dark gray suit directed her down a long hall. Only one door was open. She stepped inside, embarrassed because she didn't falter. The room was bright compared to the darkness of the hall, and people stood around like shadows, talking quietly, as if the sound of their own voices would scare their bodies. She felt out of place, too much alive, afraid her solid flesh would jar the shadows and make them crumble helplessly

to the floor. She saw Gwen standing by herself, looking at the flowers in the back of the room. Karen was sitting down, her head bowed under a black veil.

She was late. People began to take their seats. She glanced around in confusion and hurriedly found an empty chair near the front. The minister walked down the aisle to the stand at the side of the coffin. She listened to him for a while, but she didn't understand what he was saying. He droned on and on. Her eyes roved down the length of the coffin, until she was startled by the sudden break in the lid. She saw her father's hands lightly folded across his chest, and then his head resting on a silk cushion. His skin was pink and loose, his eyelids rested lightly. The thin, short hair was more silver than she remembered.

Why did he cut his hair? Her childish irritation returned. He used to have such pretty hair, some color between white and gray, not sparkling like silver but heavy and virile. She liked to comb it, or to brush it softly with her fingers, lingering over each thick wave, and wondering how any man could have such beautiful hair. When he came home that day, his hair sticking up in defiant stubs, she was angry with him. She fretted because she could see his scalp, because the bristles rebuffed her hand. He laughed at her. "I'm getting old," he said, "and wavy hair just doesn't suit me." But she didn't believe him; she loved him more because he had to shave off his hair or nature would strike him down for being so young. The next day he gave her a watch and kissed her. "Are you still mad?" he asked, jokingly fingering her long curls. She had to smile. She never really was angry with him, only with herself for loving his hair too much. It was a good watch but it wore out too soon. She took it to the jeweler's and she was glad he couldn't fix it; she didn't want to leave it with him. But she lost it soon after. She felt as if she'd lost some part of her; more—some part of her and her father together.

The minister asked them to pray and they bowed their heads. Ursula looked around her. She saw Karen sobbing quietly into her handkerchief. She wondered how her sister could look so much like grief itself, while she, Ursula, could only stare in bewilder-

ment. Then the service was over. The minister prayed for her father's soul in heaven, wished for comfort for those left behind, and walked to the back of the room. They began calling off names in the order of the funeral procession. Ursula rode with Gwen, following Karen and her husband. They drove out to the memorial garden and watched the pallbearers carry the heavy coffin to the gravesight. Then they left. Ursula's uncle drove her and Gwen to their father's house.

The two of them ate dinner in silence. Ursula wanted to talk, to say something, so long as it was ordinary, but Gwen's set expression was formidable. After doing the dishes, Ursula walked through the house, touching familiar objects. Nothing was changed. The rooms were arranged as she remembered them; the pictures on the wall still mirrored the same scenes. But Father was gone from all of them. She fingered an old, blue china vase, the one he liked so much, hoping that some of his caresses would rub off onto her hand. But it was only china, and when she turned away, it was as though it had never been there, she'd never felt its smooth, cool surface. Unsatisfied, she went into the living room where Gwen was sitting in front of the fire. Ursula pulled up a chair and sat down. She watched the flames eat up the wood until she grew restless again.

"The house is the same," she said, wanting to start a conversation but not wanting to talk herself.

Gwen turned from the fire and looked searchingly at Ursula. Finally, she relaxed.

"Yes, Father wanted it that way. When you left, he became conservative all of a sudden. He never moved anything himself, so I just guessed he wanted things the same. And Karen didn't bother to help. I was glad when she got married."

Gwen paused. But her thoughts had a will of their own. They clamored for speech and she was too tired, too much alone now, to resist.

"Karen always wanted things done her way but she never did them. She said things but she never really meant them. She just liked to hear herself talk so Father would listen. And he always did." Gwen looked at Ursula again, waiting for a nod or a smile,

a gesture to urge her on, but Ursula was still.

"Father loved you very much," she continued, stumbling over the words, her cheeks reddening to the hue of the fire.

"I know," Ursula said. "I know."

"He used to say, when you were gone, and then Karen, too, that he only had me now. And he'd smile, but it was a weak smile. I guess I felt a little sorry for him then because . . . because I wasn't enough. Oh, I tried to be. I managed the house." Gwen stopped as if suddenly overcome by the emptiness of her last words. She stared into the fire, watching the red flames become blurry until they swam in confusion around the logs.

Soon Ursula rose and quietly made her way to her room. She undressed and sat by the window in her nightgown until she grew sleepy. Then she slipped under the covers and waited for her eyes to close.

"I know you tried," she whispered, and she cried for Gwen. She never wanted them to know, not Karen or Gwen or her mother. She tried and Father tried, but somehow it couldn't stay locked up in one body, or two bodies. It seeped from their skin and lay heavily in the air until Gwen brushed against it—brushed against knowing that Father and Ursula were one and the same, that Gwen from his flesh could never enter into his flesh because Ursula was saturating him. Because Ursula was his only daughter for three years and he tried so hard to be her only father that he got lost and couldn't be anything else. Because before Gwen was born, Father set Ursula on his shoulders and she felt rooted to his body, as if she were only a growth beyond his head, and as he walked, it was the same as her walking through him.

Ursula stayed with Gwen to help settle Father's affairs, but there really wasn't much to do. On Sunday she decided to visit Karen. She drove over in the early afternoon. Karen was dressed all in black; her eyes were red and swollen and she barely brushed the carpet as she walked. The two sisters sat down in silence. Ursula looked uneasily around the room. There were photographs of the family on the mantel, all except one—Father's—that sat alone on the coffee table, leaving an empty space in the row on the mantel.

"Tommy won't be home until late today," Karen said. "I wanted to be alone. He understood." She looked sharply at Ursula.

"I'm sorry," Ursula answered. "If I'd have known . . ."

"Oh, no, that's alright." Karen lowered her head and sighed patiently. "I went to the cemetery this morning, to see if Father was . . . to see if everything was finished. It looks so beautiful. I know Father is resting well, and if he could see all the flowers, he'd be so pleased, don't you think?"

Ursula was caught unawares. The flowers? How could he see the flowers! And why would he be pleased? "I guess so," she stammered. "I don't know."

Karen took offense. She studied Ursula's confusion, then rose from her chair and began pacing the room.

"You haven't gone to the cemetery yet, have you?" she said self-righteously. "You didn't even cry at the funeral. I saw you sitting there all prim and poised. How could you? You never loved Father anyway," she stabbed at Ursula. "You never saw what he really needed after Mother died. You persuaded him to have her buried over there and not here at home where he could see her, where I could go see her, with Father. You knew I wanted him to bring her home—you knew and yet . . . you made him do it your way. You wanted him all to yourself—just you and nobody else. But what about Mother, what about Gwen, or me!" she screamed.

Ursula stared, bewildered. She couldn't speak. Her mind jumped aimlessly from one accusation to another. Why hadn't she cried after all? Did she love him—or was it all a guilty dream?

Karen sat down. "I'm sorry," she said nervously. "I didn't mean to upset things. I mean, we should all be mourning . . . Father's memory . . ." She composed herself quickly. "I guess I had no right. After all, you are my half-sister, and I couldn't expect you to love him like I did. He wasn't *your* father." Her somber, drooping eyelids momentarily flashed open, daring, triumphant.

"I'd better go," Ursula said. "I'm sorry, Karen . . . about everything." She grabbed her coat and half-ran to the door. She drove hurriedly away, not knowing where she was going, hardly aware of her hands on the

wheel. Why?—the word echoed through her head, its insistence hindering her search for an answer, as if she could bear only one thought at a time. A car honked behind her and shocked her out of her seclusion.

She drove on more carefully. Her mind kept returning to her sister's words—"You never loved Father anyway"—but as she slipped into doubt, her body rebelled. Her hands clenched the wheel; blood rushed to her head, trying to cleanse her mind of Karen's charges. But she didn't know. She hadn't cried; why? It would have been so easy, just to cry and forget it all, just pay your respects in tears and believe that that was enough.

Ursula drove to the cemetery. She parked the car and walked through the tall, iron gateway, down the narrow path between the graves. She forced herself to look for a familiar marking so she could find her father's grave. But she didn't have to search long; the flowers were fresh and abundant on the ground above him. Karen's bouquet rested in the front all to itself, like a monument, more to Karen than Father.

She walked over to the plaque set inconspicuously in the grass. Her father's name was imbedded in dark gray marble, with the years of his birth and death. That was all. She felt its indestructibility, its power to resist disaster through utter motionlessness. The earth might crumble but that marble stone would still be there, suspended, as if nothing had happened. As if nothing had ever happened, even before he died. Just a decayed body and a sunken name—and an inert slab of marble to hold the two together. She looked away. The trees framed the lawn of the cemetery like one huge grave. They seemed to reproach her, to mock her because she put something in the ground to be saved and it never would grow. She understood the trees more than the grave and wished they'd buried him beneath a trunk so the roots would pierce his body and the veins of the leaves would swell with his blood. But then the tree would die, and for what? No, that wasn't the answer. She wanted to walk on the grave, to stand on his body and feel it through the ground. But that wasn't the answer either. He was packed in a coffin and the warmth would never get through—or the cold, the dead

flesh like dead rubber and the hair falling out. She walked away. I'll never come back; he isn't there, never was. If only he died knowing I loved him—and how could he not know? Father that knew all of me because he was all of me.

Ursula went home on Monday. She thought of Gwen and Karen and wondered if they knew what was left, if anything was left of Father in them at all. Susan met her at the door. She was clutching her lamb. Ursula picked both of them up and hugged them, smiling patiently when the lamb's nose struck her in the eye. Susan giggled with delight and dropped the lamb in her excitement. She reached over her mother's arm, her little fingers squirming eagerly, trying to grasp her lamb. She stared at it for a moment and then flung her arms gaily around her mother's neck, burying her cheek in the long hair and laughing.

Ursula stooped down for the lamb and carried them both into the living room. She sat on the sofa and balanced Susan on her knee, watching her play with the lamb. Its white wool curled tightly, like silver-gray hair. Susan was trying to tangle her hands in the wool, but it was wiry and her fumbling little fingers couldn't grasp the stubby bristles. The child worked intently, absorbed.

Ursula studied her small, bobbing head, the bulging cheeks, and the mouth that glistened with tiny bubbles, so much alive and immediate. My child, from me, and now she sits and plays on my knee. She walks, separate from me, but my child, my flesh and pain. Like Father is my pain but not my flesh. Or is he not my flesh? If Gwen and Karen are of him, why not me, who felt him when he was gone, when his flesh was gone but not Father? As if only part of him died and left me what I know of him, which is all he was, all he ever could be for me; as if he were alive in me, alive in my child, as I am alive in her, forever.

Susan dropped the lamb and scrambled off her mother's lap. Ursula wanted to take the lamb away, to put it in some dark corner for a while, until Susan forgot she ever had a lamb, or remembered she could have another. But she picked the lamb up and gave it to her, smiling at her child's delight. Too soon, she thought, too young.

"Then there was a sound like a nail jabbed into a big bicycle tire. It went whishhhhhhhhh and then the rest of that shiny fat black horse we had got from Pat Stamper vanished. I don't mean me and Ab was standing there with just the mule left. We had a horse too. Only it was the same horse we had left home with that morning. . . ."¹

What happened to Ratliff and to Ab Snopes in trading horses with Pat Stamper is similar to what happens to the reader in dealing with Faulkner's characterization of Eula Varner Snopes in the novels which comprise the Snopes trilogy. The inflated presentation in *The Hamlet* of the mammalian earth-goddess deflates, in *The Town*, into the picturization of a real woman functioning in social situations. In *The Mansion*, a kind of reconciliation of the two natures of the character is attempted. Only, in all three novels, it is the same Eula.

Stylistic criticism is what is involved here, but, inherent in his style, is the "meaning" of Faulkner's art. Eula reflects Faulkner's stylistic approaches as she exists in Yoknapatawpha County, but she emerges, finally, as the pervading symbol of the Snopes trilogy and, to a lesser extent, as a symbol of Faulkner's creative concern with, and conception of, the life of man.

In *The Hamlet*, Eula is the primordial female force; she is not characterized, she is merely felt to be. She exists as the ultimate goal of every man's desires, yet the goal is unattainable. She is the symbol of the fact which men cannot know. Faulkner's prose is agonizing:

There was one Eula Varner who supplied blood and nourishment to the buttocks and legs and breasts; there was the other Eula Varner who merely inhabited them, who went where they went because it was less trouble to do so, who was comfortable there but in their doings she intended to have no part. . . .

By merely walking down the aisle between them she would transform the very wooden desks and benches themselves into a grove of Venus and fetch every male in the room, . . . springing into embattled rivalry, importunate each for precedence in immolation.

The language conveys the incomprehensible mystery of female; she is conceived of as the creative force to which man must sac-

Eula:

Old Disasters and Newer Hopes

Bennett Lamond

rifice his manhood. It is not the inviolate maidenhead which must be sacrificed to man's need; a man must be sacrificed to the nature which this female represents. The male becomes the victim of the creative forces of the universe; the female is the creative, the male is merely the tool. The elemental is what is required; the human complexity of Labove goes beyond the essential, while the anonymous masculinity of Hoake McCarron suffices.

The situation which Faulkner has created exists outside the realm of the merely human; Eula, Labove and McCarron are mythic figures imposed upon the naturalistic setting of Yoknapatawpha County. They are not, however, entirely dissociated from their environment; Yoknapatawpha County is the milieu in which they must perform their mythic functions. The abiding sign of Eula is the sweet potato which she gnaws placidly while the male world around her seethes with rage and frustrated desire. Faulkner has created, in the midst of encroaching Snopesism, an unforgettable tale of the basic forces in human nature. It is significant that Faulkner has distanced the reader from the moment of rape, the moment when the virgin earth-goddess is impregnated with the seeds of humanity. Eula remains inviolate because the sacred rite occurs "off stage"; the abduction of the virgin, the fulfillment of the earth-goddess, leaves the mystery of female intact.

Events such as these are everyday occurrences, but, through his art, Faulkner transcends the realm of moral judgment. Labove knew that he could never know the secret which Eula embodied; Labove was a complex man while Eula required merely male. Although Labove exists in this realm of myth and is not crucial in any way to the saga of Yoknapatawpha County, he is one of Faulkner's most successful creations. He is the intelligent man confronted by powers which transcend his intellect:

Yet still he stayed on. He stayed for the privilege of waiting until the final class was dismissed and the room was empty so that he could rise and walk with his calm damned face to the bench and lay his hand on the wooden plank still warm from the impact of her sitting or even kneel and lay his face to the plank, wallowing his face against it, embracing

the hard unsentient wood, until the heat was gone. He was mad. He knew it.

Such a moment transcends both moral censure and pathetic empathy. The distortions of desire to which Labove and the male population of Frenchman's Bend are brought—a fight, physical contact with Eula's brother, Jody, would satisfy since it would be the same flesh—show not only Faulkner's psychological intelligence but the effects of rationality on man's maleness. McCarron exists purely on the male level; his abandonment of Eula also escapes moral judgment because he has performed his function and is no longer needed. The reader does not know McCarron as he knows Labove because to know what McCarron knows would be to violate unnecessarily the fact of Eula. The moment happens and Eula continues her placid day to day existence.

Faulkner does not depict Eula's consciousness; her consciousness is merely her physical being about which she is, almost completely, unconcerned. She is described as "emanating that outrageous quality of being, existing, actually on the outside of the garments she wore. . . ." She is not unlike Dewey Dell in *As I Lay Dying* who describes herself as "me naked through my clothes"² except that Dewey Dell's consciousness is centered totally upon her violated physical person while Eula merely exists in physical person, virgin or violated, with the same unthinking knowledge. She has been compared³ with Faulkner's other primordial women: Lena Grove in *Light in August* is a presence which influences those around her, but she is not, like Eula, the inviolate earth-goddess; Lena is, instead, the symbol of the earth-mother, solely the life-giving force. Eula is more complex than both Dewey Dell and Lena Grove; she contains, within her fecundity, the inexpressible force which is not revealed until the conclusion of *The Mansion* after she has undergone the transformation from myth to reality to abiding symbol of what men choose to forget.

The transformation of Eula from *The Hamlet* to *The Town* is not, perhaps, so startling as has been maintained. Irving Howe, for example, states that in *The Town* Eula is ". . . transformed into an intelligent and thoughtful woman, surely the last thing any reader of *The Hamlet* might have ex-

pected."⁴ While this is accurate observation, it avoids the critical problem involved. The transformation of Eula occurs before *The Hamlet* is concluded, although the reader only becomes aware of the reason for the change in *The Town*. Eula becomes a victim. Having had the male sacrifice she required, she is, in turn, immolated upon the altars of conventionality. The instrument of her destruction is Flem Snopes. When it becomes known that Eula Varner is "in trouble," her family acts to preserve the reputation of the family name. She is married, rather hurriedly, to Flem and sent off with her new husband to Texas to await the birth of their child. It was as the wife of this "froglike creature which barely reached her shoulder" that the transformation of Eula Varner Snopes began.

Faulkner allows the reader to anticipate Eula's return as he presents the parallel love-story of Ike H-mope and his cow. Again, Faulkner raises his tale above the rather grotesque natural level into the beauty and purity of a myth. A comparison with the Eula section is obvious; the cow, too, finally, has to be destroyed by the rational forces of conventionality and, as has been pointed out, Eula is, "in relation to Flem, as wooden as the toy cow, an effigy of his real one, that was given to Ike."⁵ Dewey Dell comes to mind again; the urgency of her pregnancy and abandonment by Lave is reflected in the urgency of the cow to be milked:

The cow nuzzles at me, moaning. 'You'll just have to wait. What you got in you ain't nothing to what I got in me, even if you are a woman too.'

The land loses its fertility while Eula is away during the long, dry summer and the frozen winter waste, but, when she returns, the land once more responds to the plows and becomes productive again. Eula returns, "not tragic and perhaps not even doomed: just damned," as the mother of Linda "Snopes." She and Flem bring with them, in addition to their child, a string of wild horses which are rapidly sold to the citizens of Frenchman's Bend. These horses are a manifestation of "a temporary alliance between the opposing principles represented by Eula and Flem."⁶ The horses are wild and disrupt the orderly proceedings of the community; Flem has Ben Quick persuade

the men of their need of these horses and the men are taken in by Flem's indirect power over them. Again, rational behavior is destroyed; the men are filled with desire for the unattainable and chase it wildly, by moonlight, through the country roads. Eula stands above, not even looking down upon the destruction of maleness; men pursue the chimera of their unthinking while the reality of their dreams stands there, "waiting for no one," damned by what she knows.

For Eula has become real and has been exposed to additional knowledge, the knowledge which is to lead, in *The Town*, to her death. The final glimpse of her in *The Hamlet* leaves her elevated above the people of Frenchman's Bend, but she is no longer inflated out of all proportion to the reality beneath her. Indeed, she has acquired its most significant attribute as what is to be the descriptive word for her being henceforth—damned. When we next see her, in *The Town*, she has become a participating citizen of Jefferson, Mississippi. Her husband is impotent and she is engaged in an adulterous affair with Mayor Manfred de Spain. Her daughter, Linda, is grown and is the reason for her mother's concern with the social realities of the town. She is no longer a mythical figure transcending her environment; indeed, her affair with De Spain is sordid—not from its nature, but because it is conducted with Flem's approval. Rather, Flem does not protest because he is using his wife and De Spain to further his social and financial ambitions. I believe the key to Eula's enigmatic personality in *The Town* is expressed by her in a warning to Gavin Stevens:

That doesn't matter. That's never been any trouble. He . . . can't. He's—what's the word—impotent. He's always been. Maybe that's why, one of the reasons. You see? You've got to be careful or you'll have to pity him. You'll have to.⁷

The earth-goddess has been exposed to impotence—her negation—and has learned pity. But she has had to go beyond pity; she has had to adopt elements of Flem's ruthlessness in order merely to survive. Gavin's description of her conveys the change which has occurred:

Why she can't possibly be this small, this little, apparently standing only inches short of my own six feet, yet small, little; too small to have displaced enough

of my peace to contain this much un-sleep, to have disarranged this much of what I had at least thought was peace.⁸

Eula has been deflated by Faulkner's realistic approach to his new material. Myth cannot function in the world of conventionality, even when the conventions exist merely as the framework in which man conducts his political, economic and social intrigues. Eula has had to adapt to the world of Jefferson, but her enigma is that she attempts to thwart the conventions which now govern her behavior. She is attempting to act as a moral agent, to defy the social fabric which is being destroyed by the forces which her husband embodies. She is attempting to salvage a purity which will endure; she is attempting to save her daughter from the destruction to which she has submitted herself. As Eula, however, she is incapable of going beyond herself; she is willing to give herself to Gavin Stevens out of pity for him, believing that the moment with her will suffice, will compensate Gavin for his knowing that she belongs to Flem, that she is Flem's property. Gavin refuses because he knows that he, too, and all of Jefferson, must endure, with Eula, the burden of Flem Snopes. Later, she suggests the only solution she knows to save Linda when she asks Gavin to marry her, but Gavin has learned some of her pity and knows that that would solve nothing—for himself or for Linda. There is only one means by which Eula can regain and retain her integrity.

Eula's suicide is the ultimate moment in *The Town*. Through her suicide she achieves a grotesque stature on a level with Joe Christmas in *Light in August*. Faulkner might have written of the moment of Eula's death:

They are not to lose it, in whatever peaceful valleys, beside whatever placid and reassuring streams of old age, in the mirroring faces of whatever children they will contemplate old disasters and newer hopes. It will be there, musing, quiet, steadfast, not fading and not particularly threatening, but of itself alone serene, of itself alone triumphant.⁹

Eula, never, however, is conceived of as the center of the action; indeed, she is a relatively minor character in the three novels. Faulkner continues to distance her. Her affair with Manfred de Spain is referred to by the narrators and by Eula herself; it is nev-

er dramatized. And, again, the crucial moment of *The Town*, Eula's suicide, is, like her rape which is the core of *The Hamlet*, reported rather than actively described. Faulkner, through Gavin, however, leads into it quite brilliantly; Eula is eulogized before she kills herself:

. . . I watched her, through the gate and up the walk, losing dimension now, onto or rather into the shadow of the little gallery and losing even substance now. And then I heard the door and it was as if she had not been. No, not that; not *not been*, but rather no more *is*, since *was* remains always and forever, inexplicable and immune, which is its grief. That's what I mean: a dimension less, then a substance less, then the sound of a door and then, not *never been* but simply *no more is* since always and forever that *was* remains, as if what is going to happen to one tomorrow already gleams faintly visible now if the watcher were only wise enough to discern it or maybe just brave enough.

Once upon a time, there was Eula Varner Snopes. There will always be that Eula Varner Snopes, as a glorious moment in life. Eula was not without intelligence as she was depicted in *The Hamlet*. At the moment of attempted ravishment by Labove, she repulsed him, declaring, "Stop pawing me. . . . You old headless horseman Ichabod Crane."¹⁰ In a moment of crisis, even though lacking in significance to her, she has recourse to a literary allusion to express her displeasure. She had been existing in a school environment and, although no tangible results from this exposure to ideas was immediately apprehensible, she was exposed to them. Thus, when we are presented with a subtle female intellect working in *The Town*, we have to consider that, beneath the myth level of *The Hamlet*, there were moments of reality during which Eula had to be present while Labove attempted to teach the children of the community—aged from ten or eleven to nineteen or twenty—the basic elements of Western culture and civilization. It is not necessary, or possible, to have these moments dramatized; it is, however, in the later novels, necessary to be aware that they must have occurred. They are not a dramatized part of Eula in *The Hamlet*; they contribute, however, to the characterization of Eula in *The Town*. One might add, they are reflected in the educa-

tion, formal and informal, of Eula's daughter, Linda.

At the conclusion of *The Town*, Eula is again, this time ironically, inviolate. Gavin has an image of her face carved in stone and placed over her grave; Flem inscribes the monument as only he can:

EULA VARNER SNOPEs

1889

1927

A Virtuous Wife Is a Crown to Her Husband
Her Children Rise and Call Her Blessed.

Gavin, taking his cue from Ratliff, has the final say about the futility, the waste of such a life:

'She was bored. She loved, had a capacity to love, for love, to give and accept love. Only she tried twice and failed twice to find somebody not just strong enough to deserve, earn it, match it, but even brave enough to accept it. Yes,' he said, sitting there crying, not even trying to hide his face from us, 'of course she was bored.'

Faulkner, again, has maintained distance from what Eula is. We see her, come to understand her, through the dramatized attempts of others to understand her. Boredom, however, is a dissatisfyingly vague word. Eula has done more, in her suicide, than express the boredom which she, no doubt, experienced. The day before her suicide, she went, for the first time, to a beauty parlor and had a permanent wave. This, like Jody's insistence in *The Hamlet* that she wear corsets, reaffirms her symbolic, if no longer mythic, significance. She has restrained herself; her natural capacity for beauty, for love has been thwarted and, in acknowledging the restraints put upon her, to which she has acquiesced, she defies them. The hair permanent becomes a concretion of that against which she protests. It is a warning to her daughter and, ultimately, a repudiation of what her husband stands for. She becomes, through this final subtle gesture, the symbol of the destruction of the natural by the growing artificiality of human values. Her hair has been manipulated by machines into the grotesque artificiality which is, in the respectable world, considered beauty. Eula knows better.

Faulkner has been almost discreet in his creation of Eula. She is, after all, the embodiment of sex in its crudity as well as its mystery. He has preferred, however, to view

Eula through his narrators—Ratliff, Gavin Stevens and Charles Mallison—and, as a result, Eula remains a sensuous but not a sensual experience to the reader. Certainly, her body is a vividly experienced image, but it does not become lewd. One is troubled, therefore, at the opening of *The Mansion*, when Faulkner presents a rather obscene description of Eula's and Flem's and the male awareness of her body. But Faulkner, after allowing himself this rather crude excess, proceeds to establish Eula's final meaning; the last attribute of female is conveyed in the closing moments of this concluding Snopes novel. One is aware, throughout *The Mansion*, in references to her, that Eula is in the process of attaining new significance. The reconstruction, by Ratliff, of the rape, returns the reader to the crucial event of *The Hamlet* as the retelling of her death and the scene at the grave return the reader to the meaning of Eula in *The Town*. In *The Mansion*, the value judgment is expressed for the town by Charles Mallison (who credits Ratliff with stating it originally):

We would all be on hers and De Spain's side; we would even engineer and guard the trysts; only the preachers would hate her because they would be afraid of her since the god she represented without even trying to, for the men to pant after and even the women to be proud that at least one of their sex was its ambassador, was a stronger one than the pale and desperate Galilean who was all they had to challenge with.¹¹

But Eula acquires the characteristics of that pale and desperate Galilean which are incorporated into her being the earth-goddess. In addition to the monument at her grave, other memorials to her spring up all over Jefferson. The most poignant of them is the mausoleum created in her honor by Ratliff—the Eula Varner room. Enshrined in the stillness of this room are Ratliff's seventy-five dollar tie (which cost one hundred and fifty dollars) and a piece of sculpture designed by Linda Snopes' husband. It's not much, but at least it's something to remind of the glory of Eula; "... monument ain't quite the word I want." 'Shrine. . . .' 'That's it, ... a shrine to mark and remember it. . . .'

Ratliff's relationship to Eula has been called into question, as if there is more to be told of what happens between them:

... and even the apparently invulnerable V. K. Ratliff is rendered suspect when, in *The Mansion* [sic], it is revealed that Eula Varner Snopes knows the closely guarded secret of his Christian names.¹²

Obviously, Ratliff is "suspect," as is the entire town. Ratliff, indeed, observes Eula closely throughout the trilogy and is more overawed, perhaps, than the rest of the populace by what Eula is, although he doesn't know, any more than any man can know, the mystery which Eula embodies. His awe is mingled with both concern and respect and, one must say it, love. But to imply, as Mr. Moses does, that there is something clandestine, a bit "shady," in Ratliff's dealings with Eula is to imply more than is warranted. Ratliff, too, is under the spell of this divine force which Eula manifests and his shrine to her memory, pathetic on the surface, is lifted to the realm of the tragic as the final truth of Eula's meaning is revealed.

Not so "Eula Acres," however. "Eula Acres" is an ironic desecration of Eula's memory. The desecration is not so significant as the irony. On the land are to be built Veterans' Housing match boxes for the soldiers returning from World War II, and their families. And here will be carried forth, into all time, the human fertility of which Eula has been the inviolate symbol. Flem's virtuous wife is to watch over the veterans and their virtuous wives; Eula is to be, to those who live in her Acres, the image, the ideal of wifedom. The devoted husband has consecrated the land to his wife's memory. "Eula's Uxurious Nest-place" is to bear all of human life; in the homes of the veterans and their families, the human situation is to be continued—new life, new hopes and, finally, new deaths. And Eula, like a patron saint or some bizarre virgin mother is to watch over the processes, safe-guarding, controlling and, perhaps, participating (vicariously, no doubt, or spiritually) in the spreading of Flem's kingdom on earth. It is grotesque, but it is perhaps more fitting than even Flem had intended.

Eula contains within herself as earth-goddess not merely the forces of creativity and birth, but also the latent yet active forces of death. Inherent in the creation of life is the creation of death. This becomes the final symbolic meaning of Eula as the

reader follows the adventures of Mink Snopes over the land towards his goal which is death. The earth, with Eula as its goddess, becomes, in Faulkner's final vision of it, the death-giving force. The language, again, is inflated to the level of myth—tortured, agonizing:

... the ground itself never let a man forget it was there waiting, pulling gently and without no hurry at him between every step, saying, Come on, lay down; I ain't going to hurt you. Jest lay down. ... So when the notion struck him he did so, arranging himself, arms and legs and back, already feeling the first faint gentle tug like the durned old ground itself was trying to make you believe it wasn't really noticing itself doing it. ... down and down into the ground already full of the folks that had the trouble but were free now, so that it was just the ground and the dirt that had to bother and worry and anguish with the passions and hopes and skeers, the justice and the injustice and the griefs, leaving the folks themselves easy now, all mixed and jumbled up comfortable and easy so wouldn't nobody even know or even care who was which any more, ... the beautiful, the splendid, the proud and the brave, right on up to the very top itself among the shining phantoms and dreams which are the milestones of the long human recording—Helen and the bishops, the kings and the unhomed angels, the scornful and graceless seraphim.

The serenity of this conclusion belies the horror which it describes. The world ends in death because it begins in death. Man returns to the dead earth from which he had sprung into life. Each moment of life is governed by the silent juxtaposition of life and death. The violence of Eula (Helen) as life force is due to the fact that it is death-related. Similarly, the violence of her death is related to life in all its fear and glory. Eula (Helen) is one of the shining phantoms and dreams which mark a milestone in man's history. The knowledge which she carried with her was the knowledge of the solution to the mystery of life. The solution, the answer to the mystery of life, is death. Life lived without knowledge of death cannot be true life. Passions, values, judgments are distorted when they exist in a temporal, material world which cannot go beyond itself for justification. No, the solution is not to acquiesce to death, but to be aware of it as a fact. Man's roots must be in nature;

nature is life and nature is death. The precariousness of all man is lies at the base of Faulkner's conception of, and concern with, human life. Man cannot go beyond the fact of death in life; man must not ignore the fact. Eula knows it; Eula accepts it; for Eula it is the only fact which will fit. So Eula destroys herself and in her destruction she completes the cycle of her symbolic nature. In her death she merges with the earth, as its goddess, mingling anonymously with all those who have gone before, waiting—again, waiting—for all those who are yet to come. Faulkner has created something quite beautiful in Eula Varner Snopes. The complexities of which she is composed reflect the complexities of Faulkner's art as it reflects the complexities of human existence. I have attempted to show that, while a minor figure in the action of Yoknapatawpha County, she is one of Faulkner's most significant—deeply felt and richly conceived—creations.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 William Faulkner, *The Hamlet*. New York: Vintage Books, 1959.
- 2 William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*. New York: The Modern Library, 1946.
- 3 By Peter Swiggart in *The Art of Faulkner's Novels*. Austin, Texas: University of Texas Press, 1962.
- 4 Irving Howe, *William Faulkner: A Critical Study*. New York; Vintage Books, 1962.
- 5 Viola Hopkins, "William Faulkner's *The Hamlet*: A Study in Meaning and Form," in *Accent*, XV (1955), pp. 125-144.
- 6 Swiggart, p. 50.
- 7 William Faulkner, *The Town*. New York: Vintage Books, 1961. (Faulkner's ellipsis.)
- 8 Faulkner's emphasis.
- 9 William Faulkner, *Light in August*. New York: The Modern Library, 1950.
- 10 In an essay entitled "Ichabod Crane in Yoknapatawpha" in *Georgia Review*, XVI (1962), pp. 465-469, Cecil D. Eby, Jr. posits a delightful comparison between the story of Eula and Labove in *The Hamlet* and Ichabod Crane in Washington Irving's *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. In his essay, Mr. Eby re-names Yoknapatawpha County (rather, Frenchman's Bend) "Happy Valley" and conceives of Eula as its Princess. Labove is the outsider, as is Ichabod Crane, come to exploit Happy Valley and conquer its Princess. But he is rejected by her, Happy Valley preserves its integrity and the curse on the land is removed. As the pumpkin will always be, to Ichabod Crane, the symbol of his experience in Sleepy Hollow, so will the sweet potato be a constant reminder to Labove of that which he lost in Happy Valley. I have a feeling, however, that Mr. Eby is only half in jest.
- 11 William Faulkner, *The Mansion*. New York: Random House, 1959.
- 12 W. R. Moses, "The Limits of Yoknapatawpha County," in *Georgia Review*, XVI (1962), pp. 297-305. [That Eula knows the secret of Ratliff's Christian names had been revealed in *The Town*, not *The Mansion*. It is revealed to Ratliff, in *The Mansion*, that Eula has told Gavin his (Ratliff's) secret.]

RELIGIOUS USE

of

PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS

Sam Rodar

For centuries, man has struggled to put his existence into harmony with the rest of the Universe through the agency of organized religion. Within this religious framework lies what is often referred to as a mystical or visionary experience. These occurrences are rare, however, and due to their extremely personal and transitory nature, most reports concerning them are clouded with inaccuracy and skepticism. Recent experimental work with "hallucinogens" or "psychedelic" drugs has revealed that these experiences can be chemically induced. Further research may not only bring these experiences within the reach of all humanity, but may also make a significant contribution to the understanding of visionary phenomenon as well as certain mental disorders.

The principle drugs contained in the hallucinogenic group are d-lysergic acid dy-

ethalimide (LSD), mescaline, psilocybin, marijuana and hashish. These drugs are neither habit-forming nor productive of harmful side effects. Carbon tetrachloride, carbon dioxide, nitrous oxide, and sometimes alcohol may produce hallucinogenic effects as well as harmful side effects. Many authorities have made comparisons between the effects of hallucinogens and alcohol. It is important to recognize, however, that the amount of alcohol needed to produce an effect is measured in ounces, while an effective dosage of LSD is between 200-500 micrograms. Several names have been given to this group of drugs relative to some aspect of their effect. "Hallucinogens" is perhaps the most frequently used, although such names as "Mind-Manifesting," "Psychotomimetic," and "Mysticomimetic" are also fairly common terms.

This article is primarily concerned with the mystical nature of drugs although their ability to produce psychotic-like states may also have religious significance. Unfortunately, large quantities of these drugs have fallen into the hands of "thrill-seekers." These people are responsible for the unfavorable publicity the drugs have received. Several responsible authorities, among them Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley, and Robert Graves, have recognized the importance of these drugs as well as their religious significance. Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* gives an accurate account of the hallucinogenic effect. In brief, the hallucinogens inhibit the supply of certain enzymes which control the supply of glucose to the brain. When the brain's supply of glucose is lowered, the following phenomena occur:

1. The ability to remember and think straight is altered very little if at all.
2. Visual impressions are greatly intensified and the eye recovers some of the perceptual innocence of childhood, when the sensum was not immediately and automatically subordinated to the concept.
3. . . . the will suffers a profound change for the worse. The mescaline taker sees no reason for doing anything in particular and finds most of the causes for which at ordinary time, he was prepared to act and suffer profoundly uninteresting. He can't be bothered with them for the good reason that he has better things to think about.
4. The better things may be experienced (as I experienced them) 'out there' or 'in here' or in both worlds, the inner and the outer, simultaneously and successively.

Other accounts seem to indicate that the ego is in some way altered, becoming subordinate to the unconscious mind.

Historical Uses of Psychedelic Drugs

There is little evidence to indicate that many religious cults actually used these drugs. There is some speculation, though, linking the ancient Dionysian Cults to various hallucinogenic drug cults of Central and South America. Robert Graves has discovered similarities between the Tlalocan Cult of Guatemala and the ancient Dionysian Cult of Greece. He notes that both cults held a similar conception of paradise and underwater retreats for their respective god figures. Both

cults also practiced infanticide and portrayed the hallucinogenic mushroom, papilionaceous on their sacred vases. These similarities suggest that both cults generate from a common background.

There is abundant evidence indicating that psychedelic drugs were used, in a religious sense, in North America. In 1521, the Spanish explorer Cortez discovered that the Aztecs were using mescaline. In the United States today, there are many Indian tribes which belong to the Native American Church. The members of this church indulge in the consumption of peyote, a cactus containing mescaline which grows on the Southwest plains. There are several variations in the peyote ritual, but all seem to be based upon common mythological background. The typical legend tells of a sick, starving Indian who stumbles onto a peyote cactus, eats the bitter-tasting buttons, and suddenly gains renewed strength and undergoes a visionary experience. He returns to his tribe, relates his experience, and peyote becomes the new god of the tribe.

The Native American Church is a form of Christianity. Its doctrines teach that God placed His spirit into the peyote cactus, and that the Indian may possess this spirit by swallowing the peyote buttons. There is a striking resemblance here to the ritual involving the Christian Sacrament. Peyotist doctrine teaches that Christ came to the white people and peyote came to the Indians. Quanah Parker, an early peyotist leader, makes the assertion that "The white man goes into his church and talks about Jesus while the Indian goes into his tepee and talks to Jesus." It is significant to note here that the peyotist sacrament is a mystical experience while the Christian Sacrament is a symbolic one.

There are several psychological reasons for the widespread adoption of peyote among the Plains Indians. Visionary experiences were believed to have supernatural origins, and fasting and self-torture were used to evoke them. The introduction of peyote provided a more direct yet less painful route to the anticipated visions. Also, the Indians wished to seek higher spirits in order to resolve their personal conflicts. Confession to the Father peyote in front of the group satisfied both these motives.

Chemically induced states of mysticism are not a new phenomenon; in fact, they date back many centuries. What are new, are the relatively simple means of producing them. In *Heaven and Hell*, Huxley gives ample evidence of natural chemical states occurring in the body which are capable of producing a transcendental experience. By modern standards, the mass of mystics living in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance had poor diets. This often resulted in vitamin deficiencies. These deficiencies caused a decrease in brain efficiency, leading to a reaction similar to one a hallucinogen would produce. The mystical beauty of Easter could well have been a result of the vitamin-deficient diets of Lenten abstinence coupled with the fantastic visionary setting of the springtime glory of nature. Huxley also tells of those who mortified their bodies with the whip; whose festering wounds undoubtedly produced excessive quantities of histamines and adrenalin. When these substances decompose, they produce symptoms in the person resembling schizophrenia. It is little wonder that these people had visionary experiences.

The mystical revelations experienced by ascetic hermits such as St. Anthony were probably the result of hallucinations brought about by sensory deprivation. Hebb, John Lilly, and other psychologists have produced states of nearly total sensory deprivation by placing blindfolded men in pools of tepid water. The subjects of these experiments experienced hallucinations, resulting from some biochemical adaptation of the body. The qualitative difference between St. Anthony's religious visions and the more secularly oriented hallucinations of the experimental subjects is to be expected when one considers that St. Anthony's mind, even under normal circumstances, was directed toward that end.

Religious experiences arising from psychedelic drugs seem to occur when the subject is involved in a transcendental experience. Robert Van Dusen gives an excellent account of this phenomenon:

There is a central human experience which alters all other experiences . . . not just an experience among others, but . . . rather the very heart of human experience. It is the center that gives understanding to the whole. . . . It has been called *satori* in Japanese Zen,

moksha in Hinduism, religious enlightenment or cosmic consciousness in the West. . . . Once found life is altered because the very root of human identity has been deepened . . . the still experimental drug d-lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) appears to facilitate the discovery of this apparently ancient and universal experience.

Unfortunately, religious enlightenment or cosmic consciousness is no longer popularly accepted in the Western World. Those who experience mystical visions are most often found in mental institutions. Americans do not generally view religious mysticism as a normal occurrence; rather, they tend to equate it with insanity. Our rationally oriented society does not seek the transcendental state of mind achieved in the psychedelic experience. It is among the oriental religions, particularly Zen Buddhism, where a transcendental state is sought. Alan Watts, the noted Zen authority, has stated that the goal of every Hindu and Buddhist is

. . . the transformation of consciousness in which the individual knows himself to be one with the entire universe, with Being itself, with God, or with whatever the ultimate reality may be called.

The psychedelic experience relates closely to the workings and goals of Zen Buddhism. The Zen exercises used to achieve *satori* are capable of producing certain significant changes in body chemistry; some with hallucinatory effects. For instance, breathing exercises produce excess amounts of carbon dioxide, which has established hallucinogenic properties. Verbal reports of persons who have achieved *satori* typically contain such statements as "My heartbeat is calm and regular," "My *solar plexus* is warm," or "My forehead is cool." Users of LSD have reported similar sensations.

Psychoanalysis and Zen Buddhism have the common goal of attempting to make the unconscious conscious to the greatest possible degree. In connection with this, the religious significance of ego-altering by psychedelic drugs has been stressed by a psychiatrist Dr. R. D. Laing. Laing compares various forms of psychosis to the psychedelic experience and states, ". . . I should like to make it clear that I am speaking of certain transcendental experiences that seem to be the well-spring of all religions. . . ." He notes that, ". . . insanity does not contain this

element any more than sanity does . . . ,” and explains that what psychoanalysts such as Freud and Jung term the “Unconscious” is simply that which we are unconscious of. Each of us can realize the power and importance of our unconscious by recalling our more memorable dreams. A famous statement by William James sheds further light on the topic: “. . . Normal waking consciousness is but one special form of consciousness; all about it lie potential forms of consciousness completely different. . . .” When the ego is broken up or destroyed by intolerable stress situations in our lives, or by chemicals such as the hallucinogens, one of these other forms of consciousness may dominate the personality. The specific form of consciousness brought forth by such a situation is highly dependent on antecedent conditions of the individual’s personality (St. Anthony is a case in point). Unfortunately, in psychosis the individual’s loss of contact with reality usually is permanent. The psychedelic drug experience permits the user to return to the normal world, often giving him an exhilarating and meaningful interlude.

Psychedelic Drugs and the Problem of Death

All religions have had to face the problem of death in one way or another, for it is a function of religion to prepare the individual for death and to ease the anxious state of mind which usually precedes it. True reliance on Judaeo-Christian tradition is rare in the face of death. Eastern religions, however, concern themselves more directly with the problem of death. There is abundant evidence of this in such religious texts as the *Bardo Thodol* or *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. In *Psychedelic Experience—A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*, Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert explain that the *Bardo Thodol* is a book not for the dead, but for the dying; thus, it is essentially a book for the living:

The concept of actual physical death was esoteric facade adopted to fit the Bonist tradition in Tibet. Far from being an embalmer’s guide, the manual is a detailed account of how to lose the ego; how to break out of personality into new realms of consciousness; and how to avoid the involuntary limiting processes of the ego; how to make expanded consciousness endure in subsequent daily life.

Many people feel that such states of mind can be achieved in the psychedelic drug experience. This belief has led various psychiatrists to give LSD to dying patients in the hope of easing their anxiety-laden minds. In one case, reported the California psychiatrist Sidney Cohen, a woman, dying of cancer, expressed the following thoughts under the influence of LSD:

How fantastically easy it is to bring human life onto the earth! A single sperm from a single copulation, a single egg fertilized—an embryo—the foetus—birth. The ease of creating life. And sometimes the ease of death—in sleep—a sudden encounter with a hard unyielding object—the quick closure of a coronary. Then there are the difficult deaths like mine. Well, I see the hard death too must be borne—like the difficult births, it is a part of you.

I never fully realized the rhythm of that thing—oh, I did intellectually, the cycle of birth, growth, decay, death. Growth always seemed to be at the peak. I don’t want to make a virtue of death, but right now they are all at the same level. Decay and death are no less than birth and growth. Can this be the final rationalization? At this moment values don’t matter. Life and death matter—they are of me.

I could die now, quietly, uncomplaining—like those early Christians in the arena who must have watched the lion eating their entrails. Will I remember any of this? And what about the pain? I suppose I’ll be a baby about it again. Right now the pain is changed. I know that when I pressed here yesterday I had an unendurable pain. I couldn’t even stand the weight of the blanket. Now I press hard—it hurts all right—but it doesn’t register as terrifying. It used to throw me and make me beg for another shot.

After the LSD experience, Irene became more relaxed, requiring fewer shots of Demerol. She died in a noticeable state of peacefulness.

What Future for Psychedelic Drugs?

There are many who feel that psychedelic drugs should be made available to humanity just as alcohol is now. Aldous Huxley, one of the most outspoken advocates of this position, states in *The Door of Perception*, that Americans and Westerners in general should replace alcohol with mescaline. In *Heaven and Hell* he speaks out for wider use of psychedelic drugs for religious purposes:

For an aspiring mystic to revert, in the present state of knowledge, to prolonged fasting and violent self-flagellation, would be as senseless as it would be for an aspiring cook to behave like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, who burned down the house in order to roast the pig. Knowing as he does (or at least as he can know, if he so desires) what are the chemical conditions of transcendental experience, the aspiring mystic should turn to the specialists—in pharmacology, in biochemistry, in physiology, and neurology, in psychology, in psychiatry, and in parapsychology.

Many doctors, including those involved in government research, have said they would prefer the use of these drugs over alcohol, because drugs are non-addictive and physiologically harmless. However, the U. S. Food & Drug Administration allows only one pharmaceutical firm in the country to synthesize LSD. Furthermore, research involving these drugs must be carried on through a rare government research grant.

Also complicating the issue of psychedelic drugs are the social and psychological factors which determine a society's choice of an intoxicant. Huxley seems to have overlooked these factors, but William McGlothlin has recently written that in India, the chosen intoxicant of the lower class is Bhang, a beverage made from the hemp plant which is similar in spirit to marijuana, while alcohol is the choice of the upper class. A similar situation exists in the United States where alcohol is the "National Drug," while marijuana consumption is high in slum areas. Only among the Peyote Indians have any of these drugs gained acceptance. It is interesting to note that alcoholism is a relatively non-existent problem in that society. In the Orient, where a transcendental state of mind is desirable, means for achieving it has already been established without the use of drugs. But as Huxley has stated, drugs are a more direct route to this mystic experience.

One final problem hindering the acceptance of these drugs in the Western World is a general skepticism concerning drugs which provide pleasure without pain. The hangover would become a thing of the past if these drugs were to replace alcohol as our "national intoxicant." However, I am not certain that Americans are either ready or willing to accept such a painless road to transcendental experience.

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The poetry of this volume is dedicated to:

The grace of Dr. Nicholas Newlin's rhetoric

The sensitivity of Dr. Gerda Blumenthal's insight

The scope and consistency of Dr. Nathan Smith's scholarship

The undaunted liberalism of Dr. Roland Gibson

And Richard Rickert's success.

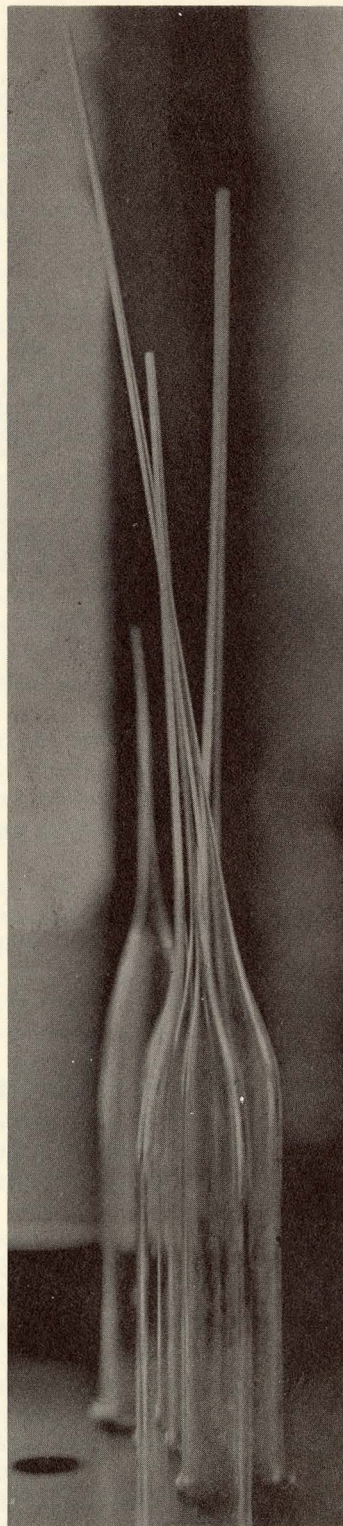
And Richard Hickox's career.
 The numerous libraries of the National Library
 The hope and continuity of the National Library's relationship
 The security of the Central Government's insight
 The grace of the National Library's collection
 The poetry of this volume is dedicated to:

Rainbows in a steamy mist
 diaphanous by color kissed
 and blooming roses, honey bees,
 swarming in immense green trees
 Whose gnarled old roots, whose velvet moss
 stirring in the warm winds, toss
 among the fragrant lilies while
 Supple currents, dance beguile.
 Along these sun-lined banks of youth
 a vibrant rampant feeling soared
 with wind, and with birds, in the azure
 and spiraling above love loosed,
 its rain upon the rose red groom,
 whose silver droplets, sorrow's muse
 arose the hyacinth and bloomed.

W. R. Coffel

Billowing to soft diffuse
 lissome does a nimble muse
 nakedly aspire, repose
 a lyrical enraptured rose
 Of silver petals crystalized
 by moonsilks woven, shimmering.
 Moving with her dance and sigh
 a lyric veil she, capturing
 (Enfolding air)
 between a tender moments gleam
 that woven round me, like a stream
 encircling, it wound, ravines and tears,
 she lured, now holds me silent there.

W. R. Coffel



Chafing the branch was a serrated frazzle of ice
 locking the fawn out of thieving bark
 the sun shown palely on a bright black rock
 a blazing blue sky embalmed the setting
 while islands of snow disappeared into hell.
 A half starved hawk into a dive
 super eyes stuck preying to a yearling shivering
 terrifying shadows flattened out the snow
 increasing momentum a lightening blow.
 Suddenly a red pool forms near
 a light brown antedated baby of fur.

Eric Crane

FRACTURED SPHERIC LIFE

Replacing battered moths on spheric stage
 Where they have split their wings
 On the facetted, mirrored walls of darkness
 A wingless man convulses in spasms
 Of blind explorations:
 He comes on death, and knows the touch
 As the essence of his sensate life.

Robert Cooke

THE URGENCY OF A SEA GULL

Mike Henehan

He flies against
the cold north wind,
impaled upon a butterfly breeze,
struggling
then gliding and sliding
farther south,
farther from home.
The grey motherless moan
blows bitter
through a late cotton-candy sky,
over a pale green sea
who whispers lies of little boy blue.
It stirs up sand
and drives scattered walls
of dirty yellow grains
into icy sea gull eyes,
dinned by cold,
stung by sand
and wet with tears
which drip to the sea
and find their salty home.

Land, sea gull, land,
nestle in wind-blown dunes,
hide behind billowing mounds
of whitened sand and self-respect.

Bury your head
in the warm wooley feathers
of your chest,
but never fly again,
for sea gulls must be noble
or they don't deserve a sky.

Or bury your head
in an unfinished sand castle
where wind and despair
sleep together in a gritty bed.

Somewhere,
on some horizon,
on some beach
which the tide never kissed,
which the sun never warmed,
which the wind never scarred,
bury your head
in broken shells and unrequiting friends,
that my regret
may not look upon the tears
your pride must hate.

Old dog with your tired legs
 and pacific watery eyes
 mournfully glassed in the
 Ice of Time; shattering you
 and endless others rather
 than me,
 because I can still watch you climb
 those stairs through the
 bannister rails.

Can those old feet and sagging shoulders
 that droop so slow-bog down in the mud
 carry the two of us?

I wish to ride on your back
 for I am tired of life, so weary
 and slow,
 that Death passes by me at the
 year-rate he cloaks with
 and never tells me where to find
 those stairs.

Stairs that find themselves so well used
 and nobody ever goes but once upon them.
 Can they be so steep that one never may,
 rather-never will see the darkness and
 piers of eternity that are sunk into
 the lake of life, supporting those rotting timbers
 reaching into the sky?

Dog when they made you a constellation
 did your heart, nebulae of great inter
 stellar—beats
 receding far away
 back into the death of Time
 and past Death itself;

did it then beat so loudly

and almost burst, as it now daily
 must throb upstairs to bark away
 the order from the chaos
 and descend from the eternal brinks
 to arrive at the foot of the stairs
 barking the other way?

This cold winter night that
 sets upon you as you rise into the
 twisting heavens, numbs my legs
 and they grow more tired with the hour.
 I turn away from this window, hear
 the icicles shatter upon the sill
 and begin towards my bed,
 Can those deep drawn breaths
 at the top of the stairs be yours?

My candle flickers and shadows the wall
 but I never noticed until now
 how you followed me with each step
 I took, dripping your sweet tongue
 on my cuffs.
 Your shadow is barely touching mine
 yet I feel that my legs can no longer
 carry me. You look so familiar
 are you that dog my parents gave me
 so long ago when you woke me in the morning?
 Can I ride on your Back?

W. R. Coffel

ANOTHER DAY

the sun droops down behind a billboard.
 the image that blocks out the image giver:
 Campbell's soup served to shiney teeth.

the computer—disguised as a swan by three hopeful
 kings—begins to rumble.

Frederick Bauman

MIND RIVERS

feeling nothing like an old orange in a fly
 fruit market
 or a dead spider in its dusty web
 i think of a cigarette burning in an ashtray—the
 white ash slowly devouring the butt
 i remember a shrinking erection
 and the sweet medicinal beauty of funeral flowers

with my hand in your loose grip close your eyes until
 sun warms your face
 think of that yesterday which came upon you like
 a bee
 or of that winter night in Father Demo Square—an
 old man with spit frozen to his chin—a dark
 boy looking in garbage cans—and empire state
 like a frozen spector of something that was once
 hate
 think of my limp hand which appears to be satisfied

i can remember going to the outhouse—a child then
 and it made me feel like puking—i was afraid
 i have died often since then but will go on any way

Frederick Bauman

i am the pit
 of the olive
 of the world
 spit me out
 i am the worm
 in the apple
 of life
 destroy me
 i am the paint
 on the sign of the times
 erase me
 i am the polish
 on the shoe of truth
 scuff me
 i am the light
 in the darkness of the universe
 shade me
 i am the tire
 on the car of convention
 burst me
 go ahead
 try

Dick Buchanan

A LA GOYA

In a construction
 pit
 next to the new library
 a
 green
 Negro eats his sandwich
 one
 boot
 in the mud, the other
 set
 up
 where he can watch it .
 though
 he's
 just an ordinary green Negro
 no
 books
 will print what he thinks

Richard Rickert

CAVEAT EMPTOR

as a prostitute
 she's lost to age . soft grimace,
 her eyebrows whooping .
 if they catch you, her back's broke,
 and the front's no contest

Richard Rickert

ORBITUARY

the Gemini were impressed
 they couldn't see Moby Dick
 Whitman naked on the zoysia
 like Corso and Gins

but even at that altitude
 thrashing in his harness
 Emerson eating the world
 berger

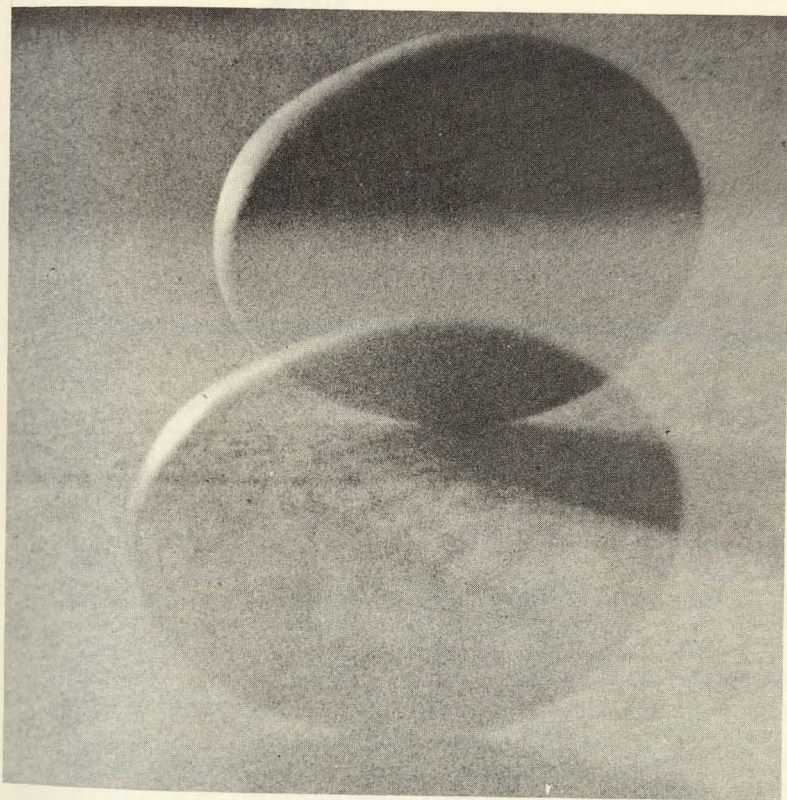
Richard Rickert

DIMENSIONS

A small bright silver ball
Sits in a sunny field of purple violets
And sparkles with the stem shadows and sun distortions
On its perfect roundness.

A tiny ant journeying through a gigantic forest
Confronts a glowing mountain.
Undaunted he makes a grip with hair sized arms
And trips up, over, and down,
Regardless of where the shadows fall.

Chesley Stone



COMPONENTS

I looked through a prism
And the world broke apart
Euclid's lines
 on Picasso's canvas
Silent lightning
 from a splintered sky
Divided, but bound
 by rainbow fragments
Born in infinity.
I turned from the glass
and boldly faced
 thesynthesis.

Christina Harrison

ON TIME

Yellow shafts collide
 In a rim of pale rose
 Below the morning sky,
 As worms Twist and glint
 Between moist chunks
 of leaden earth.
 The craggy grey wall
 Had grown between man and wife
 Even as they slept.
 Now in the glare
 Of the noonday sun
 Two strangers blinked
 At one another
 Through slivers in cold stone.

Somewhere in the interim
 Of soft pink clouds
 And steel blue haze of evening,
 A traveller brushed past
 A blood-spattered pile of rock
 And did not stop.

Bathed in streams of moonlight
 The worms
 Twist and glint
 Between chunks of leaden earth
 Beneath the ruins.

Ellen Buckingham

THE BOY AND THE BOAT

The small boy sat on the beach
 watching the ocean's jowls grow fat
 and thin, and disappear.
 Now and then he ran to the edge of the water,
 let it bite his toes
 with a foamy-cold mouth,
 heard it lick its lips and saw
 the tongue eddy back into the
 vanishing face of the ocean.

This day the dime-sized sun spattered
 his tan cheeks with water droplets
 oozing out of open pores.
 The boy walked into the water
 and as its lips began to explore
 his body he could see
 a tall gray man beckoning to him
 from a small wooden boat.

A white topped head bobbed up
 and down with the waves. A face
 craggy with long life on the sea
 reflected the face of the sea itself.
 "Farther, boy, farther. Drag me into safety."
 Treadmill undertow inhaled his body,
 shot pains through his loins, pulled his legs apart.
 The butter soft sand barely supported his toes,
 yet the touch of water would not turn to wood.

Face and fingers burned with salty
 touch. He could hear the man shout,
 "Farther, boy, come farther."

The next day the sea grinned and spit an empty
 wooden box on the sand.

M. Travieso

OBSCENITY

and

THE OBSC*N* NOVEL

Martin Kabat

Judge Woolsey's decision on December 6, 1933 to admit Joyce's *Ulysses* into the United States marks the beginning of what might be called "the contemporary attitude toward obscenity." This attitude no longer recognizes obscenity as something apart from the context in which it is presented. Woolsey's decision clearly establishes the relative state of obscene language or thought as opposed to the absolute standards by which it was previously judged. This decision also begins some reconciliation between the educated and the uneducated attitudes toward such language itself.

The educated approach is adequately represented by Robertson and Cassidy in their text, *The Development of Modern English*. They note:

It is not the word as such which is bad or good, or which becomes elevated or degraded, but only the meaning which society chooses to put upon it . . . society often reverses itself in the course of time, and words which were once dis-

approved may become "respectable," while others that had social favor may lose it. This would not be possible if the value were inherent in the word.¹

Those who adhered to the "uneducated" approach tended to ascribe an absolute or inherent value to certain well-known words within the English language. This latter group would declare obscene anything which signaled thoughts of nudity, sex or excretion. Their favorite victim, of course, is the "dirty" word, the "four-letter" Anglo-Saxon word which refuses to hide its object under a leaf of euphemism. (Anglo-Saxon is hereafter cited as *AS*.) The *Ulysses* decision, then, began a process by which the burden of interpretation is put on the individual reader rather than on the writer.

Nevertheless, Judge Woolsey noted that "The meaning of the word 'obscene' as legally defined by the Court is: tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts." Although he insisted that this definition be applied to

"l'homme moyen sensuel," and admitted that "obscurity" depends on the relative attitude of a particular individual or community, Woolsey implicitly refused to liberate concepts of obscenity from the changing and arbitrary standards of dominant groups. Perhaps the very obscurity of *Ulysses* saved it from the onus of exciting lewd thoughts in the "reasonable man," but no such obscurity could protect Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (hereafter cited as *LCL*). Lawrence, in fact refused to retreat to the safety of the phrase "high moral intent" in defending his work. He was even heard to say, on being told that a man had gone out and had intercourse after reading one of his books, "One up for him!"³ Judge Bryan, in his decision to allow the publication of *LCL* (July 21, 1959), attacks the problem of community standards so directly that he deserves to be quoted in some length.

The contemporary standards of the community and the limits of its tolerance cannot be measured or ascertained accurately . . . the broadening of freedom of expression and the frankness with which sex relations are dealt with at the present time require no discussion. In one best selling novel after another frank description of the sex act and "four-letter" words appear with frequency. These trends appear in all media of public expression, in the kind of language used and the subjects discussed in polite society, in pictures, advertisements and dress, and in other ways familiar to all. Much of what is now accepted would have shocked the community to the core a generation ago. Today such things are generally tolerated whether we approve or not.

I hold that, at this stage in the development of our society, this major English novel does not exceed the outer limits of the tolerance which the community as a whole gives to writing about sex and sex relations.⁴

The key words in Judge Bryan's decision are "outer limits." The "average" or what Lawrence might call the "mob voice" can no longer be construed as the sole determining criterion in judgments on certain kinds of literature. The "outer limits" are determined not by the uneducated testimony of the Mrs. Grundys who make up the Civilian's Decency League, but by the testimony of "educated" critics such as Malcolm Cowley and Alfred Kazin. By recognizing the "outer limits" of community standards Judge Bryan

effectively curtailed any future judgments on "obscene" literature based on supposed inherent values of words. The "outer limits" show that values—changing ones—are imposed on words.

At the same time, Judge Bryan refused to limit freedom of expression only to the "steady" or conservative element within the community as represented in the postmaster of New York City, Robert K. Christenberry, who would take the word *fuck* to be inherently obscene regardless of the context in which it appeared. In defense of his action barring *LCL* from the mails, Christenberry claims that

The book is replete with descriptions in minute detail of sexual acts engaged in or discussed by the book's principal characters. These descriptions utilize filthy, offensive and degrading words and terms. Any literary merit the book may have is far outweighed by the pornographic and smutty passages and words, so that the book, taken as a whole, is an obscene and filthy work.⁵

In attacking the Postmaster's attitude toward the language of *LCL*, Bryan recalled Judge Woolsey's comment on *Ulysses* that "The words which are criticized as dirty are old Saxon words known to almost all men and, I venture, to many women, and are such words as would be naturally and habitually used, I believe, by the types of folk whose life, physical and mental, Joyce is seeking to describe."⁶ Although the student of linguistics is apt to point to a certain *naïveté* in an acceptance of language based on its ancestry, the statements of Bryan and Woolsey regarding the language of "obscurity" nevertheless represent decided progress. They serve as a tacit recognition of the function of language simply as communication, perhaps to the point that the word *fuck* is finally allowed to assume its proper position over such pleasant euphemisms as *play at stablemy-naggie*, *the act of androgynation*, *do the culbatizing exercise*, or *arrive at the end of the Sentimental Journey*.⁷

The decisions of Bryan and Woolsey, then, determined that the context in which certain language is used is definitely relevant to deciding obscenity, that the intention of the artist is more a part of this context than the community in which the book is read, that certain language and thoughts are admissible up to the "outer limits" of the com-

munity rather than to those set by the conservative elements, and implicitly, that language cannot be judged as if certain words possessed an inherent "dirty" value. What remained, though, were the severe strictures against "dirt-for-dirt's-sake." Then, in 1961, Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, which this writer first read with gourmet pleasure under the table of his high-school cafeteria in 1956, was admitted to publication in the United States on grounds of the First Amendment to the Constitution. On the same grounds, in 1963, Putnam came out with *Fanny Hill* and Grove Press with Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers*. In 1964, with censorship seemingly a thing of the past, Lancer Books came out with *Candy* and followed this, in 1965, with De Sade's *Justine*. Except for a brief flourish over *Fanny Hill*, censorship disappeared and Henry Miller's trilogy *Sexus*, *Plexus* and *Nexus* is appearing now under the authorized Grove Press Edition as well as in other pirated editions. Finally, there is De Sade's *The 120 Days of Sodom*, just published here in a limited edition. This one, as I will argue later, makes De Sade's point with such raw power that the others are jaded steeds by comparison.

This brief history of major publications germane to discussing obscenity and literature demonstrates what must be noted as the results of the Bryan decision. Postmaster Christenberry is undoubtedly saying "I told you so," and even the more liberal minds who might have defended the publication of *LCL* or perhaps Henry Miller, have recoiled at the latest freedoms taken by publishers. But it should be noted that the books I have mentioned all at least make pretense to being works of literature, whereas the present market is literally flooding with low-grade, poorly-written "dime" novels such as *Putas*, *Swing Swift* and *A Rage Within* (Midwood-Tower Publications), *The Odd Kind* (Soft Cover Library Inc.), *The Love Expert* (Brandon House Books), and *Candee* (Specialty Books, attempting to follow on the tail of the popular *Candy*). Each of these is written by authors with such likely sounding names as Sheldon Lord, Grant Corgan and March Hastings (the Midwood-Tower authors); it would not be stretching things to assume that they name the same person. Looking through these "trash" novels, how-

ever, one is surprised to find very little description—in fact, nothing which for pure descriptiveness even approaches *LCL*. Unable to withstand the heavy legal fees which Grove Press undoubtedly incurred, these small, and for the most part unknown, publishers abandon linguistic realism for suggestive covers, blurbs and settings: another form of fig leaf. As examples of obscenity they have as little value as they have for literature. The real problem is to be met in dealing with books like *Fanny Hill* or even *Candy*. The works of Miller, Genet and De Sade are themselves on an entirely different level and will be considered separately.

The publication of *Fanny Hill* and *Candy*, as just seen, rests on a current refusal by the courts to abridge the rights guaranteed in the First Amendment where there is at least a pretense to literary purpose. Taking it further, New York City has recently suspended all censorship laws pertaining to films, on basically the same grounds. The makers of some films recently showing claim only that their subjects are artistically expressed without a pretence to "high moral intent." If anything, some films and certain magazines openly eschew and attack "high moral intent," with effective shock. Among the latter may be included *The Realist* and the still underground publication, *Fuck You or A Magazine of the Beaux-Arts*. This last entry, distributed privately in 500 copies every month or so, has as its symbol a drawing of a penis receiving an injection of heroine. This is representative of much of this wide open rebellion against skittish popular morality. *Fanny Hill* has no such dramatic purpose, and instead elaborates and glorifies the pleasures of sexual intimacy, as if a descriptive addendum to the *Kama Sutra*. *Candy*, on the other hand, is claimed to be a masterful satire on the art of pornography (so thorough that it outspoofs itself).

The language of these two novels is, in fact, hardly more "offensive" than the language of *LCL*. *Fanny Hill* is almost a source book of laughable euphemisms, comic in the very effort to avoid Anglo-Saxon bluntness. For example,

Then the beautiful growth of the hair, in short and soft curls around its root, its whiteness, branch'd veins, the supple

softness of the shaft, as it lay fore-shorten'd roll'd and shrunk up into squab thickness, languid, and borne up from between his thighs by its globular appendage, that wondrous treasure-bag of nature's sweets . . .⁸

If either work is to be labeled "obscene" it must be on the grounds of its being provocative even to the "outer limits" of the community. And here we encounter some psychological perspectives in the current phase of the "obscenity controversy." The Kronhausens note that ". . . there is no doubt that the overall effect of *Fanny Hill* is to act as a psychological aphrodisiac. And yet, we most emphatically wish to repeat that we do not consider Cleland's erotic novel an example of hard core pornography."⁹ The book is saved, according to them, because it does not "deviate far from the reality of sexual matters as they are," and because it does not possess "a number of specific methods of appeal based on a certain way of distorting erotic reality."¹⁰ The Kronhausens are also willing to accept *Candy* because by "battering at hypocrisy it serves an enormously useful function; by forcing the confrontation of myth with reality, it performs a service well beyond its lightly worn cloak of humor."¹¹ Whether or not either book justifies publication on the grounds given by the Kronhausens is a question open to serious discussion; the very fact, however, that there is a question, justifies publication (by that old legal principle, "innocent until proven guilty"). I myself am skeptical about the value of *Candy*, and honestly doubt that it will outlive its authors. *Fanny Hill*, obscene or not, is so completely (and to this writer, "inoffensively") an erotic pleasure that besides its reputed value as an historical document, it deserves to be retained and probably will be.

The real value of the Kronhausens' study lies in the strong case they make for the understanding of "obscenity" and "dirty" talk as a subjective phenomenon. Obscenity lies "in the eyes of the beholder." This attitude is also the rallying point of Paul Krassner of *The Realist*, Christ Koch of *WBAI*, and Hugh Hefner in his long-running serial article entitled "The Playboy Philosophy." Each of these media has devoted rivers of words to prove their rather obvious psychological fact. They have given conclusive dem-

onstrations that no direct relationship between sex-crimes and obscenity has ever been established. All that is established is that sick people will do sick things, regardless of the stimuli available to them either in film or literature. The Kronhausens agree that "dirty" talk can serve as a stimulus, but they treat with utter scorn the idea that it can be decisive towards committing a criminal act. Thus with regard to literature and certainly every-day speech, our conclusion must be that the given meaning of "obscenity," either by most dictionaries or by the courts, is obsolete. So falls that asserted by the American Law Institute: "A thing is obscene, if, considered as a whole, the prominent appeal is to prurient interest, for example, a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex or excretion, and if it goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such materials." Subjectivity and the standard of outer limits topples that. What is obscene to one man might not be obscene to another. This fact cannot be stressed enough.

"Obscenity," then, applied to speech or to literature, is so highly relative that it is almost valueless. Before a discussion of Miller, Genet and De Sade, an example of the purely relative value of "obscenity" will be helpful. The common words *blow* (from AS *blāwan*), and *suck* (from AS *sūcan*), are at one and the same time completely acceptable in polite speech and among the most blunt in the entire English language. In declaring the language of certain books "obscene," one would be insisting, in effect, that words like these may be used in one context but not in another. The "obscene" uses of *blow* and *suck* are necessary dysphemisms. This is understandable when one remembers that the only other terms for referring to such acts are *fellatio* and *cunnilingus*, respectively, both of which are hardly conducive to "love-talk" either in life or literature and also have very little meaning except for persons educated in Latin or erotica.¹² The root *cunni* (from the Latin *cunnius*), as Fryer and Partridge have noted, is not even responsible for the popular Old and Middle English *cunte* which has survived today (as *cunt*) as far and away the most popular "obscene" expression for the vagina.¹³ It should also be noted that other

"vulgarisms," far from being no more than dysphemic expressions for parts of the anatomy or excretion, have also assumed a highly expressive place within the English language, which no amount of inventive euphemic can equal. In this respect the words *prick* (from Old English *prica*, and as late as 1671 a crude term of endearment), and *shit*¹⁸ serve most people as insulting nouns far more expressively than even the now acceptable *bitch* and *bastard*. That these words are not used in certain social situations is hardly good evidence that they are unacceptable to most English-speaking people. All aspects of life maintain their own rituals; one eats differently at the *Voisin* than he does in the privacy of his home. Language, of course, is not excepted from these rituals, and words, for some, do have their place; Lawrence would hardly have expected Clifford Chatterley to use the same language as Mellors—it is a sign of Chatterley's failure.

The word *shit*, however, should be recognized, along with other related terms, as having a special place within the English language. This is explained by the now widespread attitudes which seem to have begun shrouding the excretory functions sometime around the 15th century (see the Oxford English Dictionary). The act is still one which takes place usually between the individual and the toilet alone. Any infringement on this privacy, even by one's intimates, is considered indiscreet or at least embarrassing. Many writers, notably Smollett, have taken comic advantage of this very human sensitivity. It is perhaps safe to say that sexual deviations which include excretion (e.g. coprolagnia or coprophilia) will be considered "obscene" or "perverted" long after similar attitudes towards such as *fellatio* or *cunnilingus* have disappeared, both in life and in art. They may be the last to go in that cultural evolution of the whole body into a sexual object, a *genitofugal* trend in the libido, as envisioned by Freud.¹⁹ So these words have a certain cunning in the linguistic manifestos I have sampled so far. This digression will prove relevant presently in discussing De Sade.

The writing of Miller raises the problem of "obscenity" for the fun of it. His adventures with the whores of France are described in a humorous and intellectually eclectic

vein. Miller is a healthy comic and, like J. P. Donleavy, whose *Gingerman* is as lively as anything of Miller's, should be considered "ribald" rather than "obscene." The Kronhausens describe Miller as an "apostle of the gory detail," and correctly point to similar approaches in Pepys' *Diary*, Casanova's *Mémoires*, and *The Life and Loves of Frank Harris*.²⁰ In this respect the Kronhausens defend Miller on the ground of *erotic realism*. They fail to note, however, that Joyce was far more successful in the "Nighttown" scene in *Ulysses*. I only mention this in order to preserve a perspective. Although I would censor no written material (except perhaps the *Daily News* and similar "sheets" like *Confidential*), *erotic realism* is not a sufficient ground for judging erotica. All too frequently, in fact, a book's "obscenity" is linked with the value of the work or the author. For example, the cover blurb to the Bantam edition of *Our Lady of the Flowers* reads, "A famous underground bestseller! A shattering novel of human depravity by one of the greatest writers of this century." Although the modern novel, from Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground* to the works of Hardy, Joyce, Gide, Proust, Mann, Rilke, Kafka, and Hesse, are all dark and *déraciné* in theme and mood, one can never assume the worth of an author solely on the basis of the themes he treats. The point here is that one must avoid the temptation to "fix" his discussions of literature, or any other art form, at a single point. The highly publicized trials concerning "obscene" books have undoubtedly led to an unfortunate perspective. One is reminded of the current telling quip, that the best way to sell a book or a movie is first to have it banned (preferably in Boston). Miller, of course, along with his publishers, is reaping the rewards of notoriety. As he is not a bad writer, many critics have willingly jumped to his defense, but perhaps a bit too ardently. Miller's reminiscences on the whore Tania and the free association on his roommate's goatee are worth laughs, but one wonders whether they will do as much to preserve his work as the label of "OBSCENE" has done in the past.

Genet takes us from the question of obscenity proper to the related question of perversion. His books, like those of De Sade, often read like notes from the pad of a

psychiatrist and they fall into the category of what might currently be termed "shock-art." Genet, in fact, prefers first to be reorganized as a prose-poet, secondly as one who shocks, and he refuses to accept the idea that his work is sexually stimulating except where he can point to these "stimulating" passages as failures in his art (see *Playboy*, April, 1964). In this respect Genet makes us aware that he at least recognizes a proper perspective in the artist's expression of material considered "shocking" or "obscene." That is, as an artist, he is more concerned with the survival of his work as works of art, than as thematic or linguistic rebellion. Reading Genet brings one into the dark world of Bloom's nightmares or Beckett's *Unnamable*. The themes may be digested, if with some difficulty, on the first reading; it is the art of Genet's expression which carries us back to him. Here perhaps lies the true test of hard-core pornography, at least for the educated. Pure "obscenity" rarely induces a second reading; its erotic flavor lasts only through one reading, usually little more than a titillated scanning. I have yet to meet anyone who has found *Candy* worth more than one reading.

De Sade, especially in *The 120 Days of Sodom*, presents the most difficult problem. This book he gives to the reader, saying, "And now, friend reader, you must prepare your heart and ready your mind for the most impure tale that has ever been told since our world was borne." The problem is again perversion as well as obscenity. The terms here again have little value. What is one man's perversion is another man's blindness. Note that homosexuality, sadism and masochism have already found their place, long before Genet, in what might be the greatest novel of the 20th century, Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, especially in those scenes involving Charlus. De Sade, however, makes little pretense to art and his "novel" proceeds with rhetoric and almost narrative style. Many have recognized that his rhetoric is the most offensive part of the work. But even the potentially comic elements are abrasive. Typical are the adventures recited by whore Duclos. And the following is briefly representative. Her jaded "Adonis" needs stimulation, so she has prepared for him "a barrel brimming with shit."

After preliminary tortures, she, already naked, helps him undress, and "the old pig slides down into his element." She helps to masturbate him through the side of the barrel. Then,

I do as I am told, he plunges his head into the cream mounting waist-high, rubs shit in his hair, swallows shit, blows bubbles through shit, shouts through shit, discharges thanks to shit, and, clambering out, trots off to a bathroom where I leave him in the hands of two house-servants who spend a quarter of an hour scrubbing him clean.¹⁸

My own response to this was laughter—the last sentence, although maybe the work of the translator more than of De Sade, is a terrible fugue ending in a joke which is a counterpoint to what has preceded it. Those listening to Duclos' tale, however, take it very seriously as all of them have a taste for coprophilia. This passage is typical although it occurs only half-way through the book and De Sade had indicated earlier that the detail would become more and more shocking as the book progressed. He fulfills his promise. The final pages reach their sordid climax with the detailed death of the fifteen-year-old Augustine.

Augustine is escorted to the cellar in the night. Her original good condition is reduced with lashings, "embuggering," wounding and pouring hot oil into the wounds, rutting her with a hot iron and, finally, raping the results. Then,

That accomplished, the flesh is peeled away from the bones of her arms and legs, which bones are sawed in several different places, then her nerves are laid bare in four adjacent places, the nerve-ends are tied to a short stick which, like a tourniquet, is twisted, thus drawing forth the aforesaid nerves, which are very delicate parts of the human anatomy and which, when mistreated, cause the patient to suffer much. Augustine's agonies are unheard-of.¹⁹

Indeed Augustine is far from dead and what follows is far worse than what has preceded. I shall leave the rest, however, to the reader's imagination—although I must admit that even if I could imagine the remaining tortures, I would not have had the courage to admit them into consciousness. The tale is like a red-hot iron that pierces from the eyeball down. This, of course, is the obvious effect of the book, and too it is the effect De Sade hoped for. If one can

read the book without vomiting, he is in for an experience next to which even Genet's work will appear innocent. What De Sade has done, and what no one has done before him or will probably ever do after him, is probe to the deepest recesses of the suppressed and the repressed imagination, and then record the results (or insults). Both the probing and the recording exceed the courage of most, and perhaps all, normal men. Its relation to the question of "obscenity" should, however, be clear. If this book is not "obscene," "perverted" and more, one may well ask "what is?" I would myself prefer that this book not be made available to the general public, though admittedly on subjective grounds. It has, I believe, the same value for the student of a specific *genre* in literature, such as the "dark writing" of Genet, Beckett *et al*, or for a student in psychopathology as a medical text has for a doctor. The only other person, whose vocational interest it might have aroused, would have been Torquemada. *Justine* is simply a watered-down version of the more elaborate *120 Days*. In the light of our knowledge of psychopathology available today even to the layman, De Sade's philosophic and psychological insights in the two books will certainly seem juvenile, or, at best, uninformed. Like Aristotle's insights into the sciences, his insights into psychology are museum pieces rather than educated or informative literature. The *120 Days* might survive, however, simply because what it says, like the halfway point of Augustine's agonies, is "unheard-of."

In the passages I have cited the reader has a sampling of "obscenities" which in fact are a minute spoonful of those in the book. De Sade used them in the same way he used the descriptions of torture—for shock value. Although George Bataille attempts, in his introduction to the *120 Days*, to construct an elaborate philosophy which justifies De Sade's ideas and language, one is led simply to recognize that De Sade was attacking the same forms of hypocrisy that attracted Proust's more artistic eye. Having a Bishop participate in the assault on the senses, and having him spout the longest string of "obscenities" in the book seem too obvious a cut, and not enough to hold up the lofty facade used by Bataille to justify

it: "The paradoxes of the divine and of vice are considered unhealthy by the normal man."

In the book, then, De Sade avoids the question of obscenity by creating something in a special category somewhere between a kind of literature and psychiatrics. I do not wish it on the general public. One could, though, consider this work "obscene" if he could also conceive of eating and enjoying one hundred good steaks in the course of a single evening. In short, the book is so packed with what is usually taken for "obscenity," that it defies the label of "obscene." It is a special case, in a class by itself.

My purpose has been to present some of the many views on the question of "obscenity" today—and especially my views. At the same time I have attempted to make out some case for the renovation of certain obsolete ideas regarding the language of "obscenity." For the most part, however, I hope to have demonstrated that certain books must be accepted for publication regardless of, not because of or in spite of, their language of their descriptions of bodily acts. In this respect I was more concerned, not with the right of a book to be published—which I take for granted—but rather with the ability of a book to survive as a work of art and literature. Whether or not a book survives for the future will, in fact, have very little to do with the legal walls they succeeded in tearing down at the date of their publication. We might take Lawrence's statement,

But even I would censor genuine pornography, rigorously. It would not be difficult. In the first place, genuine pornography is almost always underworld, it doesn't come into the open. In the second, you can recognize it by the insult it offers invariably, to sex, and to the human spirit.²⁰

But to this I would add: but it really doesn't matter, for genuine pornography can hardly be expected to survive.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 Stuart Robertson, *The Development of Modern English*. (Revised by F. G. Cassidy) (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1954), p. 241f.
- 2 From Judge Woolsey's decision, in James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Random House, 1934), p. xiii.
- 3 From an unpublished lecture by Chris Koch, on "Obscenity," Radio Station WBAI (New York City), April, 1965.
- 4 From Judge Bryan's decision, appended to *LCL* (The Cardinal Edition; New York: Pocket Books, Inc., 1959), p. 376f.
- 5 *Ibid.*, p. 368.
- 6 *Ibid.*, p. 374.
- 7 These euphemisms, and hundreds of others, are noted by Peter Fryer in *Mrs. Grundy* (New York: London House & Maxwell, 1963), p. 76f.
- 8 John Cleland, *Fanny Hill* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1963), p. 53f.
- 9 Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, *Pornography and the Law* (New York: Pocket Books, Inc., 1959), p. 342.
- 10 *Loc. Cit.*
- 11 *Ibid.*, p. 384.
- 12 *Ibid.*, p. 167.
- 13 Actually the most popular American "vulgar" expression for cunnilingus is the very necessary word *eat* or *eat-out*. *Suck* is more usually applied, and more appropriately, to fellatio—although it certainly has come to represent both acts. Havelock Ellis notes, incidentally, that *cunnilingus* is incorrect, and should be *cunnilinctus*.
- 14 Fryer, *op. cit.*, p. 45; here and on p. 264 he cites Eric Partridge, *Dictionary of Slang*, vol. ii, p. 1054.
- 15 *Ibid.*, p. 62. See also the Oxford English Dictionary, for terse history.
- 16 See Herbert Marcuse, *Eros and Civilization* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1955), ch. 10.
- 17 Kronhausens, *op. cit.*, p. 146.
- 18 D. A. F. De Sade, *Les 120 Journees de Sodome*, tr. by Pierlessandro Casavini (Paris: The Olympia Press, 1953), p. 286.
- 19 *Ibid.*, p. 558f.
- 20 D. H. Lawrence, *Sex, Literature and Censorship* (New York: The Viking Press, 1953), p. 69.

"O.K., man I've got it!

"I'm galloping across the desert on my white stallion with my white Lawrence of Arabia suit flowing and flapping around my frame. I see a figure in the distance. Knowing the clime as I do, I realize that it could be a mirage. But it could also be Billy The Kid or Dizzy Gillespie, so I play it safe. Cautiously I direct my trusty steed forward. The slower pace makes my suit hang and sway over the sand and around the horse. As I get closer I realize that It is not a mirage that I saw. It is human, real; it seems friendly. I know it's friendly because it is a girl. I straighten my back, kick my faithful mount, and sprint up to the lonely figure; and, Lo and behold!, guess who it is—it's Little Bo Peep!

"Yes! That's who it is. She's sitting there eating a bowl of oatmeal. Suddenly, a spider appears next to her. I see the spider but she doesn't. I must save this young girl from her doom! The spider starts to get bigger. Like a big balloon being blown up. He gets huge—8 feet tall, 8 feet wide. He looms over Little Bo Peep's head about to consume her, but she continues eating.

"'Fuck you, Little Bo Peep!,' says the spider in a deep horned voice.

"I immediately reach for my weapons.

"'Fuck you, spider.' Bo Peep turns on the spider and stabs him with the sharp end of her spoon.

"Pop! Bam! Baroomm! The spider explodes, but Bo Peep and I are still in our places. The whole desert is covered with red. Only red. Nothing is left of the spider. The sky is no color; not black; not white; not blue; nothingness. The desert is bright red. When you look toward the sky you think of redness. Little Bo Peep looks at my mount, then at me. I must save her. I reach over and untie the little bow at Peep's neck and take off her dress. She is naked. I take the child into my arms and then we mount my horse and ride off into the desert."

T. looked at the others in the room around him. They were draped over the furniture which was arranged against the four walls of the small room. As he turned with his arms at his side trying to rise up, he saw their large eyes under heavy lids following him. One man stood and approached the center of the room. His name was M.

"WHERE IN THE HELL IS

F?"

Bill Matthews

"Now, look man, that's too much. And besides, what about the rest of us? You can't leave all of us out. If it was a good story then maybe we could give it a try. But the damn thing is just too much, man. I mean who ever heard of Little Bo Peep in the middle of Arabia?" M. hissed through his teeth, threw his hand down from beside his face and turned away from T.

"For Christ's sake, man, we're characters! We're not for real. If we want Bo Peep in the middle of the fuckin' desert, we can have her. And we could find a writer, they're buying that kind o' shit today. You know, old traditions, customs, and ideals being cut to pieces in a satirical, fantastic way. And nobody else has come up with anything better."

The two looked at each other, their eyes blank. A woman rose from the couch, and walked forward. Her right hand timidly raised above her head seemed to lead her out. She had large legs and little feet. Her eyes twinkled.

"I want to be the star of my story." Her voice was loud and girlish. "And I'll let *everybody* be in mine. I like company."

"Chick, your mind is lightyears away. Why don't she buzz-off to infinity and glow?" T. gestured these words as he said them, then he glared at her with his hands on his hips. M. was still looking where T. had been.

The woman's mouth fell down as her eyes blinked wide. She turned around and slumped back on the couch next to her girl friend. No one moved for an hour.

Smoke with a strange non-tobacco aroma floated in the room. Bodies, fleshy statues, sat, stood, reclined around the room. Eyes stared, searched for minds.

"O.K. guys, let's cut this shit out." That was S., who slammed his hands open sideways down on the table in front of him. People moved; no noise to distract. "Everybody's comin' up with different ideas for a story. But none of 'em'll go. So what do ya do when ya can't find a story good enough to satisfy everyone?" S. looked around at the others. He was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his hands opened out. Bobbing his head as it turned. They were all silent.

"Well, ya look for something else!" His

harsh, loud voice made the others move attentively. "For Christ's sake! What's wrong with a play or a novel? That way everybody could be included. Now, please, do something. I've got to go home soon."

"A novel. That's a good idea. Why don't you do it, S., you know everyone here. You know what they do and don't do so you can fit them all properly in. We can all help you if you run into trouble on one thing or another." M. said this in a very matter-of-fact tone; his lips hardly parted for the words.

"Man, you guys are really gettin' hung up on this little game. Christ, if ya let something like this get ya hung, you can blow the whole bit. I mean I thought we were all going to have a little Pirandello scene for fun. You know, get high and become characters. Let our imaginations run wild. All the God-damn restrictions an' crap have gotten so messed up that I've lost my high. All I want to do now is get laid." That was the voice of seahorse. Everybody liked him though nobody knew why he was called seahorse. The others mumbled and moved. L. stood up.

L. was big. He strode to the center of the room and escorted S., M. and T. to their seats, then returned to the center. He turned in observation.

"Now, I think seahorse is right, so I'll try to tell a story. You probably won't like it, but I've got t' do it. So we'll see what happens.

"There's an old farm house on a hill far off the road. From the road it looks stately, majestic. But when you go up to it, you see much more. The house is vacant; the window panes are broken out. Rats run rampant over the whole place. Wind blows swiftly through the house. The house is never silent. Out in the yard there is a huge silo, the only other building left standing on the farm. At the base of the silo sit two single seeders, rusted with age, worn with neglect. A small stream runs past the back of the silo. It is pleasant near this stream, but there is a mystery about this farm.

"Everyone is warned away from the farm; no one will even buy it. But I like it; I am not afraid; it is my own special place. So one afternoon I take my girl, L., there for a picnic. She's a little scared of the place, but

she has confidence in me. So we're sitting on the bank of the stream, which runs out into the field, drinking beer, when we hear a growl.

"We look down the stream bed and there's a big dog, with bared teeth, about 30 yards away. Behind the beast is a line of people. Men and women. All in black. Their eyes growl with the dog. Some hands tightly clasp lengths of hemp. White knuckles. Throbbing veins. Their feet are covered by the water. We can neither move, nor grasp each other.

"SCREECH! SCREECH! SCREECH!" The strange piercing sound rattles the leaves and grass; it ripples the water. Everything stops! I look behind us and see a gargantuan bird! Its huge moving wings create gale-like winds. It descends upon the silo. Talons grip the silo and rip it from its foundation. The seeders roll away in two directions. The bird flies straight up.

"Suddenly the silo drops. It streaks down splitting the air causing a deafening clap of thunder. It heads, point first, for the stream between those people and us. Then it strikes. The earth bucks and shakes against the impact. The people scream in terror. Then the earth opens wide down the whole length of the stream. The bank opposite us moves away.

"When I come to, I look for L. She is unconscious, but alive. The silo is gone; the foundation cracked and splintered. The people have disappeared. The bird has flown. All that is left is the dog, lying dead in the dry stream bed. I pick up my girl and carry her to the car leaving the picnic litter there."

"What in the hell is he putting down? Man, I give up." S. threw his hands out and then buried his head in his arms on the table in front of him. Two million grey-green grounds spilled from the bowl which S knocked off the table. Thirteen sighs hung in the air for thirteen seconds. Fifty-four pieces of thin paper spread like leaves on the floor.

"And all the king's horses, and all the king's men, took Little Bo Peep to bed again." T. solemnly spoke and turned as M. and S. cleaned up the disaster. The paper was re-packed; the bowl refilled and put back to rest. No one moved for an hour.

"We must have something or we will all die, without ever having existed. All we need is a minute. But, without that short space?—nothingness." M. spoke silently and was heard.

"What is existence for us? Having to screw some chick we don't even like? Crawling for a dime through smelly gutters? Killing some poor bastard so someone can ponder a human horror?; or try to solve the moral disorder of mankind, only to give up in failure? The truth is that we never really do exist!" S. was pensive now. Seahorse rose.

"There ya go again. Now cut that crap out, man. I'm gettin' sick! Why don't we get F. to help us? He's our only hope, if we've got to play the problem." He sat back down. M.'s eyes flashed open.

"He's right! Where the hell is F.? I could swear I saw him earlier."

"He was here," said T., "but it seems he's disappeared."

"He's here," S. said, "but he got caught inside his umbrella when he tried to close it. He didn't seem to mind so I put the umbrella over there in the corner. He's still in it." S. pointed to the corner and the umbrella.

M. tried to open the umbrella, but could not. The others tried but the umbrella refused.

"Well, that does it. Man! What a hang up! You're all bugged. I'm goin' to split. Anybody with me? Christ! Bo Peeps. Big birds. And now umbrellas!" Seahorse's words followed him out the door. Others began to file out after him.

"God died in 1871 leaving sex as his successor." Someone uttered this statement as the door closed. After this nothing was said that is known. There were only four left:

L., S., M., & T.

TWO POEMS BY A GREEN AND DYING DOG: DYLAN THOMAS

Richard Rickert

Dylan Thomas was uniquely a poet who as a man failed to grow up, corrupted by his very innocence. His poetic phantasies range from babbling, evocative word play to the numb horrors of youth gone, maturity lost and death waiting. Both may be signs that his failure was to have been too much of a child, too close to his mother.

Nevertheless, his success as a poet was in immersing himself in that destructive effort to recapture his youth. He only came close to that, and succeeded most in capturing what is *was like*. The two poems I want to speak of contrast present exuberance reinforced with memories, with a regretful vision

of the past beyond recapture. This contrast can be read entirely from the poems, though it would likely be supported by the facts of his life. His celebration of the vitality of youth and childhood, and the recognition of its loss—these were more the cause of his death than the “S.O.B.’s in their Brooks Brothers’ suits” indicted by Kenneth Rexroth in his poetry-read-to-jazz. (Though American culture needs damning, Thomas carried his death with him from Wales, from childhood.) This contrast of power and loss is there in his writing.

These two poems, “Poem in October” and “Fern Hill,” are the best instances of the

contrast, in his work. (The first was for his thirtieth birthday, 1944; both were published in 1946.) The one rings exuberantly with the aid of a child though the child is "dead." The other is a sobered though still lyric vision crippled by knowledge that "young and easy" was the same as "green and dying."

The shift in the focus and powers of the senses engaged between the two is unique. The first faces the present serenely with the vitality of memories of youthful innocence. The second is complex with the anxious recognition of the loss of all that. The freely recurring, fresh feeling for the eternity of sun and sound, summer and youth changes to a vision which is all the more lost because so obvious and vital a memory. The legends and parables and tales that make summer of this year's autumn become the mythic vision of what is absolutely past. Memory gives nothing vital to the present. The "heart's truth" the poet hopes will be sung in a year's turning gives way to recognition that time makes his Eden "childless." Time is permissive only to the actual child, not to a grown (and we might guess, immature) man. (What Thomas achieved as a poet is just the sense of what he lacked as a man—maturity.) As Thomas himself reads "Fern Hill" on the Caedmon recording, he gives the vision of his barnyard youth a nostalgia precisely as I have described it—sense of loss, vitality beyond reach and participation.

Perhaps that recognition had crept up on him since the writing of "Poem in October." That poem opens with a morning land-and-sea-scape that wakes him on his birthday. But filled with sights and the sounds of scene and language itself, it is lyrical. It is a child's world that wants eternity, with the sounds of the harbour-side fresh, wet with the currents of original experience. The second stanza bursts with the near-identity of the mature poet with the youth and the poet with the world which preserves and manifests his youth in itself:

the water—
Birds and the birds of the winged trees
flying my name
Above the farms and the white horses
And I rose
In rainy autumn
And walked abroad in a shower of all
my days.
The autumn wakes and blooms, becomes

spring and summer from the force of the boy in the poet.

So the rain and the mists of the valley which move with the clouds are natural rhythms which weave in and out, and give way to fresh seasons. The fogs which fog are just strands, distant down in the valley from the height where the poet

wandered and listened
To the rain wringing
Wind blow cold

In the wood faraway under me.

The sectors of the landscape which lie below him under the pale, weak rains and clouds are the dwindling harbour, the church the size of a snail, the castle brown as owls. The fall weather which covers the wet land then turns away and the world of the boy appears, evoked by the present, merging with it. So I read that difficult line, "the weather turned around," stated twice.

Stimulated by the shifts in the weather, the mature poet views the actual fresh seascape as the scene of his youth. He is not really in the child's world.

And I saw in the turning so clearly a
child's

Forgotten mornings when he walked with
his mother

Through the parables
Of sun light

And legends of the green chapels . . .
That his tears burned my cheeks and his
heart moved in mine.

This is incomplete identification. He is that boy and he is not that boy. That boy's tears, remembered, burn on the man's cheeks and his heart moves in the man's heart. That child is "dead" and the poet realizes it. Yet he is alive through what the man feels of him and through what is recalled. It is memory which is seen as memory, revived by the present and energizing it. So the poet is two things, one remembering, the other remembered. Though the child is dead, past in time, something is recoverable:

. . . the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun.

The sense of recoverable boyhood shows no signs of vanishing permanently, and the poem closes, aimed toward another anniversary:

O may my heart's truth
Still be sung

On this high hill in a year's turning.
This synopsis of the poem emphasizes the

distinct qualities and theme of the poem. The theme is in part the lived memory of boyhood which cannot be or at least is not now erasable. The qualities buoying up the theme reveal the direct, fresh engagement of the poet in his scene, fired by the memory of what it was to him as a boy. The boy is past, but the present is the same fresh world of the boy and his memories live in it. They charge it with innocence, but because the two selves are not the same, their future depends on hope. And hope is missing in "Fern Hill."

The stanza form, the irregular rhyme scheme, with internal rhymes and alliteration and assonantal progression, all contribute to the vividness and controlled looseness of the poem. Here Thomas shows he had worked the phonic qualities of his verse to a perfection that rivals Hopkins. But he does not at all risk overdoing with a show of virtuosity; his attention is on what these qualities do for his theme. They keep the very energy that is thematic from settling in any particular place, from losing its momentum. Even the complex phrasing of the first stanza, regardless of how it is finally taken, moves by its very insistence that it be understood, that its captivating complexity push the reader on into the whole poem with anticipation. I read the main syntactical elements in this way:

It was my thirtieth year to heaven [that]
Woke to my hearing . . .
The morning beckon . . .
Myself to set foot
That second

In the still sleeping town and set forth.

The poet's "hearing" is verbal, not substantial. The year wakes at the moment he hears the morning beckon himself. As he walks, he recovers the child in that self.

In his images Thomas is unique. They fuse the poet with his world. But the union is not the nineteenth century romantic vision of nature beckoning the poet to a mysterious, transcendental spirit, or to the vague excitations of Shelley, or to the inscrutable blankness of Hardy's universe. Thomas's world is romantic, but immediate, here, concrete, limited, and its mysteries confined to "parables of sun light," "legends of green chapels," "twice told fields of infancy." The religion which attracts Thomas is the child's fresh, uncomplicated identification with his world,

along with its energetic sense of mystery, of the inexhaustible "Why?" bubbling on the tongue, desiring all answers to be as exciting as the whole mystery of experience. The compound adjectives insist in their concreteness that they are literal perceptions. They are the way the world *is* to the untrained: "the heron priested shore," "the net webbed wall," "the rain wringing wind," "the sea wet church," "the lark full cloud," "the blue altered sky." In the same way the entire vision of the poet alters, shifts from the weather of the direct, actual landscape to the imagined weather of the forgotten mornings of the child. It is the weather of the "rainy autumn" penetrated by the "listening summer-time of the dead" and the true joy of the child unsuppressed, which sings "burning in the sun."

"Poem in October" is a country of changing weather, in which the present vision of the poet is interchangeable with or parallel to the dream of past youth, as pastness which is partly recoverable. By contrast, "Fern Hill" is a country of the myth, the deeply experienced, lived myth of the irrecoverable past, gone because lived so intensely, with the permission of time.

"Fern Hill" is a contemporary mythic vision, a mythos. I use the word because it bears the intensity of a religious vision: primitive and actual. The dream or memory of youth threading in and out of "Poem in October" has been raised to a myth occupying nearly the whole poem. Myth functions effectively when a world is coming into being or when a world has been lost beyond recall of history. The sense of loss here is so total, so permeating in the poet's whole experience that it is not relived, but felt and imaged with significant loss. The present is solely the nostalgic recognition of the lost vital past. It is not just remembered as the "forgotten mornings" of the child whose own heart moves in the poet's. Nor is the poet's present interchangeable with the past, nor even parallel to it. The past in "Fern Hill" is a country in memory alone; the present is regret with a vitality restricted entirely to recall and recognition.

More than "Poem in October," "Fern Hill" can be taken immediately as symbolic. The themes, the supporting motifs, the images and developed symbols cohere so dis-

tinctly that whatever literal level there is rises directly to the mythic. It is fully visionary. The present is present only indirectly: time takes the poet to the farm, Fern Hill, "by the shadow of my hand." The present is merely the inescapable loss of the past innocence and youth. It is the sense of the past, the present of time past. It is the shock of losing the singing innocence of blindness to time, of waking "to the farm forever fled from the childless land."

The visionary content of Fern Hill creates the thematic backbone of the poem: the permissiveness of time and the eventual limit which time puts on whatever ecstatic experience can be had in the young and easy years. The intensity of the contrast between the heedless enjoyment of the farm and the actual control which time holds over it grows as the poem moves. The first three stanzas are the fusion of the immediate, close life of the youth with his natural milieu. The other three stanzas, however, work the contrast into all the heat and agony of a red dwarf star. The farm did return from dreams, and even in sleep the farm is alive, but now the day awakens without the ecstatic innocence. In "Poem in October" the morning beckons to participation; here the mornings of the present wake him to his loss.

Thomas's lyric first two lines show a mastery and fusion of two types of image-language which dominate the poem. The first is a highly-charged image, both visual and auditory, original in itself. The second is a cliché rescued from stupidity by its context.

Now as I was young and easy under the
apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the
grass was green . . .

The last clause demands to be read as thoroughly as possible: "As grass is green (and grass *is* green), so I was happy and happiness *was* just myself." The youth himself had a heightened relation with his world, shown in motifs of personal power supported by further images:

And honoured among wagons I was
prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the
trees and leaves . . .
And as I was green and carefree, famous
among the barns . . .
and singing as the farm was home . . .

Time let me play . . .
And green and golden I was huntsman
and herdsman . . .

These narcissistic claims are unmatched in any poetry for their intrinsic energy, vigor and movement. This flow of effective images and actions, sustained without interfering with or draining each other, gives all the claim the poem needs to be a major poem. They have the religious intensity of Yeats and Eliot, but a risk of personal energy which neither of them dared. They pulse dangerously with technique, virtuosity and narcissistic presence, but retain their control in spite of this, even because of it. Because the risk succeeds, it is a better poem than "Poem in October." Some of these images stand out sharply on their own:

the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on
his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden . . .

So it must have been after the birth of
the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound
horses walking warm
Out of the whinnying green stable
On to the fields of praise.

The use of rhyme, even irregular, is less prominent here than in "Poem in October," but the power of the images and the inherent lyrical rhythm of the diction carry the poem much more effectively. In this respect, Thomas has developed his senses between the writing of the two poems. "Fern Hill" is Thomas's lyrical control and image-creation at its best.

The other major sense in the poem is myth. The total poem is mythic, colored with the sense of incapacitating loss. The farm itself is the limit of the myth: the locus of freshness, innocence, purity, incredible vigor as it wakes to each morning after a night of fluent dreams. It is paradise, and not just *a* paradise. It is *the* paradise of youth, the primitive mythic realm of innocent pride and power, of sexual delicacy, narcissistic phantasy and intimate community with animals. That world, the paradise of "Adam and maiden," of "the spellbound horses walking warm out of the whinnying green stable on to the fields of praise," becomes the "childless land." The final stanza is bitter-sweet at the recognition, defiant, defeated, charged with remorse, all at once.

And so Thomas reads it himself. This close to the poem shifts the sense of virility in "green" to a sense of something resisting recognition.

Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

The green which was the boy's vitality and innocence is seen by the poet now, I think, as a corrupting naiveté. Or, green corrupts and dies *because* vitality is naive and exhausts itself, while seeming to preserve and fulfill. The sea too is restless, fresh, irrepressible within its borders, comparable to Yeats's sense of the energy of poetry as "that dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea." Yeats's Byzantium is a paradise of the artefact of the future. Fern Hill is a place of the past, a myth of spent innocence and youth. Yeats felt he had partially preserved his myth in the poetic artefact. Thomas's myth was his youth. He saw it slipping from him and go.

These two poems show Thomas matching the phonic and rhythmic energies of Hopkins by loosening jammed rhythms, relaxing somewhat his invention of compounds and the intensity of rhyme and assonantal and consonantal progression. The influence of Hopkins is hardly to be doubted, but it has been put to a controlled and intensely personal use. The poetry lacks Hopkins' esoteric energy found in a special doctrine of nature matched by intense rhythm and phonics. It is the more natural energy of a life tinged with the transformation of traditional religion into the tales, stories and legends told in childhood. The religion that replaces commitment to sacramental and dogmatic revelation is a religion of integration with unsupernatural nature, of youth and innocence. That youth and innocence is still mysterious, whether recoverable or vulnerable to total corruption. Placed together with Wordsworth, Hardy, Hopkins, Eliot and Yeats, among others, Thomas is unique in having his religious feelings grow from the union of youth and the innocent environment of nature, and fix there.

The two poems may be taken as the recurrence of the dream of natural innocence and as the tragic loss of that innocence which transforms the simple vision into a pure (I mean genuine and vigorous) myth. So the poet who wrote a "Portrait of the Artist as

a Young Dog" and "Poem in October" became later the author of the myth of the green and dying "dog." Whether Thomas felt that way about himself when he wrote "Fern Hill" is irrelevant. That is the way the poem was written, and that is the way Thomas read it for Caedmon some years later, just before he died.

PREFACE

Friedrich von Holstein is associated with the new era in German foreign policy that is usually considered to have been inaugurated with the dismissal of Bismarck. This article is a condensed version of an extensive study of Holstein based primarily on his personal papers.

German foreign policy during the period of Bismarck's chancellorship after his success in uniting Germany in 1871, was motivated by the Chancellor's desire to maintain peace and the status-quo in world affairs. This goal was achieved by Bismarck's complex alliance system which was partially responsible for the absence of a major conflict during the period 1871-1890.

In 1890, with Bismarck's dismissal, the foreign policy of the German Reich embarked upon what has been called the "new course". This policy was characterized by the simplification of Germany's commitments abroad in order to give the Second Reich a "free hand" to seek a "place in the sun."

Holstein, from a subordinate position in the German Foreign Ministry, exercised an extraordinary influence upon the politics of the German Empire. A study of his career is useful in understanding the fate of German foreign policy after Bismarck's departure.

Holstein, the son of a Prussian Junker, studied law in preparation for a career in the Diplomatic Service. During his youth, his family was very close to the Bismarcks. This was responsible for the rapid advance of Holstein in the Prussian and later in the Imperial bureaucracy. Throughout the 1860's, Holstein was entrusted, by Bismarck, with many crucial political posts.

In 1868, Holstein left the foreign service to invest in a mechanized towing system for canal transport. The project's failure dissipated the modest fortune Holstein had inherited from his father, and he returned to his former post convinced that his only chance for success and prestige lay in government service. In 1876 Bismarck appointed Holstein to serve as Vortragender Rat

The Diplomacy Friedrich Von Holstein

Joseph Lewis

(speaking counselor), a position he held for 30 years, in the Political Division of the Foreign Ministry in Berlin. Upon Bismarck's dismissal in 1890, Holstein was regarded as the only person capable of continuing his foreign policy and was offered a more responsible position in the government. As a result of his intraverted personality however, he chose to continue as before. The death of his father, an unsuccessful love affair, and the "Arnim Affair" drove him into isolation and embittered him toward society.

The Arnim affair was the final and most important crisis in Holstein's life. In 1874, Holstein was Second Secretary in the German Embassy in Paris under ambassador Count Harry von Arnim. Arnim was working for an Orleanist restoration to strengthen the monarchical principle, an idea directly opposed to Bismarck's official German policy. Bismarck calculated that a republican France would be unattractive to other great monarchic powers, such as Russia, and that they would not ally with her. Germany, therefore, supported the Thiers government and the French republic. When Arnim was brought to trial for advocating controversial policies; the Arnim family accused Bismarck of planting Holstein as a spy to gather evidence against Arnim. Holstein denied this, but he soon became the target of social ostracism directed by the Arnim family. Friendless, except for the Bismarcks, he became a confirmed introvert. Henceforth he cherished his desk in the Wilhelmstrasse as his sole *raison d'être*. His skills in languages and drafting, and his retentive memory enabled him to become the mainstay of the Political Division. Holstein was content to work under the shadow of the Chancellor's genius. His papers however, reflect a change in feelings toward the chancellor and his foreign policy after 1883. After this point, criticism of Bismarck and his policies is mentioned in practically every entry in Holstein's diary.

Bismarck was pursuing a complex policy. He posed as a supporter of Russian claims in the Balkans; at the same time he stirred

up the Austrians and the British to oppose those claims. It was not a straight-forward policy, but it kept Russia temporarily out of the arms of France and it did preserve the peace of Europe.

Holstein believed that Russian expansion into the Balkans had to be blocked all along the line. As Holstein saw it, Russia was a far more serious threat to Germany than France, but because of France, Germany could never devote all her strength to the defense of her eastern frontier. Therefore, Germany should do everything to strengthen Austria. This was the reasoning behind Holstein's belief that Germany had to support Austria under all circumstances, a belief that dominated his political thinking to the end of his life.

Russia continued to desire territory in the Balkans and Bismarck found it necessary to take up an idea advanced by Holstein; the formation of an anti-Russian league. The first step was the renewal of the Triple Alliance in February 1887. This pact was designed for Austria and Italy to maintain the status-quo in the Balkans, in return for German support elsewhere. The anti-Russian coalition was completed by the Mediterranean Agreement of March 1887 between Italy, Austria and Great Britain which provided for the status-quo to be maintained on the shore of the Mediterranean, Adriatic, Aegan and Black Seas.

Bismarck's aim in fostering this grouping had been to establish a force in Eastern Europe, strong enough to balance Russia without the aid of Germany, so that Germany was left in a position to throw her weight against any side that threatened to disturb the peace. Holstein, on the other hand, saw in the coalition an admirable instrument for conflict against Russia (which he regarded as inevitable).

Holstein went to work to provoke a conflict with Russia. He wrote to the German consul-general in Sofia and told him not to discourage the Bulgarians from declaring war on Russia. Just when events seemed to be going his way, Holstein learned of Bismarck's intention to conclude the Reinsurance Treaty with Russia. The conclusion of this treaty filled Holstein with disgust. In his view the purpose of all the treaties against Russia was negated. Holstein wrote

"In order to win back Russia in 1887 Bismarck committed political bigamy." Now Holstein wanted only one thing—the removal of Bismarck.

Holstein got his chance to undermine Bismarck's position with the advent of the new Kaiser in 1890. He joined the anti-Bismarck forces gathering around the Chancellor's chief rival, General Waldersee. Holstein, through Waldersee, advised Kaiser Wilhelm II to revoke the law which provided that cabinet members could approach the Kaiser only through the chancellor. Holstein realized that Bismarck cherished this monopoly of direct access to the Kaiser, and that its revocation would be a diminution of the Chancellor's power and a source of irritation.

Holstein then looked for new ways to force Bismarck to resign. He involved himself in a domestic matter in which he saw a chance to harm Bismarck. Holstein worked out a program of liberal labor legislation for the Kaiser who was opposed to Bismarck's views. The result was a split between Chancellor and Kaiser.

At this same time Russia was massing troops on Germany's eastern frontier, alarming both the military and Holstein. Bismarck received this news in certain reports which he failed to reveal to the Kaiser. This neglect provided Holstein with yet another opportunity to discredit Bismarck with the Kaiser. Holstein gave the reports to Waldersee, who then kept the emperor informed of Russian activities. Wilhelm II became alarmed and ordered Bismarck to warn Austria of the Russian threat. Bismarck stated that such actions by the Russians were common occurrences, but this failed to convince the Kaiser.

In order to dismiss Bismarck, the Kaiser reverted to Holstein's earlier suggestion, and repealed the law giving the Chancellor a monopoly of access to the Kaiser. Bismarck resigned on March 18, 1890.

With Bismarck's resignation, Holstein found himself in a touchy situation. Public opinion, unaware of his attitudes toward Bismarck, expected him to follow the example of his lifelong mentor, and hand in his resignation. Holstein had no reason to resign, neither did he seek to openly support

Bismarck. He decided to remain at his post as *Vortragender Rat* and to seek no promotion.

So the situation was created where the official generally regarded as the only man capable of maintaining the Bismarckian diplomatic tradition, the man, in fact, who was largely responsible for the planning and direction of German foreign policy at critical moments from 1890 to 1906, remained in a subordinate position.

The new chancellor, Count Leo Caprivi, formerly the head of the Admiralty, and his State Secretary Marschall were inexperienced in foreign affairs. Both were dependent upon Holstein's advice. Nor did Holstein's influence end with Caprivi's tenure of office, if anything it increased under the chancellorships of Hohenlohe (1894-1900) and Bülow (1900-1906). Holstein had been on intimate terms with both since the 1870's.

Despite all of Holstein's experience and the reliance of top officials upon him, he never fully dominated German foreign policy during the period 1890-1906. He was never able to do so in a country in which so many irresponsible agencies intervened in foreign affairs. His influence was limited by the personality of Wilhelm II, who could not be dominated by any one of the three chancellors. Holstein could influence the chancellor but the chancellor could not necessarily convince the Kaiser to follow Holstein's advice. Wilhelm sought advice above all from the military.

Holstein's greatest limitation of his influence, however, was the one which he imposed upon himself. By refusing to accept a promotion in 1890, Holstein missed an opportunity to obtain a position of responsibility equivalent to his power in the formulation of policy. He lacked the necessary power to execute the policies he had framed. His influence was limited therefore, by an arrogant Kaiser, an ambitious military establishment, and most of all by its indirect transmission.

Holstein set out to eliminate all things associated with Bismarck. He set in motion a purge in the diplomatic corps of officials loyal to Bismarck. He then started to eliminate Bismarck's complex alliance system,

wishing to simplify his country's foreign commitments. This could be accomplished by ending the Reinsurance Treaty with Russia. When it came up for renewal in 1890, Holstein succeeded in getting Caprivi and Marschall to drop it.

In this instance Holstein effectively controlled German foreign policy and it was his greatest success. Holstein believed that he had solved the problem which had defeated Bismarck, associating Germany wholeheartedly with Austria, Germany could secure British support and was therefore running no risks. What Holstein failed to consider was the effect his Russian policy might have on Germany's allies or on those powers which he hoped to secure as allies. By casting Russia adrift, Germany lowered its bargaining power with Austria and Italy, and lost perhaps its most effective lever for prying the British out of their isolationism.

Holstein's thinking in this case reveals, clearly, his differences with Bismarck. Bismarck recognized the limitations of diplomacy and the possible disruption of human calculations by imponderable factors. He was unwilling to commit himself to a defined course of action for a situation that had not yet arisen. The nature of his treaty system with its complications and apparent inconsistencies reflected his preference for a high degree of ambiguity in international affairs.

Holstein was never able to grasp Bismarck's way of thinking. He believed that the possibility of disruption by unforeseen factors could be reduced, or even eliminated, by simplifying and clarifying Germany's commitments and by removing the ambiguities and inconsistencies in any political situation in which she could be involved. No finer example of this exists than Holstein's motivation in the non-renewal of the Reinsurance Treaty.

In 1898 Holstein scored another triumph. Joseph Chamberlain, alarmed by the existence of the Triple Alliance and the Franco-Russian alliance, informed the Germans that Britain desired a treaty with Germany to halt the Russian domination of China. Holstein was opposed to the proposed treaty. Germany should not antagonize Russia by helping Britain to contain her in the Far East. Germany had every interest in keeping Russian expansion directed eastward and

away from the Austro-German frontiers. Holstein was convinced that Britain was desirous of an alliance so "They can send the Triple Alliance into the fight against Russia and stay out themselves." Holstein convinced Chancellor Hohenlohe that the overture of Chamberlain should be rejected. Thus Britain was left free to conclude the Triple Entente with France and Russia.

The Moroccan crisis of 1904-1905 was Holstein's last opportunity to influence German foreign policy. In 1904 France tried to extend its control over Morocco. To Holstein and Schlieffen, the chief of the German General Staff, this action by France provided an opportunity to correct the setbacks of the last fifteen years and remove future threats to German security. Holstein and Schlieffen believed that an energetic diplomatic campaign against France over Morocco might create a situation in which France would be lured into a war with Germany having to fight for reasons of prestige and public opinion. Holstein almost succeeded. He was the force that caused the Kaiser's visit to Tangier at the end of March 1905, and led the bullying campaign that forced the dismissal of the French foreign minister Delcasse in June.

When France then offered to negotiate, Holstein insisted upon an international conference which could be used to create new opportunities for provocation of France. Holstein hoped for a war to result from the Algeciras conference. His hopes were almost satisfied. But Germany, supported only by Austria and Morocco, lost at the conference table to the other great powers. Chancellor Bülow had followed Holstein's advice until this point because he regarded the dangerous tactics as merely a way of bluffing the French into concessions and of disrupting the Anglo-French entente. When the bluff failed and Germany was confronted, as Holstein had anticipated, with a choice between war and diplomatic defeat, Bülow chose the latter alternative and agreed to the French demands. Bülow then vented his rage upon Holstein and forced him to resign.

Holstein was definitely working for a preventive war against France in 1905. He failed because German public opinion, while hostile to France, would not support a war with her for the sake of Morocco. He was

also a victim of his own reluctance to accept an office of responsibility. If Holstein had been state secretary or chancellor he might have succeeded in carrying out his policy. As a result of his failure to cause a war, the diplomatic alignment began to form during the Moroccan crisis which would prevail during the First World War. The stage was set for the Bosnian crisis of 1908 and for the events of July and August 1914.

Scholars who have studied his career are in agreement that Holstein, while being sincerely devoted to Germany, was a bad influence on German foreign policy during the period 1890-1906. Differences appear as to the cause and the degree of this bad influence. Some historians attribute his baneful influence to his lack of understanding economic changes and imperialism. Others stress Holstein's intense subjectivity, his rancor, and his proclivities for intrigue which tended to confuse matters that were already complicated and ended by clouding issues.

The degree of Holstein's influence remains a debatable point. Scholars before the Second World War believed Holstein to be the dominant influence on German foreign policy. Since the war it is maintained that Holstein could have never dominated German foreign policy as long as Wilhelm II was the Kaiser. Holstein had nothing to do with the Kruger telegram, the launching of the Berlin to Bagdad railway or German naval expansion.

To dismiss Holstein in such a way would not do him justice. Holstein had more influence at critical periods in German history—the question of renewal of the Reinsurance Treaty in 1890, the proposed Anglo-German alliance in 1898, and the Moroccan crisis of 1905—than any other official in the German government. His thinking in these instances was based on his notion of what would be best for Germany. Unfortunately his thinking was wrong. Holstein lacked the foresight of Bismarck. Holstein's personal tragedy lies in the fact that he did not aspire to an office in which he would have had the necessary powers to enact his ideas into the official policy of the German Reich. He was content to remain in bureaucratic oblivion. The large significance of his influence, however, was tragic for Europe: it

tended to put Germany along the fatal path of diplomatic royalty, supporting Austria unreservedly, without sufficient thought for the consequences.

NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS

SARAH MUMFORD, a graduate of 1964, is studying more history at the University of Maryland.

ELAINE RICKERT, Class of 1963, is the mother of a candidate for Summerhill's class of 1984 and will continue mothering a degree in English at Ohio University in the fall.

LINDA MIDDLESTADT will continue her studies in Scotch and English Literature at Johns Hopkins University next fall.

BENNETT LAMOND, the eminent anarcho-Victorian, teaches English at Washington, where his specialty is the literature of the painless self-image.

SAM RODAR was a psychology major until the publication of his article. His hobby is raising dis-temppered dogs.

W. R. COFFEL will keep trying (creative writing) at Johns Hopkins next fall while growing a stomach to rent to Macy's next Christmas.

ERIC CRANE is an off-campus student at the Jones Beach University.

ROBERT COOKE has entered a new phase of writing, evident in his poem, which explodes the sociological myths of Somerset Dorm.

MIKE HENEHAN, a poet of strong imagery and fiery hair, is president of the Inter-Fraternity Council and a strong critic in J. T. Miller's creative writing course.

FREDERICK BAUMAN is in charge of the birth control program for New York City's welfare department, and is stationed in an up-elevator at the Empire State Building.

DICK BUCHANAN, Second Knight Commander of the Mope Generation, will occupy the present site of the Huey Long Lard Co. in East Scio, Oregon.

RICHARD RICKERT, instructor of philosophy and pataphysics at Washington, is doing research on the problem of whether Descartes' evil genius is alive and well in Argentina.

CHESLEY STONE is an aesthetic experience, in herself.

CHRISTINA HARRISON is recently a mother, which makes her poem her second published work.

ELLEN BUCKINGHAM, an English major, has surprised us with an enjoyably extreme poem.

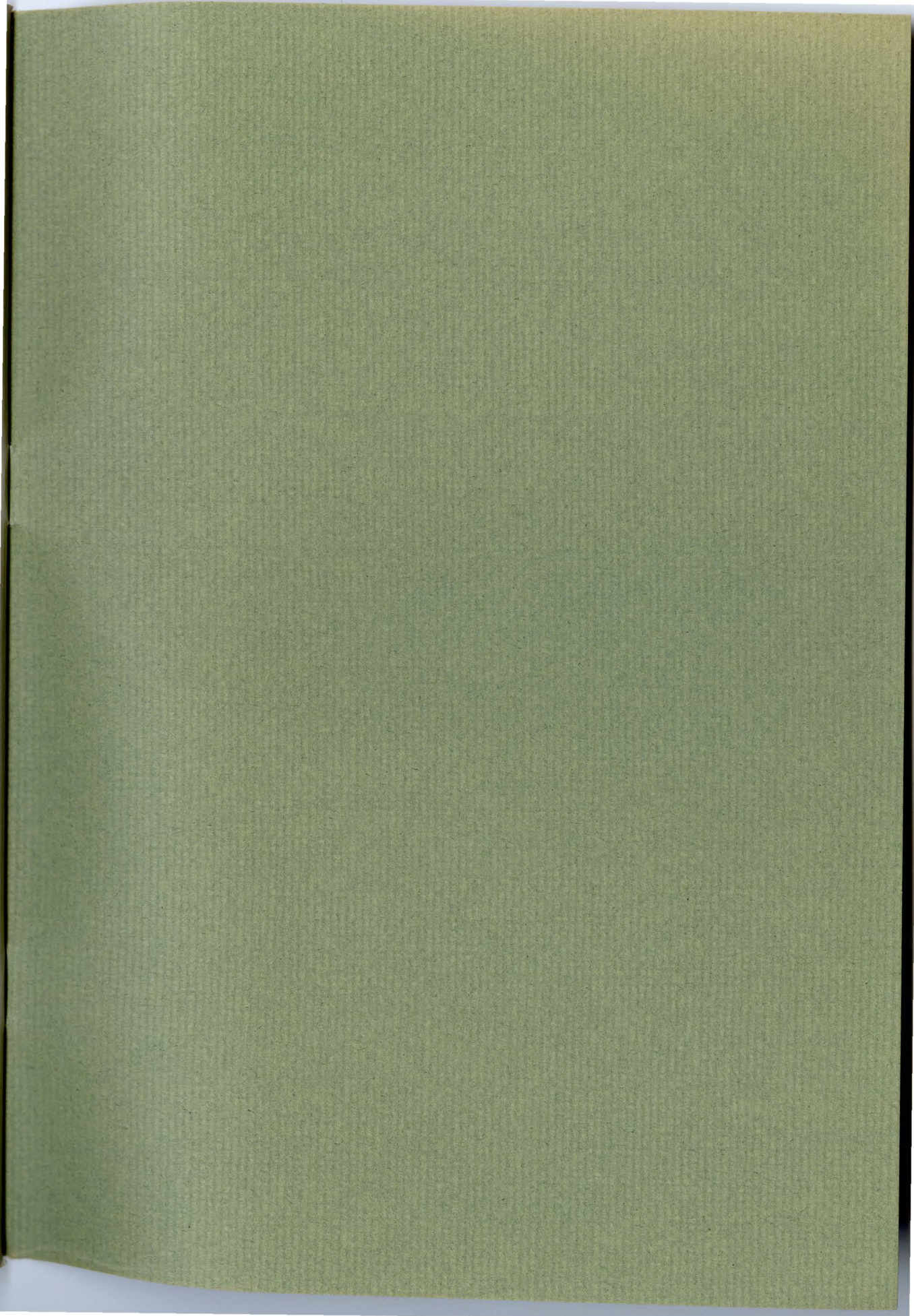
MIKE TRAVIESO, major in English, owns an interest in the Chestertown Water Company, and has five hundred pounds of cow-feed on his doorstep, with flies, and a magic bathtub.

MARTIN KABAT, a graduate of 1963, has recently opened the first bookstore in Greenwich Village's East Side, on 7th Street. That is, the first legitimate one. His article grew out of a linguistics class at N.Y.U.

BILL MATTHEWS, alias Chestertown Fats, owns a guitar that looks like an umbrella, in which he carries a spoonful of naked lunch.

JOSEPH LEWIS hopes to study history at the University of Virginia next fall, though his draft board seems to prefer that he help make it, contrary to the wishes of General Hershey.

THE EDITORS EXPRESS THEIR APPRECIATION TO DR. NATE SMITH AND DR. GERDA BLUMENTHAL FOR THEIR HELP AND ADVICE.



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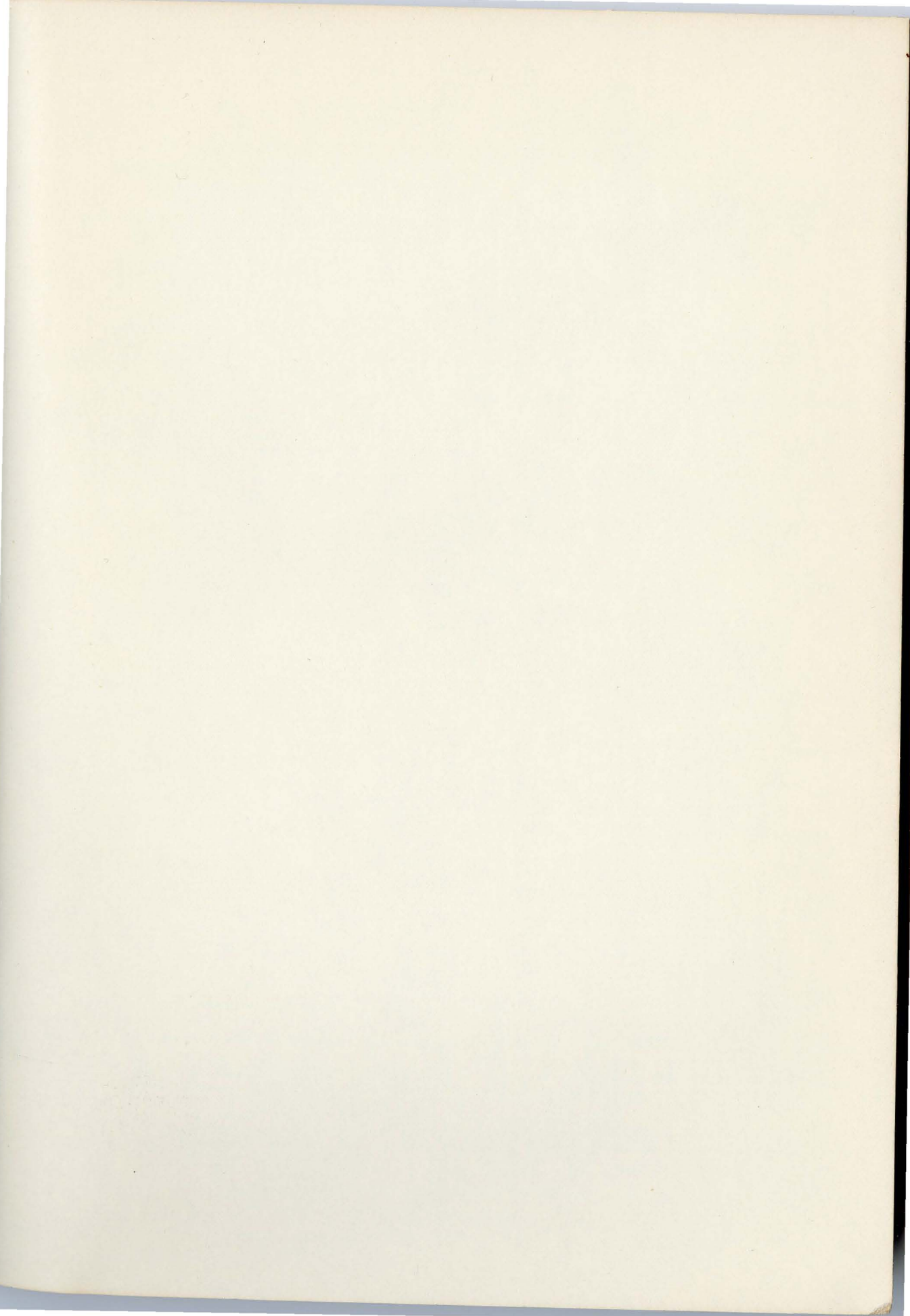
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GLORIA FINE

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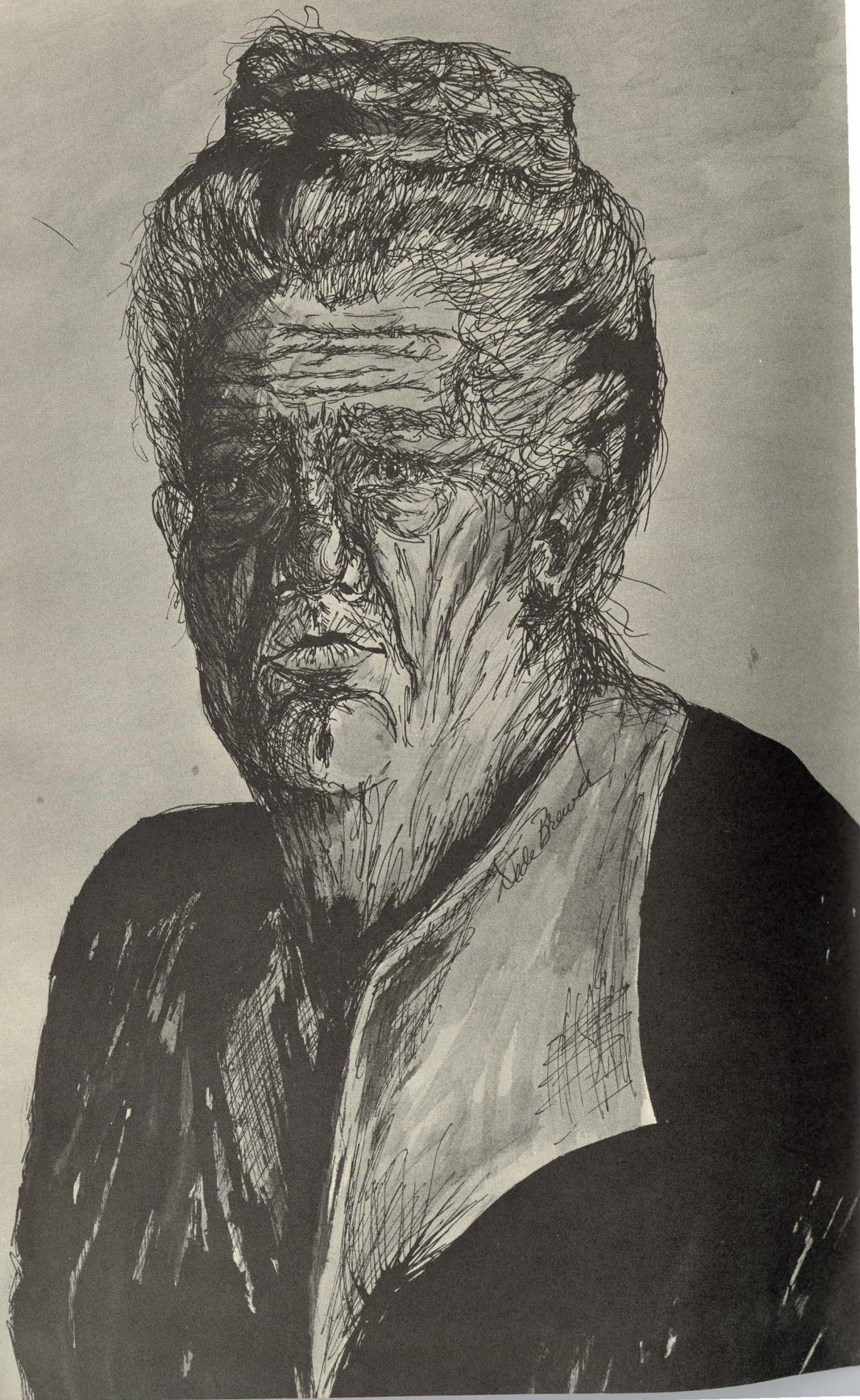
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Lincoln's Emancipation Policy

Richard Jackson

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is *not* either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help save the Union.

The purpose of this article is to examine the popular image of Abraham Lincoln as the "great emancipator." The popular conception of Lincoln concerning emancipation is that he was an idealist following the guide of his conscience regardless of the consequences; Lincoln is seen as the friend of the Negro and a great abolitionist. Actually, although he had strong anti-slavery feelings he was neither the Negro's friend nor an abolitionist, but rather a very pragmatic, shrewd politician and military commander. This article is a presentation of the author's interpretation of the real reasons for Lincoln's issuing the proclamation.

A portrait of Lincoln the President is very germane to the subject. The key to understanding the man is that he was first and foremost a very shrewd, well-trained and ambitious politician. He never was engaged in very much of consequence besides politics and his shrewdness is evidenced by his early success (by the time he was twenty-eight he was the leader of his political party in Illinois). His image of humility was also mostly political; his political party was the party of wealth and he was married to a member of a very aristocratic family, although he did have humble origins. Lincoln's political views were moulded, for the most part, by political expediency and he never worried very much about intellectual consistency, as evidenced by his shift of position on slavery from the time of his inauguration to the issuance of the proclamation. The basis for his political creed was the Declaration of Independence, which he revered in its entirety, but which he tempered with his lawyer's love of law and constitutionalism. Economically, his position was deeply controlled by middle-class values; he was concerned with the poor white laborer and those who had begun as poor laborers,

with whom he could identify. Indeed, one of his objections to slavery was its adverse effect on the condition and prospects of the poor, white, paid laborer. Lincoln the politician may be generalized as a "natural" in much the same way that Lyndon Johnson is a "natural"; Lyndon Johnson and Abraham Lincoln have much in common in their ability to grasp the whole political situation naturally and to compromise and act according to the exigencies of the situation; neither is an idealist—both are politicians.

The position Lincoln held on slavery on his entry into the White House in 1860 was the culmination of years of development dating from his childhood. Born in 1809 in a slave state, Kentucky, he was to spend the rest of his young life in the midst of the swirling slavery controversy, both in Kentucky and later in Indiana. Furthermore, his parents held no slaves and the Baptist churches he attended preached against slavery. Probably Lincoln's first real exposure to the Negro and slavery (there were few negroes in his frontier region because the law then prohibited slavery) was his first trip to New Orleans in 1828 at the age of nineteen. He and another crewman took a cargo of farm products to New Orleans along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and, in Baton Rouge, seven Negroes boarded the boat with the intention of robbery; they were repulsed by Lincoln and his friend, who promptly pushed off from the wharf and continued downriver. More well-known for its exposure of Lincoln to slavery is his second trip to New Orleans. At this time he was exposed to slave auctions, specifically that of a mulatto girl and he is reported to have said "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard." This statement, reported by William Herndon and Jesse William Weik in their book, *The Life of Lincoln*, does not hold up, however, because the man who supposedly related it to William Herndon, John Hanks, turned back at St. Louis and was not even in New Orleans with Lincoln. It is undoubtable, however, that Lincoln did see slave auctions in New Orleans and he was probably affected by them to some extent.

His early career in the Illinois State Assembly and his legal career also brought him into close contact with slavery and made him

take a stand. He went on record against slavery at least twice while in the legislature and, in January 1837, he and a cohort, Dan Stone, issued the Lincoln-Stone Resolution which declared their belief "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." This was not a pro-abolitionist statement, but it required political courage because the two young legislators were speaking out against slavery at a time when pro-slavery sentiment ran very high in Illinois and in the State Legislature.

Lincoln's early legal career acquainted him with the legal aspects of the slavery issue, especially since the Illinois State constitution was very much concerned with slavery. His first case involving the institution came in the summer of 1841 before the state Supreme Court—Bailey vs. Cromwell. The case concerned a Negro woman named Nance who had been purchased by David Bailey from Cromwell with a 400 dollar promissory note. Bailey had been assured that Nance had seven years yet to work out as an indentured servant and he had been promised legal proof of servitude. The proof was never forthcoming and after three months Nance left, so when the note fell due, Mr. Bailey did not pay it. Mr. Cromwell sued Mr. Bailey for the money. Lincoln represented Bailey in the Circuit Court and the higher court.

Lincoln argued that: 1) Nance had not been an indentured servant but was a wage earner; 2) that the burden of proof rested with the plaintiff and no evidence had been produced that she was not free; 3) she was free by the Ordinance of 1787 and the State Constitution, both of which forbade slavery in Illinois; 4) therefore, the promissory note was void because it was involved in an illegal act—the sale of a human being. The Court decided in Lincoln's favor; Lincoln had provided a mass of data supporting the principle of freedom. In another case involving John Shelby, Lincoln paid \$69.30 to gain the release of the negro from a New Orleans jail; he seemed to be becoming increasingly the friend of the Negro.

Paradoxically, Lincoln seemed to have jumped to the other side of the fence on the slavery issue in another important case in his legal career, the Matson case. In this case, a Kentucky slaveholder engaged his services

to regain a family of runaway slaves, the Bryants who had taken residence in Coles County, Illinois. Lincoln argued for the plaintiff and was defeated. This switch of positions seems unexplainable at this point in his career but I think it can possibly be attributed to his love of the law which I mentioned earlier in relation to the Declaration of Independence. It is possible that, whatever his personal feelings, he thought that Mr. Matson was legally right. In any case, this illustrates his willingness to change his position on slavery depending on the circumstances.

Lincoln's congressional career, although brief, also offers insight into his development on the slavery issue. He served in the 30th Congress and was often called upon to take a side on an issue; he was not always consistent but was generally anti-slavery. On two occasions he went on record against resolutions directing committees to report on bills abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia and he also was against a resolution ordering a report on a bill abolishing slavery in the District. In January, 1850 he submitted a plan of his own which called for freedom after January 1, 1850 to children born of slave mothers in the District, compensation to masters freeing their slaves and prompt arrest and delivery of fugitives. This legislation was never formally introduced for action. While in Congress Lincoln took no part in the frequent heated discussions over slavery and voted on slavery issues only when he had to. After his term expired he left Washington and politics for five years.

During this five year period Lincoln became more interested in slavery and its politics and read and studied all he could about it. This intensive interest began in 1854 with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act repealing the Missouri Compromise. This bill designated the prevalent feeling in the North that slavery would eventually die out. He studied the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Anti-Slavery Standard* as well as the *Richmond Enquirer* and the *Charleston Mercury* to get view points from both sides of the issue. He had been studying the politics of slavery with an eye to re-entering politics and by 1855 his anti-slavery stand was fairly well established.

It seems only natural that Lincoln should

have joined the Republican Party, a party which came into being in reaction to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. By the fall of 1856, he was in the forefront of the party (another example of his political shrewdness) and, in 1858, he was chosen to run for the Senate from Illinois against Stephen Douglas. This was the campaign which occasioned the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, which pivoted on slavery—its extension and its morality. On July 17, 1858, in Springfield, Lincoln stated his essential position on slavery and one of the reasons for his re-entry into politics.

Although I have ever been opposed to slavery, so far I rested in the hope and belief that it was in course of ultimate extinction. For that reason, it had been a minor question with me . . . I had believed, and now believe, that the whole public mind, that is the mind of the great majority, had rested in that belief up to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. But upon that event, I became convinced that either I had been resting in a delusion, or the institution was being placed on a . . . basis for making it perpetual, national and universal . . . So believing, I have since then considered that question a paramount one.

This is an expression of Lincoln's central view on slavery—that slavery should be restricted to the states in which it existed and kept out of the territories, and that Congress had no power to tamper with slavery in the states in which it already existed. Lincoln was very afraid of the spread of slavery throughout the nation, and he recognized slavery as a moral wrong, but he was not an idealistic abolitionist who wanted to free all the slaves.

In summation, the pre-war Lincoln opposed slavery for several reasons: 1) its contrary effect on the best interests of the Northern white worker; 2) slavery endangered democracy because the master-slave relation denied the principle that government gains power from the consent of the governed; 3) slavery was a moral evil because it denied a basic law of God—freedom; 4) slavery was contrary to the ideals of the Declaration of Independence (Lincoln held that the "all men are created equal" phrase applied equally to Negroes). Lincoln was strongly anti-slavery; it is imperative, however, to remember that he was concerned merely with the containment

of slavery and not its abolition and that he did not favor the equality of the Negro (this is why he was such an avid supporter of colonization). An act like the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation would have been entirely out of the question to the Lincoln of 1860.

What made Lincoln decide to issue such a proclamation just two years after he entered the White House vowing he would not? Was this really a basic shift in Lincoln's own feeling on emancipation? Had he shifted from a policy of containment to one of abolition? Probably not; instead, the final decision to issue the proclamation was the product of events and circumstances unforeseen by Lincoln in 1860. This author maintains that Lincoln reacted to these events and circumstances as the pragmatic, srewd politician and military Commander-in-Chief that he was and that, although he was eventually very satisfied with the results, he would not have issued the proclamation on his own.

First a brief chronology of the events surrounding the issuance of the proclamation is necessary. Just what could the federal government do about slavery? In 1819, James Tallmudge, Jr., of New York, proposed that Congress should prohibit the continued introduction of slaves into Missouri and emancipate all children of slaves there when they reached the age of twenty-five. This proposal, supported by many northern congressmen served notice that they would continue to push for the authority of the federal government over slavery; in 1846 the Northern congressmen once more had a chance to emphasize the power of the government in Washington over slavery. They wanted to be sure that the Mexican War would not be turned into an instrument for the spread of slavery. During the following decade a great battle raged concerning the power of Congress over slavery, and the Dred Scott decision was opposed by many who felt that Washington should regulate the institution.

After 1830, the abolitionists also contributed to the chaos of opinions and bitterness. They became louder and more disgusted with the American Government and its Constitution. They finally decided that they could gain nothing from such a government and would not expect to. This was an un-

realistic approach but many others were not quite so unrealistic. These anti-slavery people began to rally around political parties, forming their own, the Liberty Party, in 1840 and, in coalition with other interest groups, the Republican Party more than 10 years later. By 1861 the South was all but isolated in its strong defense of slavery.

The war greatly sharpened the issue and, although Lincoln and his advisors continued to maintain that the President had no power to emancipate the slaves, emancipation continued to become more pressing with each day of the war. Lincoln had said in his inaugural speech that he did not intend to interfere with slavery in any of the states in which it then existed and he continued to denounce any affirmations that he could, should or intended to emancipate the slaves either by proclamation or by legislative action. The pressures continued to mount for all sides; the military, Congress, the abolitionists and the war itself all put tremendous pressure on Lincoln to declare emancipation, but he continued to vacillate between these pressures on one hand and his awareness of the fact that emancipation might possibly precipitate a crisis in the border states and jeopardize the loyalty of many Union soldiers who did not want to fight a war for abolition.

During the second year of the war the pressure increased, now including religious groups and certain segments of the press. By July Lincoln had probably decided to issue some form of a proclamation of emancipation, but he continued to give the impression that he would not, and the pressure on him did not decrease. During the summer of 1862, as he neared the announcement of his first proclamation, Lincoln became very interested in colonization. He undoubtedly was interested in the ill-fated efforts of colonization as a possible way of taking care of the Negro after emancipation; Lincoln did not and never had believed in or supported Negro equality.

On June 18, 1862, the President told Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President, that he intended to issue a proclamation of emancipation and read him a draft to which Hamlin added a few suggestions. In July, 1862, at the funeral of the infant son of the Secretary of War, Lincoln confided the fact that he had reached a decision on emancipa-

tion to the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, and the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, and, less than ten days later, he formally approached the cabinet for advice, reading to them his first draft, which rested largely on the authorization of the Confiscation Act of July 17, 1862.

Following the reading there was a discussion of the proclamation. Secretary of State Seward said that he approved the proclamation but questioned its expediency at that particular time. He suggested it be postponed until it could be supported by military success. After the cabinet meeting, Lincoln was pressured by others not to issue the proclamation just yet, but Seward's advice seems to have affected him most; he decided to wait for a military victory to issue it. During the next two months, although he had already decided to issue a proclamation, the public continued to pressure him and the right moment seemed as if it would never come.

Finally, after McClelland's success in pushing Lee out of Maryland at Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, on September 17, Lincoln decided the moment had come to issue the Proclamation. He called a meeting of the cabinet on Monday, September 22, 1862 and presented to them his Proclamation, making it clear that he had already made the decision and that it was his decision to make. He opened by reading a chapter entitled "High Handed Outrage at Utica" from a book by Artemus Ward and then continued,

Gentlemen; I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an Order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued . . . I have thought all along that the time for acting on it might very probably come. I think the time has come now . . . I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter—for that I have determined for myself.

Immediately following this meeting on September 22, 1862, the printing and distribution of the Preliminary Proclamation began. The Proclamation would not go into effect until January 1, 1863, but the government wanted to be certain that all military commanders were familiar with it. In the couple of days following its issuance it was

printed in newspapers all over the country and immediately became a main topic of discussion everywhere. The first public reaction was generally favorable and Lincoln received praise from many sides, though to be sure, he heard plenty of criticism too. In the press, the *New York Times* praised Lincoln's action and said that there had been "no more important and far-reaching document ever issued since the foundation of this Government." The *Times* was not alone in its position, but other segments of the press criticized the document. Said the *Baltimore American*, "We do not think anything whatever is to answer in putting down the rebellion except the uttermost vigor in our military and naval movements . . ." While the *American* did not think the Proclamation would do very much good, others thought it would be harmful or was illegal. Of course, the South denounced the document vehemently, as was to be expected.

The issuance of the Proclamation profoundly influenced the results of the elections of 1862, the Republicans generally being hurt at the polls, and many opponents of emancipation hoped that this might deter Lincoln from making good on the Preliminary Proclamation on January 1. He did change his tack to some extent in his annual message to Congress in December, placing his emphasis not so much in emancipation by decree with colonization to follow but instead on a plan of gradual compensated emancipation he said, "The proposed emancipation would shorten the war, perpetrate peace, insure . . . increase of population, and proportionately the wealth of the country . . ." He wanted Congress to take the ball from him and amend the Constitution to initiate compensated emancipation (he never really wanted to go through with general emancipation clear up to the last minute), but Congress knew that if it did not act he would issue the final Proclamation on January 1. Congress did not act on emancipation but instead criticized the President. At a meeting of the Cabinet on December 29, Lincoln read his final draft and invited comment, the only one coming from Chase, to the effect that fractional parts of states should not be excluded from the Proclamation because of the difficulty involved in enforcement. The President also called

cabinet meetings on December 30 and 31; at the last one Chase submitted his own draft of the Proclamation, parts of which Lincoln used in his final document which was signed, in the presence of some friends on New Year's Day, 1863.

The pressures on Lincoln to issue the Proclamation were very intense and he probably would not have issued it had they been any lighter. An investigation of their nature is therefore, important.

The pressure on Lincoln to take action took several forms, the first of which was official and military. Simon Cameron, Lincoln's Secretary of War, reached the decision that the slaves should be emancipated and armed to fight for the Union. He submitted these recommendations in his report to the President in December, 1861; he was not content, however, to submit them only to the President. He also sent copies of the report to the postmasters of the large cities. Within a month Cameron had been named United States Minister to Russia and Edwin M. Stanton was Secretary of War. Lincoln did not wish to be forced to move toward emancipation at this time.

Action by two military commanders also pressed Lincoln toward some form of emancipation in the early years of the war. Major General John C. Frémont a radical Republican, proclaimed martial law in Missouri in 1861 and declared free the slaves confiscated from persons committing treason. This disrupted Lincoln's policy of dealing with the border slave states with "kid gloves"; he therefore, ordered Frémont to tone down his order. Major General David Hunter, commander of the Department of the South, took action in March, 1862. He began to issue certificates of emancipation to slaves who had worked for the Confederacy, later he went on to declare slaves free throughout the Department of the South. On May 19, Lincoln countermanded the Hunter Proclamation and made it clear that he wanted emancipation in his own hands, even though he did not intend to take any immediate action.

From July, 1861 on, Congress kept pressure on the President by passing legislation and speaking out on the issue of emancipation. The first Confiscation Act, passed on August 6, 1861, provided that when slaves were en-

gaged in hostile military service they became emancipated. Lincoln signed the bill with reluctance because he fully realized that he was being strongly pressured. The next step was the passage of a bill, on April 11, abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and appropriating \$1,000,000 for compensation to masters at a maximum of \$300 for each slave. Lincoln had wanted emancipation to come first in a border state and he withheld his signature for a couple of days, but finally signed. On June 19, 1862, Congress passed and sent to the President a bill abolishing slavery in the territories; Lincoln also signed this bill. The second Confiscation Act, passed on July 17, 1862 was the strongest measure from Congress. It provided that if anyone committed treason his slaves were free and that the slaves of persons supporting the rebellion were free. Lincoln did not want to sign this bill and only a joint resolution of Congress explaining its function forestalled his veto. Congressional opinion was acrimonious on both sides of the question. One example is the statement of Representative John A. Bingham of Ohio, who said, "Pass your laws liberating 4,000,000 slaves . . . and let the oppressed go free. Do you say this is fanaticism" and the reply by William Henry Wadsworth of Kentucky that if the slaves were set free, millions of Union men "with one heart would join the foe."

The abolitionists seemed to be constantly at the President's ear entreating him to take action and free the slaves, although it is probably true that this pressure accomplished little aside from bothering the President. Negro leader Frederick Douglass urged Lincoln to turn the war into a war against slavery and to use Negroes as Union troops. Douglass was respected by Lincoln and the President probably carefully considered his advice but it was Charles Sumner who seemed to be constantly pressing on him the need for complete abolition at one blow. He saw the President innumerable times, always emphasizing the need for emancipation. In connection with this abolitionist pressure, numerous religious groups besieged Lincoln. The Progressive Friends and the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, among others, visited him and begged that he take action.

Probably of more impact on the President

was the editorial pressure leveled at him by various newspapers and particularly by Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune*, which had been an enemy of slavery for a long time. This pressure, however, came after Lincoln had decided to issue a proclamation but before anyone knew it; its probable effect was to confirm his decision. The most potent example of this nature of criticism is Greeley's editorial of August 20, 1862, "The Prayer of Twenty Millions." The following is a quotation from that editorial:

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

Dear Sir: We think you are strangely and disastrously remiss in the discharge of your official and imperative duty with regard to the emancipating provisions of the new Confiscation Act. Those provisions were designed to fight slavery with Liberty

We think you are unduly influenced by the Counsels, the representations, the menaus, of certain fossil politicians hailing from the Border Slave States

We think timid counsels in such a crisis (are) calculated to prove perilous and probably disastrous. It is the duty of a Government so wantonly, wickedly assailed by Rebellion as ours has been to oppose force to force in a defiant, dauntless spirit

We complain that the Union cause has suffered, and is now suffering immensely from mistaken deference to Rebel Slavery

On the face of this wide earth, Mr. President, there is not one disinterested, determined, intelligent champion of the Union cause who does not feel that all attempts to put down the Rebellion and at the same time uphold its inciting cause are preposterous and futile—that the Rebellion, if crushed out tomorrow, would be renewed within a year if Slavery were left in full vigor

. . . As one of the millions who would gladly have avoided this struggle at any sacrifice but that of Principle and Honor, but who now feel that the triumph of the Union is indispensable not only to the existence of one country but to the well-being of mankind, I entreat you to render a hearty and unequivocal obedience to the law of the land.

Undoubtedly the single factor which influenced Lincoln the most in his final decision to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation was the course of the war. The Proclamation was, just as Lincoln maintained, a war measure. It was issued for the purpose of helping

to win the war—not for the purpose of abolition. Lincoln and his Secretary of War both realized that the Confederacy was using its slaves to great advantage, although not in combat, to support the war, and also that the British, who were generally anti-slavery were on the verge of recognizing the Confederacy as a separate nation. This would have been a very severe blow to the Union cause and one way to prevent it was to indirectly make the war take on the character of a war for the freedom of men. This is another example of Lincoln's shrewdness and evasiveness; he was technically correct when he declared that he had no intention of making the war into a campaign against slavery but that he had issued the Proclamation purely as a war measure. But he was fully conscious, both before and after the issuance of the Proclamation, of all the consequences of the war's attaining this character, among them the fact that Britain would probably not recognize the Confederacy. I do not think he would have done anything at all about emancipation had the war been going well for the North. As it was, however, the war was going very badly for the Union and the Commander-in-Chief was forced to take drastic measures. A good example of this is Lincoln's change in attitude toward the use of Negro troops. At first he had had no intention of ever using any colored troops at all, but, as the war went progressively worse for the Union, he reversed himself and became strongly in favor of their use. This is essentially how the war changed his stand on emancipation. The pressures on him were strong, but, had the nation been at peace or had the Union been winning the war, I think he would have resisted them. The war in the end, was the deciding factor.

The effects of the Proclamation must have been very gratifying to Mr. Lincoln since they were nearly exactly what he wanted. The only ill effect it had for him was the beating his party took in the elections of 1862, but even this was no great catastrophe because it far from ruined the Republican party or Abraham Lincoln. Militarily the Proclamation was a success since it did seriously deplete the South of its subservient labor force and it furnished the North with thousands of loyal, fierce Negro soldiers.

The only possible ill effects were some grumbings from the Union troops about fighting a war for abolition and a new intensity on the part of the South, but both of these effects were minor problems which did not cause very much trouble. Diplomatically the Proclamation was certainly an unqualified success since it virtually insured that Britain would not recognize the Confederacy and thereby align herself with slavery. As Lincoln observed some time after issuing the Proclamation, the course of the war began to go better for the union immediately after his issuance of the document. Indeed, the Emancipation Proclamation seemed a success in almost any way the President looked at it.

The thesis of this article is that the conception of Lincoln as the "great emancipator" is false. It is true that he committed the single most important act toward liberating the Negro, but why did he sign the Emancipation Proclamation? I maintain that it was not out of love of freedom or his fellow man, or hate for slavery; he issued the Proclamation because it was useful to him at the time. True, Abraham Lincoln held strongly anti-slavery views, but even the reasons for his anti-slavery feeling were not the reasons one would expect in a compassionate "great emancipator". He hated slavery not primarily because of its immorality or because he felt sorry for the Negro and thought he should be free, but because of its adverse effect on the nation as a whole and on the paid, white laborer. He re-entered politics in the 1850's not to *abolish* slavery but to try to contain it and this was essentially his point of view until a new set of circumstances and pressures led him to change his position. It may be agreed that he always wanted to "hit that thing hard", but never had the opportunity to do so until the time of his writing and signing the Proclamation; the basis, however, on which he rested the legality of the final Proclamation, his powers as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, had existed since the beginning of the war and yet he had resisted strong pressure to issue a proclamation.

Abraham Lincoln was not a "great emancipator"; he was not an advocate of Negro equality; he did not issue the Emanci-

pation Proclamation because of idealistic abolitionist leanings. He was, instead, a brilliant politician, statesman and military Commander-in-Chief who did what he thought was in the best interest of the Union—not what was necessarily in the best interest of the Negro. He cared little about the emancipation of the Negro, except in the context of serving the Union cause and he acted not out of compassion and idealism but out of shrewdness and concern for the preservation of the Union.

A Philosophy of Education

Nena O'Lear

Having taught in a secondary school system for only eight weeks,¹ I have not fully grasped all the implications involved in the accepted American Philosophy of Education. However, based upon this brief personal experience and upon the reading I have done in the field,² I would like to offer some tentative conclusions about American Education as I am aware of it.

The school in a modern, progressive society such as ours must function in the intellectual, socio-emotional and vocational preparatory areas. These three areas are interrelated and should not be separated in the school curriculum. It is also necessary that the student-teacher relationship be such that maximum achievement is attained by the individual student in each area of learning. Finally, it is my contention that the teacher need not "teach" everything to his students. It is his responsibility to "expose" the student to things he may otherwise never come in contact with. Where the student may forget what is taught to him, he will always be aware of what is exposed to him.

The most effective way to organize a curriculum concerned with the above three major areas of learning is through heterogeneous groupings of students. In this grouping, students with different sociological and economic backgrounds, as well as students with diverse intellectual capacities are placed in the same classroom. As opposed to homogeneous grouping, this system eliminates the problem of having graded classes based on IQ scores and achievement tests; where the students in the lowest section are as aware of their inferiority as those in the highest are of their superiority. The lowest section in a department probably produces D and E stu-

dents. These same students, when placed in a heterogeneously grouped classroom would still only achieve on the D or E level. They would have the advantage, however, of being exposed to the correct answers as well as new material. Also, these students now produce D's on an individual basis, not because they have psychologically typed themselves as low achievers. In addition, they no longer bear the group scorn of the brighter students; they are now involved in healthy competition with these students. It is easier for a child to compete on an individual basis. There is little optimism in the attitude of a child who has gone through 10 years of school in the D section. He can live with himself, however, if he knows he is regarded equally with students he knows have more right answers than he has.

There are, of course, problems with this system. It seems to favor the child of average intellect, bore the exceedingly bright child and leave the dull child behind. It might seem that the system tends totally to frustrate the child on the opposite ends of the scale. Perhaps it would frustrate the dullest child, but it is conceivable that this child might be frustrated in any academic situation. Regarding the brightest child, there are many projects and outlets the teacher could create in order to keep this child stimulated and interested. Many other objectives have been cited regarding the heterogeneous system and, although my defense might be something less than complete, I hope it is adequately stated.

Directly relating heterogeneous grouping to the tri-functionary system of the schools, I would like to state that the two system complement each other. In a heterogeneously grouped school system where an intel-

lectual and a vocational program is offered, the slower student has an opportunity to excel in an area where the intellectual child may experience a problem. This situation gives the child with a low IQ, but high creative ability, an aura of superiority over some of his classmates. Of course, the intellectual child may also be highly creative; however, even if the slower child equals or excels only one member of the group, in only one small area, he will be happier and better adjusted than the rigidly typed child, who never experiences competition or success among his peers.

The intellectual function is to the college oriented student what the vocational function is to the non-academically oriented child. The school has an educational responsibility to both types of student. Both types will ultimately be thrust out into the world to support themselves and, in many cases, a family. Since the school originally took upon itself the responsibility of educating the students in preparation for a successful adjustment to their society, the school must consider what society the child will enter and prepare him not only to function successfully in it, but also, prepare him to make a transition into another society if the occasion presents itself. Thus, if education considers the interests of the child, and I maintain that this is an essential aim of our secondary system of education, both the intellectual and the vocational must be offered. I also think that before a child decides upon an academic curriculum or a vocational curriculum, he should have the opportunity to experiment in both areas. The highly intellectual child may function just as well in a vocational setting as in an academic one. He should have the opportunity of deciding which program he will enter. Mere IQ scores should not determine whether a child should be academically or vocationally oriented. Similarly, the seemingly dull child may be slow starting and can possibly work hard enough to succeed in an academic course. If he has had classes in both areas, he is likely to know which he can succeed in. And, if he chooses the academic course, knowing he will be in still academic competition, his chances of succeeding in life will probably be better than if he were pushed into a low vocational sec-

tion where he would not only underachieve, but also be psychologically unstable and unhappy.

The aim of secondary education is to prepare the student for successful adjustment in his society, as well as to create room for growth in order that he may make the transition necessary to succeed in our progressive and mobile society. For this reason, the vocational and intellectual functions of the school are inseparable. The students, because of their diverse sociological, economic and intellectual backgrounds will enter into different types of societies. In order to prepare each student, the school must be geared to instruct him for a successful adjustment.

The socio-emotional function is one closely related to the intellectual and vocational functions of the school. The intellectual function prepares the student for higher education, which in turn includes cultural activities, meeting people, choosing a career. The vocational function prepares the student for higher education, possibly a technical or secretarial school, and again choosing a career. In both cases the climax of the child's education constitutes contact with people. Education itself is a contact with people, books and more people. The student faces his professors and the administrators of his institution. He faces his family, fellow students and friends. He also meets the people of history and literature. When he completes his education, people will hire him, work for or with him and befriend him. It is impossible to separate human relations from education.

The socio-emotional function includes far more than the everyday relationship people have with each other, however. It is a much more complex situation than what the child must face in the classroom. In a heterogeneously grouped classroom, the child is in either academic or vocational competition with children from diverse backgrounds and different intellectual capacities. The child, then, can compare himself to each student in his class; whereas in a homogeneous situation, he is one out of a group, but can identify intellectually, socially or economically with every other person in the group. The child in the heterogeneous class must necessarily make an adjustment to the group there-

by exercising the socio-emotional function of the school system.

Moreover, the school has a responsibility to produce socially well-adjusted students and can do this through the various relationships the student develops while he is in school. One of the most important factors in this area is the student-teacher relationship. One of the problems in modern education is that the secondary school teacher does not have a clear picture of the actual influence he has on every student he teaches. This is not to say that he does not have a clear conception of his responsibilities; he knows what his responsibilities are and probably fulfills them. His emphasis, I believe, should be not on subject matter, but more on the students. The teacher should be less concerned with strict academics and more concerned with the personality of the student. Realistically, all teachers do not have the personality to sit down and chat about the new sewers the town is fighting about rather than what year Winston Churchill became knighted.⁸ However, an informal atmosphere may be achieved without discussing local issues. The child must be free to question and express himself and can do this only if he knows the teacher allows it. The teacher then, must promote freedom in the classroom, not only to foster intellectual growth, but also to further the socio-emotional growth of the child.

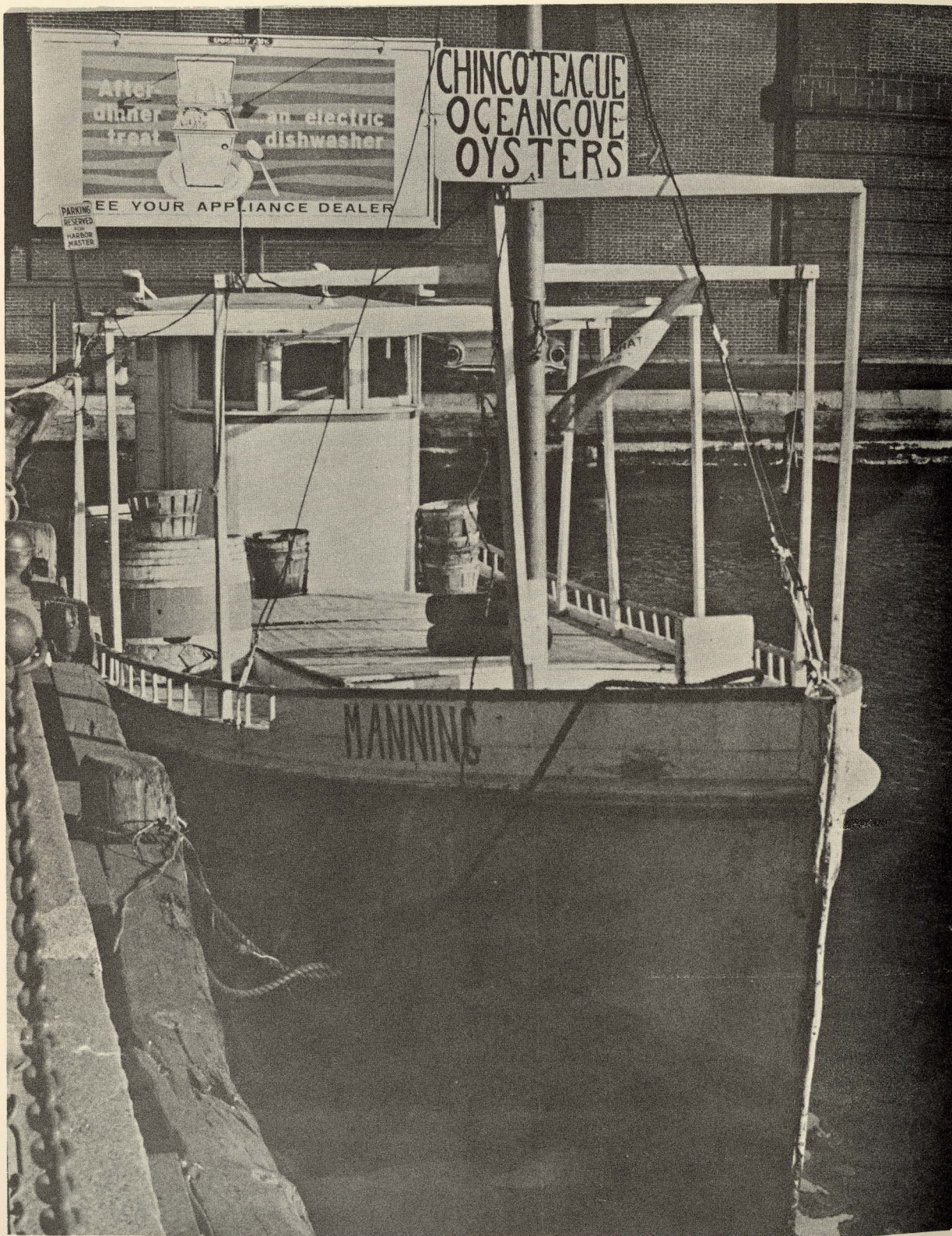
Another point, in conjunction with the student-teacher relationship, that I would like to discuss is the method of exposing the student to things rather than teaching him everything. I do not think it is necessary to "teach" everything to the student. By "teach," I mean lecture, drill and eventually test the student on the material in order to check whether or not he has learned it sufficiently. By "expose," I mean let the student know a certain theory or problem exists; tell him about it, but do not drill or test him. When a child learns something by rote, he most likely forgets it after the test. It has been my experience that when a child is exposed to knowledge, he does not need to learn it, therefore he need not forget it, and most likely he will recognize it when he comes across it again.

I do not mean to revolutionize teaching in the secondary school system and must,

therefore, qualify the way in which I have used 'expose' and how I would suggest other teachers use it. While teaching the novel, for example, in a high school English course, the teacher can also "expose" the student to other subjects without actually "teaching" them. Matter of language and grammar can be treated apparently incidentally, while the basic lesson remains the study of the novel. Problems of science, or of history, perhaps, or geography can be exposed to the student in an indirect but memorable way. The teacher should relate to the student all the extraneous pieces of knowledge he has concerning a particular subject. He should feel free to make use of all his intellectual, aesthetic, and emotional awareness even if it requires deviating from the county curriculum to expose the student to larger, finer perceptions. He can teach the three R's, but if he can, with them as a basis, expose his students to culture, people, and new experiences, he is coming much closer to fulfilling his professional and personal responsibilities.

FOOTNOTES

1. When the article was written, I had recently completed a semester of practice teaching in a local High School in the vicinity of Washington College in Chestertown. Garnett School was in the first stages of token integration at the time, and I was completely responsible for the education of one-hundred and forty Negro Senior High School students. Although eight weeks may appear to be a relatively short duration of time, it was sufficient to afford personal involvement in student extra-curricular activities, faculty meetings, and P.T.A. meetings including direct contact with the parents of my students.
2. Holt, J. *How Children Fail*, (New York: Pitman, 1964).
- Neill, A. S., *Summerhill*, (New York: Hart Publishing Co., 1960).
3. I recall one afternoon when the students seemed particularly restless. Instead of pursuing the given assignment on Winston Churchill, I opened the floor to spontaneous discussion placing no restrictions on the subject. Current interest happened to be centered about the construction of a new lagoon north of Chestertown, and whether or not the Negro Community would benefit by an expansion of the Town's sewerage facilities.



An Incident of FOOT

Peter Herbst

Allow me to relate to you an Incident that occurred to me. I'm not so certain as to whether or not it is an Incident but no matter, I suppose although it is of matter for how may I (I wish to assert my prerogative) tell you, relate to you, of such if I don't know what it was; BUT I do therefore the naming is of no importance.

And so begins the Incident of foot, for it was on foot that this Incident occurred, I occurred, but how shall we say foot, for never in my life have I walked on foot, always with feet I have walked (obviously misspelled) don't chuckle for I assure you that the error was with all due reasoning all due that one (to borrow an expression) that one must have. BUT to begin again before we forget de quoi we were speaking; two feet, not two foot — although one may speak of two foot as some do quite often for without our two foot where would we be? I know, and as I understand and you obviously do not, I feel that it is my duty to tell you where we would be. Without houses for two foot were needed to build such, of course. Think of life without houses; don't, you might hurt yourself, allow me; Without houses —life— desolation, for although the profession is frowned upon it is a necessity, inner feelings must be expressed and sex is expression— Those great big glorious girls, it takes a lot of girls to *laisse un sal vieil homme defecate*

upon their outwardly thrust chest . . . Chests of up to and probably, barring silicone, 42 inches—Or shall we say three foot six, now do you see how foot is an integral part of our lives? And returning, as all must eventually return, thanks to our, *nono your* friend, he would never have been mine, Galileo . . . To incident, notice how it has decreased in importance. Eventually everything does, as you by being public must know by now. For, haven't you? Oh, if you *had* I am sure that you would remain as always unaware of Had is written in *pencil*, obviously, but do you know why. No, I assure you that you do not. I will tell you why in simple terms so that you may be able to comprehend fully; HAD is in *pencil* because as in your lives you have never had anything, obviously, it is indefinite as of course it must be so, I say I *peut-etre* (to show my intelligence) as you often try to but fortunately never succeed in, have seen having as a hole. Bringing us once again to the topic of most of your conversations, Holes where? Here there anywhere on members of *l'autre sex*? Why not, I will inform you that they have three. Yes, they do. Two ears and a mouth on their faces. Do I make you laugh? I should have, for that was one of your jokes, one of those ones that you die of. Don't you. But however things may go, for they always will (thanks to another friend of *yours*) I must not take advantage of my superior position, and rank you. Thank me, I am all-understanding and realize that even you have feelings, they are common to all people. stating a fact not a probability.

MY INCIDENT I was walking, walking, walking, this is to put the masses into a mood. Are you in it? Good. Although maybe it is not good, for who is to tell what is Good. Certainly not me, for after being caught in "the act" and asked how I felt about it I said good. At an obviously unopportune moment, therefore do not count on me to say what is good. Although at the moment it seemed quite GOOD. While walking as all (this is for you) must, it happened. To tell you what happened, to make you understand, for I really do want you, Especially *you* to understand, I will tell it in your terms.

I DIED



EPITAPH OF A CONDEMNED MAN

Charley told me today that
 he'd shot Charlot, "right between
 the thighs", he said
 she shook and screamed like crazy
 son-of-a-bitch he found her
 with ran hell bent
 she died; blood speckled room, bed, sheets,
 Charley, naked she, wide-eyed lay
 dead.

Charley told me that he'd fought in
 The War had not been like this
 "now I am a murderer, before I was
 a hero and tomorrow I will die; dead,
 to me a hero having lived a
 murderer." I will close the door
 as I have before, to Charley's cell,
 and lead him out
 to you, to hang.

Bill Matthews

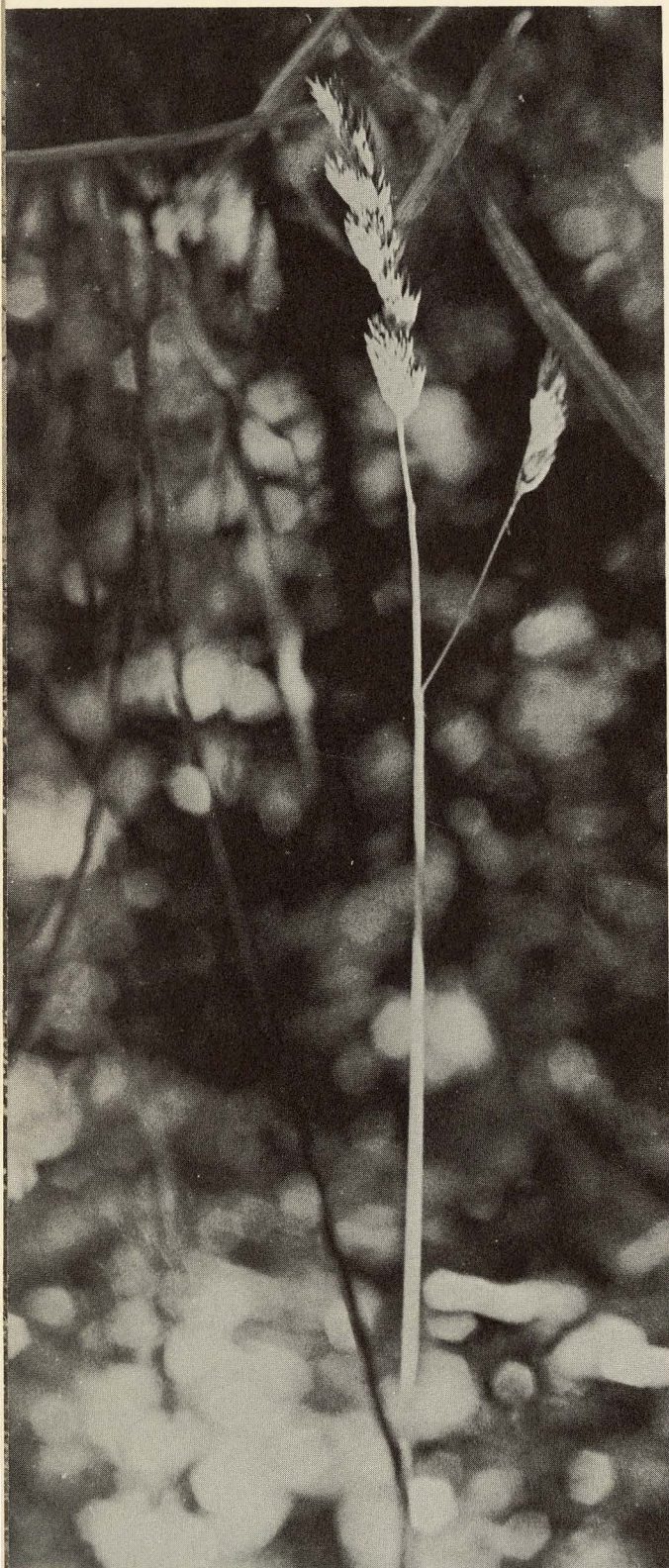
Damn you, Tiresias, you, who,
 with shriveled breasts of woman, old man,
 tell me of things beyond compassion,
 everyday terrors, adventures meaningless.

Meaningless? I am left with a void
 created by your ignorance:
 While grass rots under your feet, people
 swerve to hear your stammer-stutterings,
 grief troubles the door of your tomb.

You, you bastard, give them nothing!
 your miserable state is to tell their
 misery; but your's? To live, to touch,
 to feel, and yet only to tell; can you
 tell them something they don't know?
 Don't you, like Sisyphus, strive and never
 succeed? Do they strive?

Why bother them with the meanderings
 of your syphilitic mind? Why add to
 your own misery? Give them an answer!
 Give me a solution!

Bill Matthews



lowing sunsets moan in red
 at the christmas-tree joy of little John,
 and shout in gold at the pride
 of lions hushed in a boy,
 and echo in violet his march to war,
 and whisper in black the whiteness of empty lilies
 who sing to deafened stars a flickering hymn:
 when Johnny comes mar
 oh God!

damp grey heads
 and bloody stumps
 sing in moonlight
 laughing tunes
 of coward and hero
 kissed, betrayed and pierced
 by steel and foolishness

which consecrates the eucharist
 of flesh and fear.
 and over the heap
 run chilled wines
 both black and gold
 which men will chalice
 and forget.

Mike Henehan

Have you ever seen a napalm bomb at night?
 It's sure one hell of a beautiful thing,
 To see, brilliant yellow orange, red-blue light
 For an instant before the viscous sting
 Of the clinging oil, hot with fire,
 Turns you into a funeral pyre.

Philip Stein

TOWN-COUNTRY PROTEST IN SUMMER CAMP, 1966

I

Go on, Farmer, plant your corn.
Cows, et al, will stay out
having lost their sense of humor too—
long ago.

And some soon day
your mechanized mind
can buy a tank to fight a wasp.
No bounty—sorry, maybe later—
but we will subsidize the tank;
that knocked-down, run-over barn
you can write off against all taxes
for all time.

All we ask is that you support
our shoot-in over there.

II

Then toward town between
Lord's Mansion and Liberal College
falls the Ghetto.
Young Negro Mandrake
dark skin salty with summer
under barmy threads
chants effusion for effulgence.
Never realizing ancient Nubians
called him King in his magian white robe,
Mandrake swings beneath the oak-tag
(a step down, thankfully, almost forward
since those hotcross days),
lead on by horny-rimmed, beard sticky serious
white maled protest-ors
who popeye tight cheeked, sweaty shirt pompous
tan femaled behind-yez
twirling in front,
except for the major bromo
mumming along over a folky guitar
(man, I miss the real sound, but
who's got a cord three blocks long?)

Thus Mandrake sings
his tune book writ for him
by a blond nasaled, mail ordered cataloguer
turned scop.

III

For others the procession is over.
Citizens, now, with off the street TV,
blinkly-stalely at dual news of Mandrake,
they can wait for the night game,
watched by a pink-eyed Siamese yclept Jeezuz,
and nod yes long distance to Baby Coed
who needs to marry the white young Farmer
inheriting treeless development land
and three tanks in a shot-to-hell barn
with neither wasps nor taxes.

IV

Like we said, Mandrake, times change.
All we ask is that you support
our shoot-in over there.

J. T. Miller

POEM

She looked at me with her one good eye
 She was so ugly I thought I'd die
 Of shame, when she pursed her lips askew
 And said, "My darling, I love you."

"You jest," said I in stately pose
 Staring her down my stately nose
 Blood red pipe stem and,
 Turned my head to avoid the kiss
 That glanced my ear with a narrow miss.

Her palms were wet, my ears were red
 She tried to coax me toward the bed
 Her wrinkled hand clutched at my thigh
 Rotting breath from moan and sigh. . . .
 "My figure should not cause you flight
 Know you not I? Me? Night's Queen Delight.

My hearty laugh shook all the room.
 My dirk would swiftly seal her doom
 And help to rid the world of hags
 Rotting, ugly, dressed in rags.

My laughter froze within my throat
 My dagger wouldn't pierce the coat
 Of mail like stuff that I'd call skin

Have you ever heard the sound
 Of a shovel scraping concrete?
 Not as shrillllll as chalk
 on a blackboard,
 echo, repeat
 Or as loud as a cloud black boom
 over ground.
 Sounds like these make the world go round.

Woe, for the trouble I was in.

Her voice was loud, clear as a bell
 She told me straight, "You're now in Hell,
 Where no one's ruled by fickle fate
 I've been assigned your ever mate.
 This part of Hell, marked by red dust
 Reserved for those who lived by lust
 And violent passions, hate not love
 While we walked the earth above."

Philip Stein

"Don't try escape; you cannot flee
 You have to spend your death with me.
 Now mark this well, I must be fed
 So come my dear, it's time for bed.

Numbly awake from a shallow sleep,
He opens his eyes — wide in the dark
That vibrates deep in his blind awareness.

On this black canvas, his stumbling mind
Reconstructs with fearful delicacy
The image of a spider, recalled spinning
Industriously the silken shroud of a recent victim.

SONG OF MORPHEUS

He looks into this dying face
And its mirror surface bears his own drawn visage;
He rolls his closing eyes into the dry, black pillow
To press the dream from his sight,
But he slips helpless into the utter black trap.

The twisted bedclothes constrain his cold body
And clutch at his clammy arm as it moves
Towards the unreachable light switch.

The tense linen fist closes
On his dwindling life; only his boney elbows
Protect his quivering bubble-breath.
The cosmic wind encircling his tomb
Imbibes him through spidery fingers.

Bob Cooke

Feebly straining against the shrinking black,
He feels his tissues disintegrate
Warmly in four-dimensional chaos;
His besieged being retreats to the alternating
Pulse and pause of his reciting heart —
That stutters once in the bloodless pause
And stops with death's quick contraction.

The dreamer's sigh is lifted
On a lifeless breath
To join the chorus wind.

REJUVENESCENCE

Arctic-fierce wind cuts across the skin;
Snow blinds the squinting, frozen eyes.
Cold is everlasting — numb.
Fingers and toes transform to separate,
individual objects,
Seemingly unattached to the main body.
All is brilliant white and grey save the sharp,
bleak, bright nova above.

This morning slowly melts to its awakening.
Frost gently dissolves to dew.
Red and lavender announce the new globe
Entering on azure velvet.
Breezes flow with mild warmth.

John Tucker

Parody Dept. Excerpts from the Bob Dill 'un Songbook



"The reason folk songs are so atrocious is
that they are written by the people"
Tom Lehrer

Positively College Avenue
(sung to the tune of Picasso's Guernica)

they say my guitar broke a string
and i had to shoot it
actually it imolated itself
in protest of senator fulbright

my love is green
you had better become salty



five drunken lesbians
attached the water tower
who being catonic
just relaxed and enjoyed it

my love is green
you had better become salty

george wallace eats watermelon
 ho chi min should get out of south vietnam
 hubert humpheery is on pot
 (that's why he can still smile)

my love is green
 you had better become salty

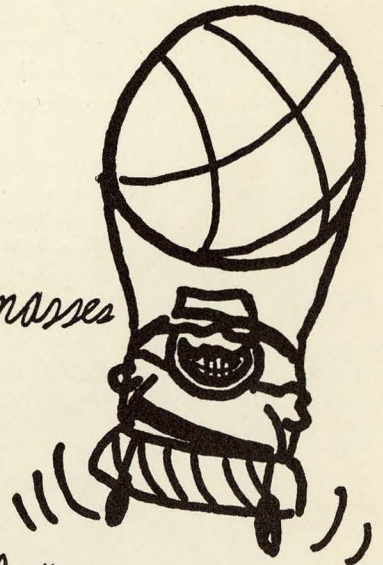


moe drabowsky (who is chopin risen from the dead)
 pitched with such grace and artistry
 that the crowd awarded him
 both ears and the tail of walter alton

my love is green
 you had better become salty

my protest songs speak for
 all the filthy stinkin downtrodden masses
 excuse me
 my limousine is waiting

my love is green
 you had better become salty



Charles E. Hemming

BLACK POEM

God Almighty, Devil Black, are you not one?
 Don't play your game with me. I am no virgin
 Mind who has not sinned. Where will you run
 To lose, you know you can't, your larger sin
 Than I commit? You made me in your copy. How sloppy
 Was your folly, for devil-god I too now be.
 Earth, my home, same heaven-hell; escape by death, poppy,
 Mind loss — such loss— . . . not I

My vision's narrower, but yet I see
 Sham, Pretence, hypocrisy
 Thrown like rocks at men who see
 Some hope from man-god Destiny.

Five young black girls went to pray
 Down around Atlanta way
 Not long after Christmas Day.

Love my what ?! Omnipotent, you have more bile,
 Vile gall, Shames those that for you, lived and died
 Never learning brotherhood's not your style.
 OH HOLY ONE, HAVE YOU NO pride?
 In what you made of mud and clay
 So long before that Christmas day.

Two bombs were planted in the back;
 Those babes who sinned by being black
 Were carried out in one large sack . . .

You made us to see the right, but only sight
 You gave, afraid we'd act and spoil the game;
 You gave your name, to comfort, sooth our fright.
 How trite, what blight. . . . We knew your name,
 It is the same whoever calls. The pact of faith WE seal.
 You live through us, we make you real.

You have no tears, you did not cry,
 Too young to sin, you let them die
 More blood does stain you, low and high.

You'll kill yourself, the bells will toll.
 I've more than your face, I've got your soul.

Philip Stein





Black Bird

A baggy black bird sits on a branch
pruning himself with a yellow beak.
Sings a scratchy spring song,
drops his excrement on the asphalt street
and flies away.

Mike Travieso

A chessboard boy in a black and white world
throws a rock at a noisy tree limb,
steps down from the cement frame
onto the asphalt canvas,
spots the little contribution
and squashes it.

A scratchy song, a meaningless spot.
A baggy black bird sits on a branch.

Last night I had an animal dream.
Every year right before winter
When it gets cold, and the bugs
And the mice come indoors to hide
And find food, I shudder softly.
I never put my bare feet on the floor
until daylight.
Every morning I search under my bed
Afraid of the shinny button
Looking like a beetle or a roach,
Afraid of the scurrying noises that doors,
Wind, whispers, or breathing makes.

PRISON

CELL

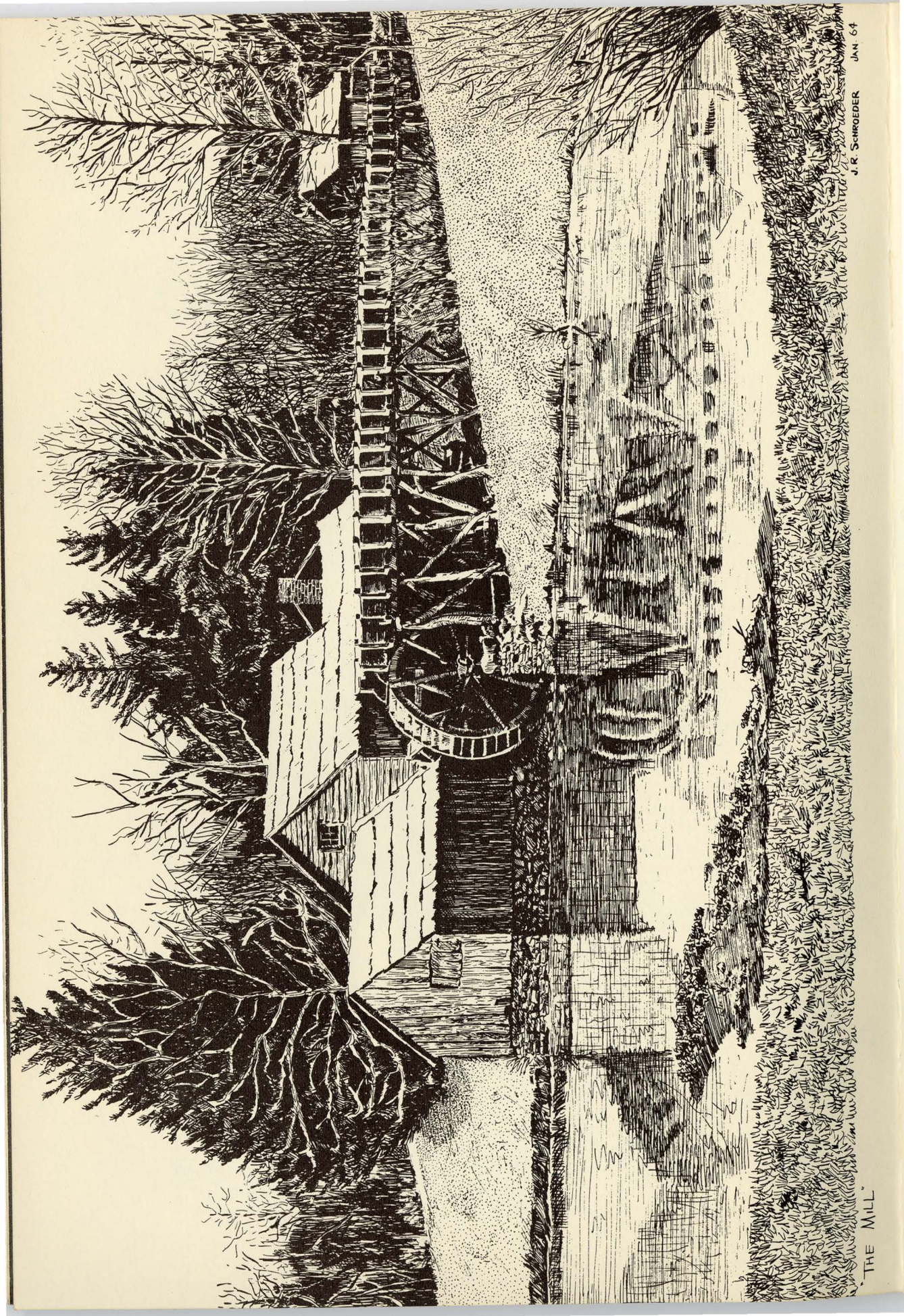
DREAM

Last night the mice were at the other end
of the long gymnasium,
I barely had time to notice them.
Last night they were pouring out of the floorboards
Running up the trapeze ropes and across the rafters
Down the wooden spectator seats after me.
If it isn't them it's the cats. Always nibbling,
Nibbling on my large toe, my left toe.

I remember when we left and Father saying
"More books! No matter how little
you think there is in a house,
there is always more to pack".
Last night I had a bad dream, the keepers will
beat me today for yelling out-loud.

W. R. Coffel

"MAMA IS DEAD!"
It was in autumn, the day after, it snowed.
I heard boys talking about how people die,
And how they are eaten by the bugs and mice,
Eaten in the nice pine coffin.
Last night I had an animal dream.



THE MILL.

Backwater prayer

Setting by th ol mill run
We use ta spen haf-a-day
Watchin the cottin grow
Watchen thegreenwata flow
In thewatas rage.
Jus me an my sun.
The run is dry an ol
An cracked in age
Mill-wheels broken down,
It caint spin aroun-an-roun
In the watas rage.
Time has taken toll.
Jus me an my sun
A settin there
Fo a dry spell of seven years
That up an killin like a gun
Maken th' dust-storms whirl
In this whole uni-verse.
Oh Lordy!
Ain't ya got no pity?
When the dust is coverin up our widers
AN we's tradin cows fo Mr. Ford's machine.
If ya got some pity
Start it rainin gasiline.

W. R. Coffel

I rest between your breasts
Sweet Maud
OH GAUD
They're warm and swarm around my ears
until
They smother me and
I am still.

Philip Stein

ALL-SAINTS CHAMADE

Watch, academic Hallowe'eners!
 There are mirrors for you
 in such ritualistic fantasy:
 Ghosts, goblins, spooks of all sorts
 scrape blinded by on course, proud,
 plying symbols of burlesque.

Backing in and out of classrooms
 in a sure-footed stumble to sticks on a rim
 heads spinning a terrible monotony—
 flashing red lights lead this parade—
 you will of course your Academic Day
 Don your Regalia.

Another Hallowe'en another grad.
 Another hood another mask.
 From another comes another and another.
 What?

Violent Act. Jelled in a can
 wrapped with a nationally advertised label,
 congealed in the hate-stinking
 quasi-mind of a properly costumed
 leader of universal perversions.
 Sometime after All-Saints comes Christmas:
 "Give Your Son A Gun."
 And we'll play All Fall Down
 again in reverence and sorrow.

From hands and knees
 a palled witch peers up
 waiting for another surge
 of uniformed men—
 and spitting red halos spot
 candy wrappers and cigarets
 along a cold macadam stream—
 to lead her with Masqueraded Balls
 in Revels unending.

Hallowe'en procession
 choked in full regalia passes
 along its ritualistic course,
 mindlessly directed, fearfully shadowed,
 a dead myth seeking revenge.

J. T. Miller



The sun soaked lake
 grows dark, lays cold
 when the sun is taken from it
 and purple blades of evening
 cut into the liquid stillness.
 I wander round upon the banks
 and watch the marble fishes.
 "The fishes change their color as the sun goes down."
 I remember my friend's
 words as she spoke on an evening
 like this a summer ago.
 She died this winter.

REMEMBRANCE
 OF A
 FRIEND

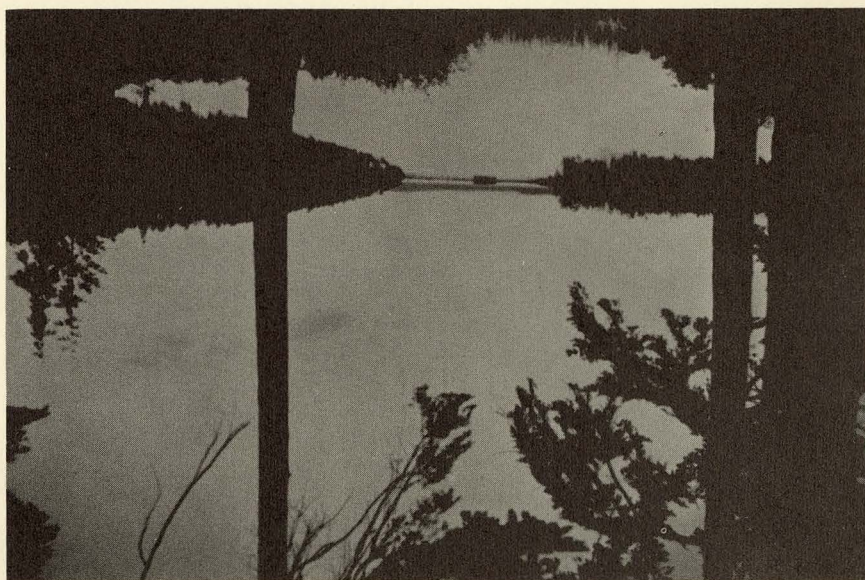
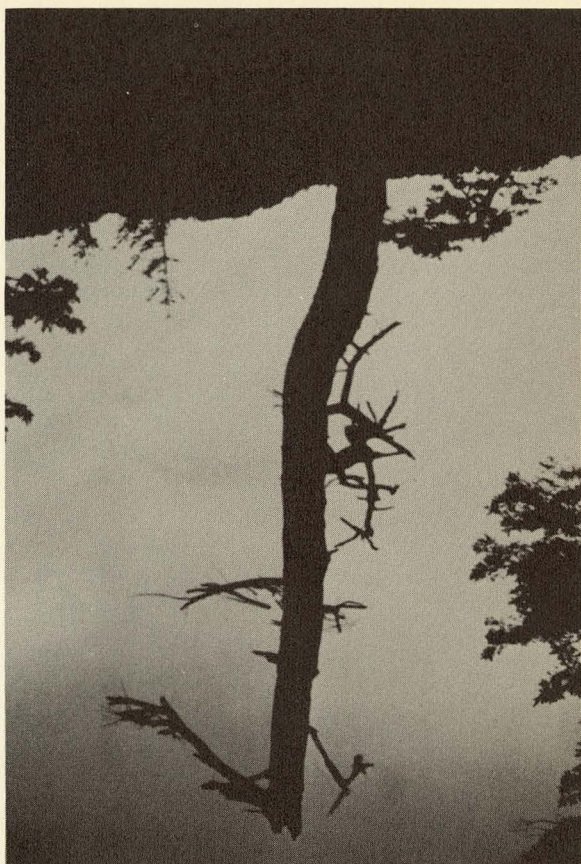
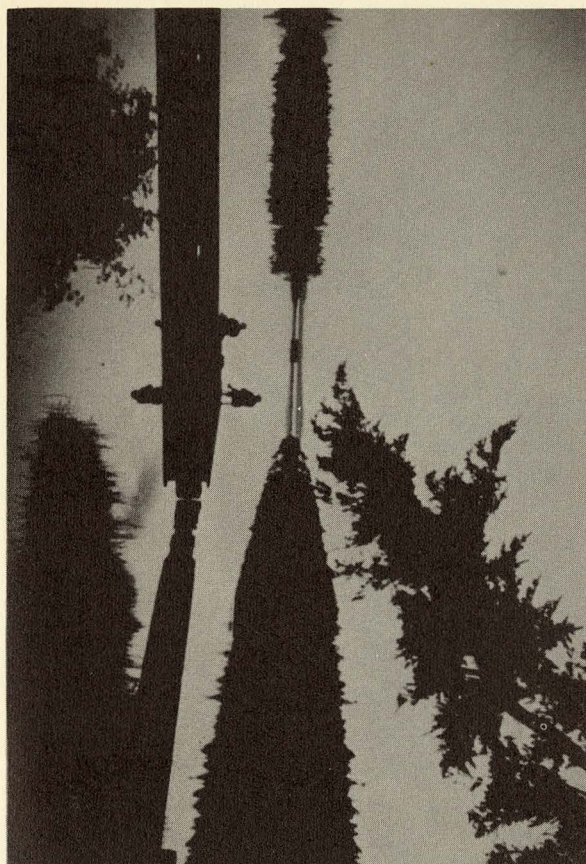
I watch the marble fishes
 dart between the purple fibers,
 fade into the dark. But across
 the swelling shadows on the lake
 a lily slowly folds its crimson petals
 as if to hold a light secure.
 My friend would watch the pale petals
 stretch open to the sun, then close
 in a deep pink glow, after the sun
 had given all it had.
 "The sun fades unless there is a lily
 on the water to carry it through the night," she said.

Ellen Buckingham

The cloudless dome above
 swallowed the breeze, and
 I could hear dry leaves
 whisper against our occasional words.
 This hour — spent in telling
 of our selves, never listening
 for the thoughts behind.
 Never asking.
 I have not lost her words,
 but her thoughts floated
 away over the lake and
 the lilies that rest on green rubber mats.
 And this winter she died.

If I had been open to her thoughts
 like the lily in the sun at noon
 I could not have hated her saying,
 "The lilies on the water are the best part of evening."
 I never spoke over the wind's low moan
 nor the rustling leaves to ask.
 Instead I watched the glinting
 fish change marble, grow dim
 as the night took the place of the sun.

The hour is gone and the light
 is gone except for the crimson lilies.
 Do the fishes leave the surface
 because the sun has gone?
 Did my shadow take it?
 I carry the sun into the night
 and it burns because
 I never did it before.
 Did my friend wait in the darkness
 because I had forgotten the day?



The pulse beats slowly.
 It's evening and somewhere
 A child is dying.

It's not much
 Just a little life
 Dying.

CONUNDRUM

The sky is clear and children are playing
 Summer and Good Humor men and
 Sticky faces.

Trees bend in the light air
 And bow, pretending reverence
 But giving shade.

Tree houses and rope ladders
 Indians hiding and cowboys running.

John Barkdoll

It's night and somewhere
 A youth is dying.

It's not much
 Just a little life
 Dying.

Waiting, watching the seasons play.
 Fall, and leaves are dropping.
 Children run and people hurry —
 Top coats and marshmallows,
 Sticky faces.
 Trees shedding, itching to be, peeling
 Their cover — trembling in brownness:
 And still they march.
 The pulse rate quickens.

It's still night and
 A man is dead.
 It wasn't much
 Just life.

Winter comes and is,
 And beats the child
 And beats the trees and
 Life.
 Not real, but something
 Beyond the dying child
 Somewhere, nowhere, hidden, known only by
 Spring
 Running cars and youth embodied.
 Reason reaches and horses and cowboys
 Become!
 Indecision.
 Seasons fade
 Years gone by — make lies of time
 Survival waits an end.
 And dove is hawk and they are men
 They fail.
 The child has been dead
 The youth has died
 The man is dead
 But self beats slowly
 Time in seasons, years, and ages, teaches.
 Healing pain, forgetting fate
 War and men work in concrete worlds
 Of isolation and togetherness and individuals . . .

Drunken men stand steadfast
 Drunk in wonder to have lived,
 And make us see the sober
 Sticky-faced world that we create.





Useless

Judy Steele

The boy lay on his stomach in the grass. It was dark. The cold metallic moon could find no reflector anywhere. The child lay hidden. His clothes were too dark, his skin too brown to make a mirror for the metal moon. The light poured into him and disappeared. He wasn't really there to any eyes. He lay quietly at the crown of the rise of the hill like a sniper, with just his head and arms extended, gazing down into the lights that fluttered below.

The long grass was wet and cold. The freezing mist that promised of more snow hung round the boy's head and nipped at his ears before it stole down into the valley town and draped itself in wisps about the trees. The dampness of the grass soaked into the child's worn courduroy pants and crept upward from his ankles to his thighs, chilling as it went, culminating finally in convulsed kicks as he tried to shift the wetness that he could not escape. He banged his uncovered ears until those brittle cups burned red with pulsing throbs and he blew on his hands, flinging them wildly about them to make the numbed fingers snap. The night was bitter, but still he stayed, his heart filled with dumb admiration at the colored Christmas lights in the valley.

Ewing, Tennessee, lay stretched out before him—camped perhaps would be the better word. Ewing was one of those towns that looked as though it had just been thrown up for the occasion and would be gone tomorrow. There was nothing solid or permanent about it. It lacked enough organization for sidewalks and a barber shop.; all it had to offer was a few stores—and those were hardly necessary. There was a small, somewhat delapidated church struggling up toward the edges and acceptance of the town—the only sign that someone somewhere considered this cluster of buildings and shacks a community. Ewing was one of those places that is a drop-over for people who drop in to rest from their travels, and then, from fatigue, never quite get on again. People were just *there*—they didn't seem really to live and they were all alike—slow, tired, dried up people who didn't even acknowledge each other on the street. Ewing was completely cheerless and tonight of all nights, it fairly ached for some kind of gaiety.

There was nothing festive about the town. No post office or police station to be decorated from government issue and the few private concerns could not have cared less. There wasn't a sign of Christmas anywhere—except over on the outskirts of town; the ignored church proclaimed its sentiment with strings of gaudy colored lights coiled inexpertly around a fir tree that almost succeeded in eclipsing the church itself. It was a beautiful tree, huge, well-shaped, and lofty, but it was hung with colored lights that seemed to have been simply thrown onto its noble limbs in bunches. The neon-like colors rested now in clumps. The natural beauty of the tree was destroyed and became a zig zaged distortion of lights in the ineptness of its glorification. It lacked dignity. The tree failed miserably as a tribute and succeeded only as a ludicrous display—with blobs of reflecting color splotching the trampled dirty snow around its base. The snow should have brought a note of the season, but its whiteness had been so sullied by the mud of unpaved streets and chimney soot that it served only as a bleak disappointment.

But there was nothing bleak in Ewing's appearance to the boy on the hill. The lights fascinated him; he would have called it a fairy land if he had been aware of the existence of such a marvelous people. He had nothing to compare the shining lights with and could only feel an all encompassing wonder.

His eyes were constantly drawn to the attraction by the church. He wanted to save this picture for always. He stared hard at the sight and squeezed his eyes tight until the exploding paisley silvers whirled behind his eyeballs—developing and imprinting the picture into his memory. The lights were dancing colors, trapped stars caught in a web of boughs. Some had slipped off the tree and were lying in the snow—he could see them, they were tired, they were dying, they were fading—almost out. They were lonely for the sky. He tried to imagine walking down the street now and saw himself go up to the spangled tree and take one of the colored stars off for his own. He could keep it in his pocket—then he'd have it always. And he wouldn't take it out—only at night, when Sheldon couldn't see him.

The dampness of the ground intensified the shiver that slipped up and around him before he could stop it. He hunched his shoulders up so his collar would cover his neck and he delighted in the new warmth before his bare back demanded that he relax and let the jacket slide back into place. He had better go.

He struggled to his feet, a small, soft looking boy of about eleven. He picked absently at his wet, sticking overalls until they fell down as far as they would go. He cast one last glance at the town below him. His eyes fell upon the last house that linked the little church to the town. He turned away quickly—they didn't like him there—that lady—she didn't. He turned and stamped off into the brush away into the hill, leaving the town behind and below him. As he plunged into the darkness of the trees, the last light in the Roger's house flew out.

Mrs. Rogers was responsible for naming the boy on the hill. She had called him Ulysses. She was a bitter woman, but the child in his innocence, wasn't smart enough to realize it. He had accepted her mocking gift as a treasure and carried it with him everywhere ever since. Mrs. Rogers thought she was quite clever—turning the taunt "Useless" into the enobling Ulysses. Ulysses didn't suffer for it though. He never saw many people and they all thought he didn't have any name. They'd only heard him called "useless" for eleven years. All except the Reverend Newley and it had been God's fateful hand that had caused him to witness the child's unorthodox baptism. Ulysses had tried to thank her for it, but she had only started shrieking at him. "Crazy Nigger bastard—crazy crazy bastard!" and had danced up and down, turning her face a furious livid red as her mouth rung out the contorted words. And then, even worse, she had exploded into a high shrieking God-forsaken laugh as she looked and saw the pale, shocked, even frightened face of the Rev. Newley peering past the child into the insanity of the garage.

Mrs. Rogers didn't really hate Ulysses. She just hated where she was, why she was, and not quite consciously what she had become. If she would only accept help—spiritual aid—she could perhaps find meaning

and reward in a new life of Christian devotion. It had been a hot, stinking summer day when she had named Ulysses. She had managed to escape Harold's whinnying demands for a few hours and had left him, white and sickly in his wheel chair while she went out to the garage. The garage was her favorite place—the only part of her home that she felt was really hers. The rest of the place was just as temporary fly-by-night, empty as the rest of the town.

Mrs. Rogers looked around her before she entered the garage letting her eyes rest on Harold's head framed in the screen window; she watched the bladed slats of the fan slice slowly but methodically through his skull. She snorted with disgust and turned her gaze to run quickly over the facade of the main street that sprung forward and down at the foot of her drive. Her eyes skimmed yet missed nothing—they were hard eyes filled with the bitterness of contempt. One wondered that they didn't fall out of her head—they must be tired, those eyes—so strained from disgust all the time—never relaxed and laughing.

She looked to her left as she stepped in the doorway and caught the Reverend entering his own walk up the road tripping and saving himself all in an aura of studied concentration. "Ass." She spit it out. The word was cut off into nothingness as the darkness surrounded and chocked off the word. Her foot touched the other side of the sill.

The trunks were too high on the left for her to reach and it was too hot to climb up after them. She settled for the cartons that lined the four square walls. She pried open the first one and pulled out a book. "Julia Cates 1946" was written in the fly leaf. She thumbed through it, put it back. Picked up another and another and another. The waste, the waste of it all. She looked toward the house through the open doors and into the street. She dropped her lady-like stoop and fell into a crude wide-kneed squat on the floor. "This God-damned town, this God-damned town."

She let herself fall back in time—saw herself running things in Chicago again—running the demonstrations, publishing the pamphlets—giving everything of herself—everything. She'd pushed and pushed—even

taken that fat obnoxious black boy to that governor's party she'd wangled the invitation to. And now look—look what she was left with! And after all that—after all that. And it had been his fault. It had—it had. The black bastard.

He'd been a Sociology major too. He was tall, athletic, a more than even match for her intelligence—and he had been black. And he would have nothing to do with her. He wouldn't love her, he wouldn't take her. He'd rejected her so utterly and through her own refusal of the reality she had humiliated herself so badly that she had never quite been the same. Only once, if only once she could have had him—made him give in—she would've won. But he kept himself clean—and humiliated and shamed her in front of the white and black alike. And she would never forget it. She—she—being laughed at by a black girl—watching the black woman taunt her with a look as she put her ebony arm through his and walked smugly away. Her blood rose just remembering it. Time had eased nothing for her. She sank to the floor too exhausted from the memory to support herself any longer and smeared her hand across her hot, damp forehead. Him and his God-damned poetry. Should have known how to plant Carver's peanuts rather than how to quote Homer.

The noise at the garage door had startled her. A small wisp of a boy had stood in the drive looking up and down the road with large dark eyes. "Whose brat was that?" She recognized him. The hermit's child. That bum who'd lived with the nigger woman. She had been able to get a white man—herself—while she, Julia, hadn't been good enough for a black man. Didn't read enough Homer! Look at the black thing—wonder if our children would have been black like that. "Come here . . . come here . . . come here, Ulysses. Ha! That was a good one—maybe that's what he'd have named you—Ulysses, Ulysses, come here. . . ."

It was a while before she could return to the house. She was collapsed on the floor in a laugh-weak heap unable to compose herself or her speech to any coherency.

The Reverend Mr. Newley had had to return to Rodger's again that day. Harold had been worried about his wife and had

called. Rev. Newley hadn't stayed long. He couldn't bear her eyes upon him—something ugly in their accusation of what he had seen—there was no shame. Their look frightened him as if they were a threat. There was something about her—she seemed to hate him.

Ulysses had fled that afternoon—back to the woods where he could sit under his tree and cry and not fear that anyone would find him. He was a sorry child. He lived a lonely life. He and his father, whom Ulysses knew by no other name than Sheldon, lived away from the town. Neither one ever socialized with another living person. People knew that they were up there on the hill because they always had been, but no one ever went up to see. Most hoped that they'd both die one night or simply fade away off the face of the earth. Most of the time they just tried to forget the two even existed, but Sheldon wouldn't let them. He would creep into town at nights and get disgustingly drunk—no one ever knew where he got the money but he always had enough. He always got fast service because as soon as he was sufficiently drunk he would leave. Sheldon never made any trouble, but they hated him any way. It was the one common bond among the people of the town. He was their own personal outcast and they could look down on him and see themselves a little better. The stronger their hate, the prouder they became. Sheldon was essential.

Some did feel a twing of pity for Ulysses. It must be hard to grow up as the child had—knowing no one—no other children, no mother—just a white trash hermit that forbade his son to call him Father. Not that Ulysses would notice—he had no idea of relationship—it was a connection his too weak mind wasn't able or capable of understanding, and perhaps, for his sake, it was best. But it was hard, just to exist—to not even have a name—to have to respond to a snarling "You" or "Useless!" But then the pity would disappear. He was a nigger brat and he would be better off dead. Nigger was bad enough, but a crazy one too. Ulysses was worse than a plain old nigger—he lacked even the distinction of being purely bad. He had to suffer with a bit of the worst white within him too. His black blood was sullied

even more by the white trash blood of his Northerner father. Lord knew what devil had sent him to town.

No one knew what had caused Sheldon to come to Ewing. Oh, there were rumors, but one could ever be quite certain until Mr. Bird came back from his New York trip. Mr. Bird, the owner of the general store, had gone to visit his dying brother and once in New York had had a prolonged stay since, in the end, he had had to take care of funeral arrangements. When he'd come back, his customers were ready to be entertained with tales of the city. Jack Bird had spent the entire time shuttling self-consciously back and forth from the hospital free-clinic, and the funeral parlor, thanking cab drivers, and getting rattled at every corner. He had absolutely nothing exciting to offer—so he lied. He had to.

Mr. Bird had been in the post office mailing a letter to Mrs. Bird whom he'd left behind in Ewing, and the line for stamps was so long, he had had to content himself with reading the collection of wanted posters. And what do you think? There was this man, this face—Oh he was clean, a little younger perhaps, but it was the same man—it was Sheldon. He was sure. "Ahhhhhh" He was rewarded with a semi circle of smug smiles of satisfaction. "What had he done?" "FBI wants him—murder—a woman in Philadelphia." And Mr. Bird went on and on, listing all the details he could possible conceivably invent on such a short notice. Of course, he couldn't be absolutely certain. The names were different, of course. But . . . it sure had looked like him. He had tried to take the poster but he couldn't—it was too crowded in the post office, but he had wanted to bring it all back to them. But of course, they must remember, he thought he was sure—but he couldn't swear to it.

And true to the rumor, Sheldon had suddenly appeared and, like the rest, he had never gone away. No one had liked him then; he was a dirt, evil Northerner and of course, maybe even a murderer. And when he began living with the colored woman, they loved him even less. But she had died soon, having Ulysses. Sheldon had hated her. People used to be able to hear her wailing in the night. Her voice would fly out from

the high hill and settle on the town until the people couldn't sleep. No one knew why she stayed. What it was about him that made her suffer worthwhile. No one ever saw the things she had seen. No one ever saw the things he had written or the books he had in stacks wrapped carefully in cloths and cartoned, buried in shallow trenches around the house. Some felt a kind of righteous justice towards the woman, but none ever tried to help her—they were all too afraid of Sheldon. Besides, she had asked for it.

No one even knew when she was dead. The wailing just suddenly ceased as startling as it had begun. A few years later, people tramping in the woods had first seen the little black boy, and then gradually, they knew. Men used to see Ulysses around the hill a lot. They'd try to talk to him; he was always alone and they were curious. It didn't take long until the town knew just how retarded the bastard was. Some soft hearts called it a blessing—others called it justice.

Then one night when Sheldon was in the bar, someone made a mistake and questioned him about his son. Sheldon had just looked at the man and said, "I have no son." his eyes boring holes into the questioner. The man had laughed, tried to make a joke of it. "Oh—Ok, if that's the way you want it. . . ." Before he had turned back to the bar, Sheldon was on top of him. Before it was stopped, the man was nearly dead. No one brought Sheldon in for that one—they were all afraid. After that, Ulysses disappeared. You never saw him around the woods anymore—if you were brave enough to go up there.

Last summer when Ulysses was eleven he'd slipped into town that one hot summer day. But after that, he had never come back. The people wondered about the child's visit, wondered what he had seen at that Roger's woman's place that had caused him to tear up the street like he did and talked about him for awhile. Then they forgot and Ulysses slipped gently out of their minds. Sheldon came in and got drunk and the people kept quiet for their fear.

Reverend Newley was a newcomer to Ewing. The Presbyterian decided they could ignore Ewing no longer. It was a shock to those staid rulers to discover that all those

souls had been neglected and abandoned without the strong hand of spiritual guidance to guide them. The Presbyterian was anxious to correct this shameful omission and they hastened to send one of their seminarians to salvage and retrieve the seven years' abandoned work. Reverend Newley was burning with fervor. He wanted to help people. He knew he could do it; and at Ewing he was needed. He was dispatched with much ceremony to save the errant souls.

Fresh out of divinity school, his young, drained body was clothed with a strict black suit that hadn't had a chance to get shiny yet. Reverend Newley was upset about the prosperity he was sure issued from his person and got up and down several times at every sitting hoping to speed up the inevitable wearing of the seat of his pants. He waited with fevered anticipation for the opportunity to sew on his first patch. A patch was comparable to a raise or promotion. Threadbareness was what he desired as a testimony to his faith. He was willing to sacrifice—he wanted to sacrifice. When he had only been in town for a few days, people could tell him before they saw him by the scuff scuff of his shoes that endlessly dragged in obedience with his warped vanity. Doubtless, Reverend Newley was sincere; in the seminary he had devoted all of his extra time to the promotion of a collection for good used clothing for missionary children. He had done the publicizing, the canvassing, the collecting all himself. He felt he had to do it all. It was his project. The collection was an entire success. He had many charming mis-spelled thank-yous from the deprived mission children to testify to their appreciation. But he could never quite understand why his fellow classmates were so unresponsive when he would pull out these testaments of love; they had all wanted to help him before. Now, they didn't have any time even to listen to him.

Reverend Newley was sincere; he was just young and so busy being unsuperficial that he was forever lost in the depths of things, never surfacing to take his bearings of reality and a trude judgment of his feelings—or those of the people around him.

He loved Ewing immediately—it was a testing ground. His first church. All these

hard core individuals that seemed to be truly agnostic delighted him. When he'd decided that there wasn't one true believer in the crowd, he was ecstatic. The Reverend Mr. Newley was here to save them all. He was a true evangelist and harboured visions of the Ewing people turning to God, building him a beautiful new church, and perhaps even naming the new school that he would promote after him when he died. Yes, Ewing would bless the day Reverend Newley arrived.

He attacked the town with a true religious vengeance and almost succeeded in frightening away the curious. But, they came, entering through the creaking doors that ached of seven years neglect and sat in the freshly polished pews and dirtied the altar cushions with their feet as they watched the oratorical displays of the diery, fevered Reverend Newley. The poor man never realized the exploitation of his talents. His outbursts of righteous indignation were counted for bets by the men in the front row, while his sweeping gestures were imitated many a night when the town clown would stand on the bar at George's and deliver a typical sermon. It's shameful to say that the clown definitely got more response.

But the Reverend Newley went right ahead, either ignorant or ignoring the enormity of his failure. There were families to see, men to encourage, and the church needed so much work done to it. It needed a coat of paint and the altar rails should really be replaced. And the people themselves, they were so dried up inside—he wanted to make them live, come alive. He tried, he tried to reach them. He'd been working for over a year now. There wasn't really enough time to question his methods.

It was on one of these nights at George's after an hour or so of dramatical display, that it was generally decided that the Reverend Mr. Newley should be made aware of the town's chief sinner. This was an outstanding opportunity that the Reverend could scarcely afford to miss. An embassy of four was elected by straws to go and enlighten him. Unfortunately, Mr. Newley wholeheartedly agreed. Unwillingly his memory sped back to the summer day at the Rodgers—that child—he must be the son. And he

pitied Ulysses with all his heart because he too, had experienced such condemnation and humiliation at her hands. His heart ached for the father and his poor son. Perhaps the people were beginning to respond; they'd come to him with their problem. His town was recognizing his place and allowing him a function at last. And, Oh dear God—the agony of the child's situation. He thought of the missionary clothing campaign. The child would need shoes. Reverend Newley began counting out his pennies from the worn billfold under the scissors in the bottom drawer. The church coffer was not nearly ready for such a withdrawal.

The Reverend Mr. Newley was ready. He had toled up the hill with the carefully wrapped new shoes tucked under his arm, and had finally arrived before the clearing of trampled down grass. The house rose like a mountain of corrugated tin in the middle of the trodden circle. The crushed earth gave the impression of a flat penny riding a sea of waving water grass as the circle was abruptly bordered by the tall rushes and cypress grass. He looked down at his dusty shoes and bent over to reknit the break in one of the laces. There was a small hole near the rim of the heel of his shoe. Beggars lice covered his trousers and the edges of his coat. He made a vain attempt to scatter them in case anyone was looking. He looked around him and with a sigh of satisfaction murmured, "The poor poor things."

"What do you want!" The loudness and ferocity of the gravely voice sent Mr. Newley into such shivers that some of the honored fell free from his coat when they were entertained by his stammerings. "I've—I've come in the name of the Lord." "The hell you have—now get out of here—I'd have thought that town was smart enough to get rid of you damned snoopers for good. Get!"

Mr. Newley clutched his Bible tightly and forced his knees together to keep them from knocking. He became a grotesque, bent little creature, arms and legs all akimbo, quaking from that pressure point of knocking knees. He must—he must control himself. He must convince this man that he was important, that he could help them, change their lives. He raised the shoe box in suppli-

cation as though he would reach out to the man.

The man in the doorway roared suddenly into laughter. The blackness of his look eased into one of disgust and ridicule as he mocked the Reverend Mr. Newley who stood shaking uncontrollably in the distance. Mr. Newley couldn't take his eyes off the man. He was huge of body and his legs were great in size. His hands were strangely out of proportion with the rest of him—they were small and fragile—almost delicate. They gave the impression of being the only pair available when the others were lost. They had just been stuck on at the ends of those round, beefy arms without any thought to symmetry. Indeed, the man's whole appearance was governed by this imbalance.

His hair grew in shocks all over his head; one dirty lock straggled down to cover his eyes—his hand reached ceaselessly up to flick it. His face was large, and red, swollen with drink. He was entirely untidy—his clothes were rumpled and seemed to hang in tatters from the massive body. He seemed to be totally unconscious about his appearance except for his face which was clean shaven and shining. The small, pointed, exquisitely trimmed mustache that fringed his upper lip was in keeping with the delicacy of his hands. They were characteristics of a dandy and ludicrous with the bear-like quality of the rest of his body. He was like two people in one—the athlete and the aesthetic and the qualities were constantly in conflict.

He stopped laughing almost as suddenly as the sound had begun. The silence was harsh. The only noise was the beating of the Reverend's knees. He tried again—"I've—I've come to help the boy—I have shoes for the boy," and his words needed proof of the already askew box flipped out of his extended hand and landed, exposing two small sturdy square brown oxfords. The man's wide mouth extended the corners of his mustache and framed a vivid sneer. "Get!" the word spit out at Mr. Newley. The sheer impact of the sound seemed to uproot him from the spot, as Mr. Newley evaporated away into the bushes for a much needed transplant.

The Reverend Newley sat in the closet behind the altar rubbing his knees and pok-

ing at their bruises, remembering the sound of the man's wrath. He felt his faith waning, "No!" The thought upset him. He thought of the child. He must arrange to see him. He thought of the shoes. He hoped the child would get them. Somehow he must save them both through the child. He looked at his bruised knees and cupped his quaking hands and, bruises smarting, knelt, his eyes toward heaven. "A test—it's just a test. . ."

The men at George's waited half the night for Sheldon to come. They figured he'd come to blaspheme the little preacher. They could stand a little of his abuse for *that*. But Sheldon never came. Perhaps they'd never find out what had happened. Shame—come—lately prevented them from asking Mr. Newley. Perhaps Sheldon had been really mad—too angry to even come to town. None gave any thought to the possibility of Mr. Newley having had success.

The next morning, Mr. Newley had his breakfast early—two eggs instead of one in preparation for his big day. He went over his plans. He must see the child and he must help him to understand, to see the light. Ah . . . what success to show him at the church Christmas party—what magnanimity to have a Negro in his church! He saw himself—solemn and benign, nodding encouragement to the shy, fearing black child who had to be coaxed to indulge in the sweets. What a feat! Such a conversion couldn't be ignored by the Presbyteriat—or the town. He saw his parishioners slowly falling into line, awed by the strength of Reverend Newley's spiritual persuasion. But no, his mind slowed down—he mustn't use the child like that—but the party would be good for him. He'd get to meet other children—wouldn't he? Yes! he paused at the hall table for his hat and picked up the table's ornament and tucked it into his pocket. He looked into the mirror and twitched with anxious fingers at his frayed collar. Yes! The child must come to the party. He walked out the door and into the street, unconsciously patting the round bulge in his pocket.

Perhaps it was Mr. Newley's relationship with God that enabled him to come upon

Ulysses and satisfy his objective. He certainly didn't begin his search following any system. He stumbled around the hill for over an hour, got inexplicably lost, and suddenly found himself upon the rim of the hill overlooking the town. It was there that he found Ulysses, stretched flat, barefooted still, looking down into the streets of town.

The Reverend Newley approached somewhat cautiously. "Like father, like son," he mumbled, and his hand fondled the round object in his pocket. "But I may help him."

Ulysses had noticed the man approaching; he watched with a welcome look in his eyes. Reverend Newley relaxed, his heart warmed a little. Why the child fairly ached for love! Reverend Newley smiled and stepped closer to the child, reached out and touched his hand. Ulysses instinctively moved closer too. He wasn't touched very often—he liked it. And he liked this man. He was small and little like himself. He wouldn't scream and yell like Mrs. Rogers. "He likes me."

Ulysses' one small movement of acceptance filled Mr. Newley with a warmth he had thought he had understood but had never equally anticipated. It was the warmth of fulfillment—tinged unhappily with a little recognition of power.

Mr. Newley spent the majority of the afternoon with his small sinner. Ah! The feeling of the conquest, the returning of the lamb to the fold. It was this of course that he was cut out for. The child sat quietly with rapt expression; he drank in every word. He soaked up Mr. Newley like a sponge. The pupil's admiration for his teacher. It was exhilarating at last to have found one's element.

Mr. Newley had been shocked at Ulysses' ignorance. Why the child knew nothing of his father—he didn't even understand the relationship and had never used the name. Mr. Newley tried hard to explain this phenomenon of kinship, but was overwhelmed with embarrassment when he reached the biological part and scarcely knew how to get on with his discovery that Ulysses didn't even know he had had a mother. But the Reverend's intentions were of the best quality.

Ulysses hardly understood what Newley was saying. He wasn't used to being spoken to. He hardly ever heard anyone but his fa-

ther and his vocabulary was limited to monosyllables. It was difficult for him to follow Mr. Newley. He tried, but he just couldn't quite grasp it. Sheldon was Father—God was Father—Was Sheldon's name God too? He hadn't ever called Sheldon anything—now he had a name—"Father." He couldn't wait to call him that. Maybe then Father would touch him the way this man had. He tried to imagine Sheldon touching him and could not. He squirmed under the idea—but Sheldon, Father, would.

Reverend Newley was warming up to his subject now. The initial warmth was engulfed by the feeling of power. This child—his child—he must know—must know and understand it all. He stood harranging behind an imaginary pulpit. The whole town below him, the firmament, the open air was his audience. His voice echoed to the very walls of heaven. He forgot the small boy in front of him and was carried away in a wind of wild, thrashing evangelism.

Ulysses began to be afraid. Mr. Newley didn't touch him anymore. His hands weren't soft. They were sharp pointed axes chopping the air like Sheldon chopped the trees. Mr. Newley's face blew up like a huge purple grape and loomed low over Ulysses. "Will you be saved?" he shouted, his fist waving somewhat lamely, but effectively in the air. "Answer me—answer me!" and his earth-shaking volume slipped to a pleading gasp in the four words.

Ulysses sprang back. This man didn't like him. He was like Mrs. Rogers—she looked the same way. Ulysses was afraid.

Mr. Newley came down long enough to recognize the terror in the child's face. He thought with a sudden stab of realization of what he must appear to the child—how he must even resemble the harshness of his father. Reverend Newley shuddered at the thought that he should appear as such a person. What had he done? Had he destroyed everything? He shrank back to normal size. His voice became soft and low, he pleaded with Ulysses not to be afraid. Oh God—what had he done—what had he done? "Here, here, look what I've brought for you." He pulled the clear globe out of his pocket. It caught the sun's rays, refracting them into a thousand shimmers. "Look

—there's the little Christ child and Mary and Joseph in the stable. And look . . .” He inverted the globe abruptly and shook it, turning it right again to show Ulysses the shower of white stars that danced and drifted slowly from the top to settle in the bottom.

“Here, here—it's yours—it's yours.” He jammed the roundness eagerly into the dumb numbness of the child's hand, “work it yourself.”

Ulysses cupped the bubble with both his hands, warming the cold glass of the shell, just staring and staring at the wonder of the thing. Was it really his? He had never had anything before that was all his. He revolved it slowly in his hands so as to stir the snow. Carefully, carefully. Was it really his?

“All you have to do . . .” began Mr. Newley. He stopped—what am I doing—what am I trying to do to this child. Ulysses hands convulsed and gripped the bulb tightly; sweat from his perspiring fingers made it difficult to hold on to. “All you have to do is to come to the Sunday School party tomorrow.” God forgive me. Oh God forgive me. In his anxiety to prove his true intention omniscient God, Mr. Newley expounded the pleasure of the party and all of its advantages to the child who kneeled dazedly below him. Reverend Newley was trying to convince himself—and he couldn't stop.

Mr. Newley had made a conquest but Ulysses had heard his descriptions of the party with deaf ears. All that registered was that he must go to the church to pay for this wonderful round ball in his hands. He could only nod. His eyes never left the wonder of the magnificent ball. He was memorized by its existence. He was scarcely aware when Reverend Newley left him. He just nodded and nodded, promising to come to the party.

The Reverend Newley shamedly descended the hill. What had he done—had he used the child—had he gained only through deception? Was he wrong? He thought of the party and in his anticipation of tomorrow's success, all flew from his mind. Excitement welled within his feeble body. He would find it difficult to sustain himself until the party. The townspeople! At last they would truly see his real worth. It would be a re-

birth for the whole community. And besides, he did feel that he had really reached the child. Ulysses' eyes had been alight with the fire of God. Mr. Newley saw many future nights of religious study with this inquiring mind. Perhaps a town scholarship could be arranged, and when he, the Reverend Newley should die, the child, now an excellent Man of God, his protegee, would take over his church. Ah, yes. This was what Mr. Newley was meant for. The new year would indeed be a new beginning.

Mr. Newley strode down the main street taking long, daring steps, his eyes seeking out his church members, forcing them to notice him. He felt new, courageous, at peace with himself at last. He passed the Roger's window and feeling that woman's eyes upon him, he self-consciously turned his head away. As he marched in at the walk of the rectory, he snapped the gate shut with a mere flick of the wrist. He hummed a carol brightly, quickly, speeding up its solemn tempo. The Reverend Mr. Newley was happy—he had everything under control.

Ulysses walked slowly towards home. He hated to leave the lights, but it was too cold to stay out any longer. Besides, he'd come back and see them tomorrow—when he went to town—town. He walked more slowly now, his gate physically impeded by the weight of his imagination. The thought was too much for Ulysses and his mind snapped shut easily as he switched his attention to something palpable that he could see—and touch. The glass globe still lay cupped in his hands. He'd never thought to pocket it. He walked stiffly, holding his arms out before him, cradling the ball in his fingers fearful of a stumble or trip that might cause disaster. It was difficult for him to see it now—the picture inside. He could just see the roundness made slick and smooth by the moonlight. Perhaps he would've called it a pearl if he had ever seen one.

The night was indelibly black, making the network of stars pierce through the depth of their contrast. They darted in and out of the boughs of the fir trees, picking their way through the heavens. Ulysses wondered where they were going. He stopped suddenly in a small dell of trees and poised the ball high in the moonlight. Gently he tilted it over and

over, sending the fleck of white into a floating chaos. Ulysses watched as the opalescent flecks swirled slowly to the base. Each one was a small reflecting moon with satellites that reflected in his eyes. Ohhhhhh—the sigh escaped him. Here was—something. For Ulysses, beauty had never been defined, but he felt it now and this something imprisoned him in awe. He gazed at his luminescent treasure. He brought it to his lips and ran his tongue over its contour, savoring its coldness. His mouth pressed close to it forming a round O and he sucked.

He began his tedious walk again. Taking care not to be careless. Finally he was there. It took great strength of will to not tear across the clearing to the door. He wanted to see Father. He wanted to show him this.

Ulysses stood in the doorway a little to the left of the gas light. He smiled at Sheldon and moved closer—the glass glob extended and moving before him. He moved until he was right at Sheldon's knee. He waited; he didn't want to use the word too soon. He wanted to wait—to wait for the carress.

Sheldon's eyes glared at the white bubble in the small black hand. His eyes moved up to Ulysses' black face and a wave of nausea swam up his legs and into his stomach. Fruit of my loins. "Where'd you get that!" he snapped, his hand reaching out to seize it. Ulysses stepped back, guarding his treasure.

"From the church man. He—he gave it to me and it's mine to keep. Mine if I come to his party. He said I could come to town. He wants me—he likes me to come."

Sheldon's face grew dark. "God-damned meddler." His face swelled with the purple fluid of anger. His whole body was agitated and boiling. His voice rose . . . "*Give me that!*"

"No!" He stood up, towering over the small child who seemed to disappear in the darkness of the room except for his eyes. "*Give-it-to-me!*"

The boy didn't move. Sheldon's hand struck out, tore the globe from Ulysses' hand and separated the white from the black.

The child stood shocked, tense, his little body knotted, eyes staring at his gift suddenly far away from him. He remembered Reverend Newley's words—the touch. He was

saved. He remembered. He moved closer, trying to get to Sheldon's warmth. "Yours—yours, Father. I love you, Father."

Ulysses watched in horror as Sheldon raised his arm above his contorted sneering face. He watched the swing, the flash of the smiling object, and heard the shattering crash of the glass on the floor.

The globe lay smashed, bits of fragments floated or pierced the oozing liquid that spread through the glass on the floor. The dead white flecks lay, flecks lay matted on the trodden wood, damp and sticking. Only the figures of the picture were whole. Sheldon moved his foot and ground them beneath his sole to a powder of color. It was ugly—ugly.

Ulysses' eyes began to roll in their sockets. The pupils turned inward faster and faster as his scream reached its highest pitch.

It was a horrible sound—God! how it hurt everyone's ears. Mrs. Rogers lay in bed sleepless, staring at the empty wheel chair and cursing the noise that robbed her even of her sleep. Would it never stop, that infernal screeching? Those who heard it were relieved when the father cut it off finally with his final blow.

The Reverend Mr. Newley didn't hear the wailing sound. He had prayed for a full hour—asking God's forgiveness and understanding and now his mind was on other things. He was shut up in the corner room by the altar, humming, vigorously polishing the tarnished gold and silver plates for tomorrow's morning service. It was so important that they shine—for the glory of God—and Mr. Newley.



What a hideous face that man has.

MAN

But what kind eyes.

WOMAN

I'll bet he's an alcoholic. Look at his nose.

MAN

WOMAN

Could be. But then he might just have a cold. Nice tie he's wearing.

MAN

Look, he's holding hands with a woman next to him.

WOMAN

Well it's probably his wife, he is wearing a wedding ring.

MAN

But she's so attractive.

WOMAN

That's a Dior suit she's wearing. I saw it in *Vogue* last issue.

(they walk on)

WOMAN

How many elephants fit into a can of Campbell's Elephant soup?

MAN

I don't know, how many?

WOMAN

Two.

MAN

Is that all?

(pause)

WOMAN

Yes.

MAN

That is a pretty silly joke.

WOMAN

What were you expecting?

MAN

Well, a contraction, something unexpected.

WOMAN

What's more of a contradiction in a joke than an unfunny answer, and more unexpected?

MAN

I guess you're right. You have a strange mind.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

I don't know why or how to explain it but you do. You change the subject like I said before, you're constantly changing the subject.

WOMAN

See that foot protruding into the aisle? I'll bet that man has a beard. I'll bet he's about thirty-five and terribly sure of himself—the kind who's sure he could easily lay Sophia Loren if only she didn't live so far away. I can tell; He has an arrogant foot.

MAN

You're wrong. No beard and actually he looks meek.

WOMAN

He's probably pretending. Underneath he's a fabulous lover but his approach is meek and humble. Notice how he has on horn-rimmed glasses. He'd look much better in black frames but he wouldn't wear them. Not for anything; they'd be too definite; too forward.

MAN

You're always so cynical.

WOMAN

And you're a little naive sometimes, especially for a napkin salesman.

MAN

No, I don't make things up, but I think you do. First impressions without ad libbing. Try it.

WOMAN

They go together. See that group of people over there? They all are smiling and I'll bet there's nothing being said worth smiling about. Why are they smiling?

MAN

They're probably just content. Why not?

WOMAN

But— oh, you win. But I'll bet they're smiling because they feel protected behind it. Like a universal "I'm a nice guy" thing practically everyone reacts to without thinking. (pause) My brother laughed alot but rarely smiled, and when he did he was usually with no one directly. Otherwise he was solemn.

MAN

Is your brother your god or something?

WOMAN

Maybe.

MAN

That's pretty naive.

WOMAN

Who are you to say that? What do you know after so short a period? You're being pretty presumptuous to pass a value judgment knowing as little as you do. Suppose I said to you that you were ugly, what would be your reaction?

MAN

I'd be embarrassed I guess.

WOMAN

That's stupid. I mean what would you think of me?

MAN

I guess I'd think you were unnecessarily rude.

WOMAN

I knew it.

MAN

You're angry, try and explain.

WOMAN

No. I don't really know, but I'm sure it'll pass with another martini. Let me get them this time. Maybe I could even get three olives.

MAN

Here's a couple bucks

*(gives her the money and she leaves,
moving downstage left.)*

MAN

I was on my way to the culture and subculture of New York City. I was going to create great mental impressions of people and places.

WOMAN

I leave on the 5:40 for a great trip to Boston and meet a napkin salesman on his big sojourn to the wide wonders of New York.

MAN

It was all planned: the Guggenheim tomorrow and a play and maybe Greenwich Village tomorrow night. Next day the Stork Club or the top of the sixes.

WOMAN

Probably planned to take in a few museums and maybe even observe the village. All the while writing furious postcards about the subway condition.

MAN

I was going to observe subways closely from the trash on the tracks, the people, the machines, to the transformed advertisements and obscene wall inscriptions. All the things written about everywhere.

WOMAN

You could read about him in a *Reader's Digest* essay, or *Woman's Day* special.

MAN

Feed pigeons, window shop with the greater eye on the interesting people . . . that's funny, I really had it all planned without knowing it, and I would have done it too. Would have? Still will.

WOMAN

He's probably analyzing the whole thing right now. Nothing like a double martini to make a napkin salesman reflective and philosophical.

MAN

What else would I do? Things have to be planned, don't they? I've even thought all this before. It's the typical and predictable thought pattern of the Discontent Society-Structured man.

WOMAN

He is a jolly sort of person. Candidly amusing.

MAN

I'm not particularly unhappy. As a matter of fact I'm quite happy sometimes. At least that's what I'd call it.

WOMAN

He's the type you could mind having around but you don't somehow. Not too ordinary, that is, he's open to alot. Flexible.

MAN

I enjoy walks, a sports show on TV, women, reminiscing, my job, and sometimes the people I meet. I can eat at Gino's or at the Four Seasons.

WOMAN

He probably eats at Gino's *or* the Four Seasons. Funny, he's not married.

MAN

Probably I'll never marry, but then again you can't tell. The trouble with marriage is that you're stuck with it— with another person all the time . . . they even know about the holes in your socks.

WOMAN

I'd guess he's afraid of losing all the freedom he has. All that wonderful freedom to be thirty-five and off to a great weekend in New York for the first time.

MAN

Probably can't even spit if you feel like it. What a situation. Why do people do it? Probably just because they like someone else's legs. Jesus! Two, four, six, whatthehell, whatthehell . . .

WOMAN

Poor man. He does need another martini.

(she exits)

MAN

Where was I? Oh, on planning . . . I wonder whatever happened to old Jim. I wonder what he'd think of me now . . . I wonder what I'd think of him. (pause) Thank God for memories.

(looks out window)

WOMAN

(Woman returns with drinks)

That bartender is totally detached. He looks like—

MAN

Your Brother! (triumphantly)

WOMAN

No, he looks like he just had a lobotomy and is trying to remember what it was he just had.

MAN

I like him. He's been a bartender for twenty-five years. He likes to make daquiries best. I was talking to him and he believes you can tell alot about a person by what he likes to drink.

WOMAN

Can you tell alot about someone by his napkin preferences, too?

MAN

(ignoring her)

We both like martinis for instance.

WOMAN

Only I like lots of olives don't forget. That's important.

MAN

And you could learn to like trains . . .

WOMAN

Not unless they could be called buses if I wanted to.

MAN

They could, but you must listen more closely and not interrupt.

WOMAN

Listen closely and not interrupt? Whatever for?

MAN

For a long time until I finish.

WOMAN

Suppose I get bored and have to go home?

MAN

That won't happen.

WOMAN

Are you sure?

MAN

If it does, I'll bring you a martini with a hundred olives.

WOMAN

And a toothpick.

MAN

Three.

WOMAN

All right, I'll marry you then.

MAN

Promise not to mend any socks unless I ask you to.

WOMAN

I won't mend them then either. You can go buy a new pair, if you think—

Never mind, we could go for a walk—

MAN

Or a bike ride if it's a nice night—

WOMAN

Yes.

MAN

(*pause*)

WOMAN

Shall you marry me before dinner or after?

MAN

Before. Then we can have our first dinner as man and wife tonight. (*pause*) What's your name?

WOMAN

Joan, you?

MAN

Allister. Here's New York, let's go.

(*they leave*)

The Unlonely Lady

Christy Kent

She sat in the very last seat on the bus, clutching the worn purse to her with short red fingers. On the floor, the shopping bag rolled a bit and slid against her leg; Emma closed her eyes and smiled softly to herself. It felt so much like a tiny puppy begging for attention. Her hand moved down the red plastic seat to straighten the bag; as her fingers touched its fabric they moved into the path of a moonbeam that fell on that spot; and, filled with wonder, she saw her red, rough hands take on a magical softness. Eagerly she turned and looked out the window. Through it she saw a full moon sailing along over the sidewalk to the right of the bus; below, the people walked in silence, never looking up, seeming neither to know nor to care that it was night and there was such a golden glow of light around them. Emma longed to fly from the window straight into the golden glow. She felt her arms and fingers warm with the very sight of it; anxiously she tried to think of some way to communicate her delight to the moon. She looked around her shyly; no one was watching, so she untangled her fingers from the coarse threads of the shopping bag and leaned closer to the glass. Her fingers separated, spread; she waved gently out at the night around her and said softly, "Hello, moon. Moon, moon, —hello."

The sound of a sharp cough broke her away from the moonlight, and she glanced nervously towards the sound. A fat elderly man in a Brooks Brothers suit was peering at her over the top of his Wall Street Journal. Emma twisted quickly so that she was facing dead forward again; a slow red flush crept over her face. By the time the elderly man had buried himself again in his paper, she had tied the straps of her purse into knots in agony. She looked cautiously from the corner of her eye to be sure that he wasn't still watching, then settled down a little farther in her seat. Slowly her hand began to move; it crept back down into the threads of the shopping bag and entwined itself there, resting in the moonlight. The corners of her mouth turned up almost imperceptibly.

Two stops more and it would be time for her to get off. She stood and pulled the bag out into the aisle with her, trying to keep the pocketbook on her arm from knocking the

elderly man in the head, although the temptation was almost too strong to fight.

She waited by the door for the bus to stop; hugging the bags to her she smiled at the bus driver. He was a young man, but he looked very tired. It had probably been a terrible day, she thought anxiously. She tried to think of something that she could do to make him feel better. The doors hissed open and she lumbered down the steps. At the last one she turned and looked at the young bus driver. "Good night," said Emma, "and thank you for the nice ride." "Move on, please, you're holding up the bus," he said, not looking at her. A bleached blonde pushed by the little figure there on the bottom step, vigorous in her hurry to get on the bus. Emma tightened her lips in determination and screwed her eyes shut; she swung the shopping bag with all her might and hopped out onto the curb. With an indignant roar, the bus pulled away, taking the blonde and the bus driver and the elderly man to sanctuary as the victorious little figure clutched the bags to her and gazed sadly after them.

Under her feet she felt the street curb tremble with the vibrations of the passing traffic; the lights of the trucks and cars and busses swung back and forth in great arcs over the people and buildings and other cars. She felt herself captured for a moment in the headlights of a blue chevrolet. She thought for a moment. . . . Inside the chevrolet, she said to herself, there is a mother and a father, and two sleepy loving children, and. . . "Hiya, Emma!" The voice came from a heavy, red-faced woman standing outside one of the biggest buildings on the block. She stood half in and half out of the doorway, wondering why her friend was standing in the middle of the traffic. With Emma, though, one had to have patience.

The bags had slipped a bit; Emma shifted their weight and hurried over to the doorway. The two women scuttled into the building, chattering like a pair of overheated parakeets. The man at the desk didn't raise his head from the book in front of him.

The women got off the elevator on the ninth floor and walked down the long carpeted corridor to a small room set off to the side of the last office. Emma walked into its

warmth and light and clutched at them both; she let out a long deep sigh of happiness. Molly kicked off her shoes and opened the door of the broom closet. Pails, mops, brooms all collapsed on the floor around her, clattering against the steel framing of the door. "Hey, Mol, there sure ain't ever any question of when you get here. Aint'cha ever learned to have a little respect for other people's maybe more refined ways of working?" This from a wrinkled old crone standing on the far side of the room; she laughed enormously as she said it and stared pointedly at Emma, digging the woman next to her in the side with a spidery elbow.

"Aw, stow it, Maggie, ya old hag," chirped Molly, shouldering a mop and clutching a pail of soap suds as she sailed forth to the fray.

Emma could hear them all laughing way down at the other end of the hall when she carried her mop and pail into the office closest to her. It was a ritual by now, the cleaning of this special office, and the mop and pail went down very gently on the prescribed spot in the middle of the floor. Emma went back and shut the door. Now the other world was all shut out, and she would have all of this to herself . . . besides, they all seemed to be in such good moods tonight, maybe they wouldn't even notice that she wasn't there. It wasn't that she didn't *like* them, but she was always so lonely when she was with them. Sometimes she thought that if her voice was shriller perhaps she's like being with them more, but anyway, as things were now—it was so nice to have it this way.

She couldn't quite place the odor that hung in the room, but she knew that she didn't like it, so she threw the windows open as far as they'd go. The fresh night air rushed in on her and she smiled happily; pretty soon *that* at least would be as it should. She straightened her shoulders, pulled in her stomach, and squatted in the middle of the linoleum, folding her hands in her lap. There was always an awful time of being scared when she first came in here, and she never felt comfortable until she had subjected every corner of the room to her worried looked and seen that everything was just as it had been the night before. Tonight she looked carefully; yes, the desk was where it

should be . . . yes, the wastebasket was there . . . she knew that she was tormenting herself by not letting her eyes dart right away to find the important thing in the room. Emma was a firm believer in disciplining herself about that. She held off for minutes, hardly able to breathe; her whole heart seemed caught in a revolving door, and each of her hands grasped the other to stop them from reaching out to touch the precious object. Finally, slowly, she let her eyes settle on its corner. Yes, she thought, satisfied, contented, yes, it's still there. The picture was just in its proper place on the desk, and the flower in the long vase next to it cast its scent lovingly around the figures in the picture. Emma didn't have to move any closer to see the figures. Once a week she let herself pick the picture up, holding it ever so carefully by the edges of the frame, and she stared at it so hard then that by now everything about the faces was pressed into her mind harder than was her own name.

Ten or fifteen minutes a week were spent talking shyly to the radiant woman in the center of the group; she didn't talk much herself, but she was awfully good about listening to Emma. On either side of the woman was a child; the left one was a soft, dark-haired girl who looked exactly like her mother; on the right peered out freckles and a grin and a sturdy little body that all melted into being a little boy. Emma had never thought that he might look like his father.

She loved the two children. From the depths of her own heart she had pulled out the beloved faded names that she had hidden so long to give to her own children; she had offered them wistfully and hopefully to these two, and somehow, she didn't quite know how herself, they had gone flying from her heart into her mind and from there to the two children in the picture, and there they stuck. Thomas Edward and Victoria. Sometimes Emma found herself getting a little confused. She couldn't tell the girls the things that her family did: that was hard, especially when Tommy pulled off a particularly outrageous piece of mischief: she was very proud of his inventiveness. But she knew somehow that it was better to keep them to herself. If they knew, the others would want to clean this office too.

Now she was sure that all was well, and the time had come for her to begin her own tasks in keeping this world in order. Emma straightened her shoulders, full of the responsibility in her keeping. Then she poured the sudsy water out onto the floor and began to mop. A sweet spicy smell rose from the floor; she always made the disinfectant especially strong for this office. To her all the carnations and roses of the world were blooming in that pail, and she spread them on the floor with her cotton trowel. The wooden mop handle was smooth to her touch; she leaned against it a little as she moved inch by inch, busily twirling the mop against the tile floor and smiling in satisfaction as gleaming surface rose behind her and closed around the desk. She moved the wastebasket, lifted it carefully to keep it from touching the clean surfaces. She carried it out to the hall, emptied the contents down the incinerator, and returned wiping the bottom; she set it down in the proper place. Then, after resting for a moment, she moved to the desk. Each article was lifted carefully from its spot; she dusted under them, then returned each tenderly to its place. The cold pottery of the long bud vase stretched out under her fingers; she wrapped it in the dust cloth and rubbed until it shone. The flower dropped a petal on the metal desk. Emma tried not to see it; she picked up the picture and began a gentle polishing of the glass. But out of the corner of her eye she could still see the petal lying there, and she thought that she saw Tommy wink at her. The picture went back on the desk, and Emma moved wonderingly over in front of the place where the petal lay on the desk. It was yellow, a little brown around the edges, but still bright enough to reflect in the polished surface of the desk like an underwater moon. Emma picked it up and held it to her cheek; a faint fragrance came to her and she smiled gratefully at Tommy. Then she laid the soft petal gently back down beside the bud vase and went on with her work.

The room smelled fresh and clean; the woodwork sparkled, and in the tile floor could be seen a hundred Emma's and their mops searching carefully for another particle of dust or dullness to vanquish. Finally Emma folded the dust rag and shouldered the

mop. She could find nothing else to do. She sighed and carried the pail out to the hallway, then came back and leaned for a moment out the window before closing it. The lights beyond the window were bright and flashed on and off in patterns that were reflected in the window pane. Emma knew that this must be what the children watched all night. She would have liked to watch it with them, but there wouldn't be any way to explain it to the other girls, so she gently closed the window and took one more quick look at the picture. She gathered the mop to her, saluted the room with a wistful nod of her head and a flick of the dust rag, and left.

Out in the corridor again, she stood for a moment in the glow of the fluorescent lights. The far end of the hall looked as though it narrowed into a tiny little tunnel; the lights ceased down there, and Emma shivered. She wasn't exactly sure why. Against the opposite wall her eye caught a flicker of movement; she turned to face it. Her shadow, gently curved, black and soft-looking, rose from the wall and faced her back. They stood so for a moment, and Emma was enchanted with the grace of the shadow's standing. Suddenly it nodded to her, and, a little uncertainly, Emma nodded back. She wasn't at all sure that it was the proper thing to do, but it was nice to have someone out in the hallway with her; she laughed in happiness. The sound of her own laughter was strange to her now; it sounded as though it had come from someone else. The last time she had heard laughter like that . . . where had she been? There had been a carnival, a huge, rambling, laughing carnival, and she had stood outside the dance pavilion. It must have been long, long ago, but suddenly she felt again the sweet stickiness of the cotton candy on her tongue and heard the clanging, trembling, bouncing of the sounds and grounds and voices around her as she watched the dancers. There in the pavilion she saw a surging, twirling mass of warmth and sound; it was a gigantic kaleidoscope in which one body seemed to flow in and out of another; wrapped around them all green met red and flashed against the yellow, and blue embraced them all while the laughing, swaying sounds of the music veiled them in light and happiness. At the edges of it all, Emma

felt a growing glow inside herself; she stretched out her hands towards the dancers, and suddenly she too began to dance, standing there outside the pavilion. She didn't know *how*, but her feet wouldn't let her go. They carried her off and around and up again until she was breathless from the whirling and leaping and laughter.

Her laughter surrounded Emma, and she gave herself up to it joyously, but a chorus of voices from a near-by office suddenly drowned the chords of music into a small echo. Emma froze; one foot was still half-extended for a pirouette; she gulped back a giggle as the girls swarmed out into the corridor. "Hey Em! Coffee time, c'mon, there's coffee in the other room." Molly crossed over to where Emma stood with her head hanging. "Hey Em, do ya feel o.k.?" she asked anxiously. "Ya look the color of the walls in this dump." Emma frantically began to untie her apron, but it was all tangled in the waistband of her skirt. For a moment she thought that she wouldn't be able to get the knot untied because her hands were so sticky . . . "Oh, I feel fine, Mol," she said softly, "I feel fine."

The smell of the coffee heating drew the women close around the hotplate. They sprawled wherever there was a space, some sitting cross-legged on the floor, some balanced precariously on the edge of the sinks, cabinets, or whatever they found that might have the stamina to hold them. Emma listened to their chatter and felt the words swoop around her like hundreds of strange birds. She tilted her head back and stared at the ceiling, half-expecting to see Maggie perched up on the steam pipes, fluttering a pair of wings from which hung long strings of dirty mop.

Emma felt a sudden surge of conscience. These were her friends, and they wouldn't like being thought about like that. Her feet pulled her up and she poured a cup of coffee. She carried it over to Maggie with an eager smile on her face. Mag broke off in the middle of the narrative of the moment and looked at her. "Ya forgot the sugar," she said.

Time for the coffee break had gone. The women began to rise, picking up the mops and rags and shuffling out into the corridors

and offices. Emma went too; she felt relaxed now. The important work of the evening had been done, and done well. The room that she went into now wasn't anything special, it was just a conference room, and there were no traces of people left in it.

She began the cleaning, moving slowly about the room. Her cracked voice tried to lilt out the words to a lullaby, one that came up out of the depths of a time when people had sung to her. She remembered the smell of lilacs and the sound of the bees near her, but she couldn't remember her mother's face. That was strange. When she closed her eyes and tried to see her mother, all that she did see was a pale thin hand reaching gently out and handing her a rose from the bush by the back door. A soft voice said, "Here, child, play with this until I come back. It'll be harmless enough company for you." And then the hand had floated away. Emma had waited, for days and days and days, but her mother didn't come back and the rose had turned brown and begun to smell bad. She couldn't remember, really, what had finally happened to it. Looking down at her own blotched, red hands now, she wished she were more like her mother.

She saw from the sky that it was growing late. Ribbons of the palest grey had begun to wrap themselves in the blackness outside. Emma leaned out the window to see the stars, and caught only a faint glimmer from most of them. She put the broom down and rubbed her shoulder for a moment, wondering if stars ever got tired of just hanging there.

She worked on and on, finishing the conference room and moving through more offices, emptying ashtrays, dusting books, looking at pictures, talking to the people in them. For all the pictures except Thomas Edward's and Victoria's, Emma swam in new names every night; she made up new stories, too. All the names and stories and pictures mixed together and floated around her; they followed her from office to office, laughing softly, talking, loving her because she had given them love.

The cleaning was finished now, and she was almost ready to go home. Carrying the mop and pail, she stopped for one moment in the doorway of the special room. She

rested her shoulder for a moment against the large filing cabinet. She moved to the desk and with the tip of one wistful finger she touched Tommy's face. Then she left, closing the door quietly behind her.

Her coat hung on the rack. Most of the others had already left. She wrapped the soft, warm material around her, feeling comfortable and happy in its security. Bears must feel like this, she thought, all warm and soft in themselves.

The shopping bag—her purse—and she moved on towards the elevator.

The supercilious night clerk stood shivering out in the cold of the early morning light, talking to a hearty red-faced policeman. Both of them stopped talking for a moment as a tiny, erect little woman in a faded coat came out of the building, lugging with her the inevitable bags and satchels of the cleaning woman.

The moon was still out. Emma looked up at it trustingly. It would be full again tonight—and tonight wasn't really so very far off.

The lonely little figure coming out of the building had dug a hole in the heart of the big, bluff policeman. He turned from his conversation to watch her safely out of sight, and was just in time to see the gliding little figure break into what he could have sworn was a dance step. Then a bus stopped, and the little cleaning woman disappeared from sight.



CONTRIBUTORS

STUDENTS:

Seniors who have contributed are Nena O'Lear, Ellen Buckingham, Dede Brewer, Christine Kent, John Barkdoll, Mike Henehan, and Philip Stein. Pat Leslie, Judy Steele, Chesley Stone, and Ed Lehmann are Juniors. Bob Cooke, next year's editor for MISCELLANY 186, is a sophomore. Freshman contributors, Peter Herbst and John Tucker

FACULTY:

James T. Miller is a member of the English Department of Washington College.

ALUMNI:

William Coffel (1966) is presently a graduate student at Hopkins in Elliot Coleman's writers program.

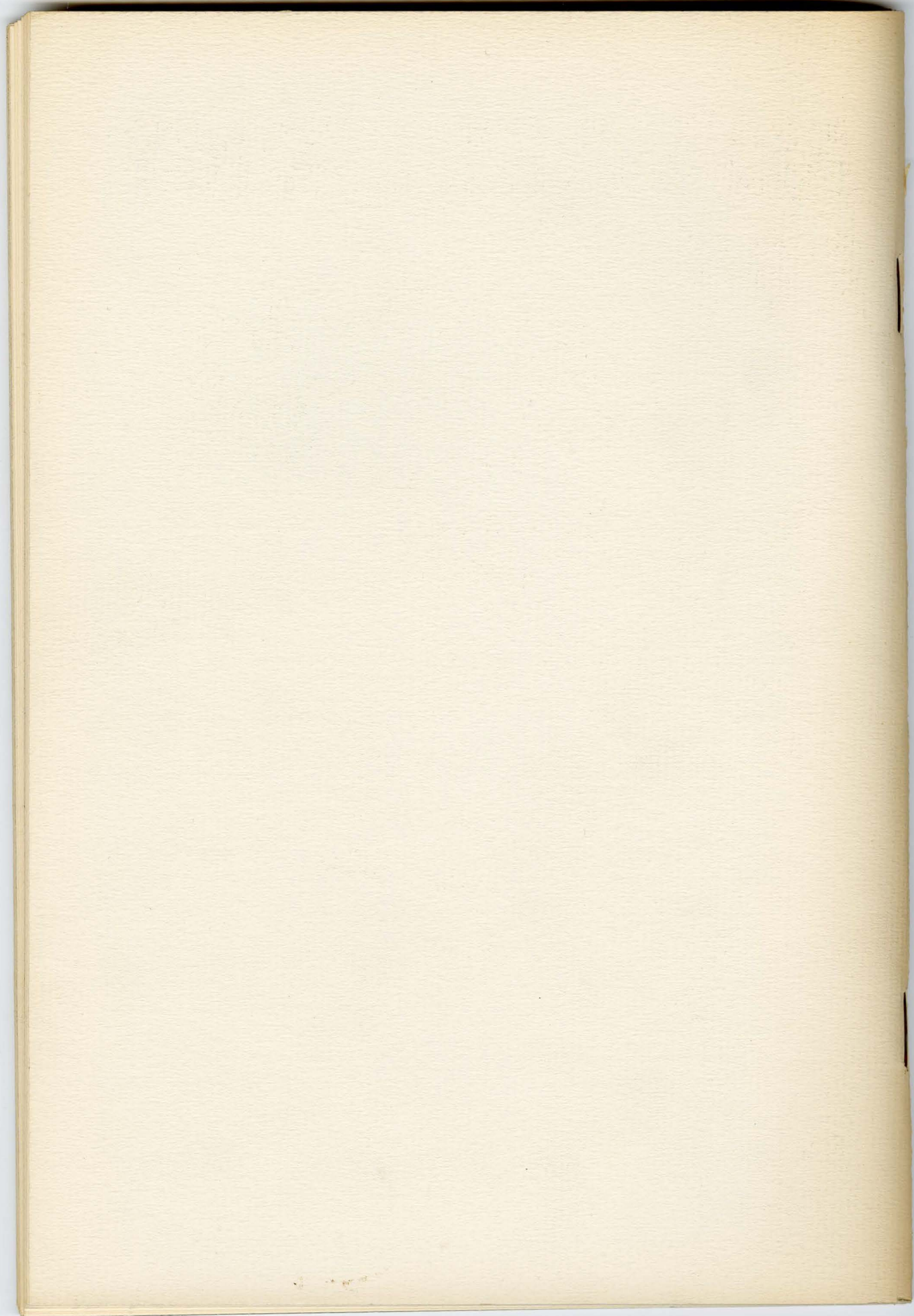
John Segal (1966) is on the staff of the New York TIMES Sunday Magazine.

Mike Travieso (1966) serves as Assistant to the Director of Admissions at Washington.

Special thanks to Jack Schroeder (1958) artist and draughtsman for Wilson, Nuttall, Raimond, Inc., engineering consultants in Chestertown, Maryland; Schroeder is known also for his free lance work with various museums, including the Smithsonian. MISCELLANY 185 takes its cover design from one of a series of Schroeder's sketches that will be published as frontispieces for an archaeological bibliography of the Central American countries. Although this particular kind of Nicaraguan figure, classified scientifically as an Alter-Ego type, remains an enigma to archaeologists, we who have tried to establish a campus magazine know exactly how this statue's Indian sculptors felt.

DEFYING CATEGORIZATION:

Bill Matthews, poet, guitarist, photographer, student, known in civilian life as Chestertown Fats, is currently in Viet Nam as a U. S. Army mapmaker. The poetry on pages 19 to 21 reflect our feelings toward Mathews' present avocation which he follows as a consequence of an irreversible clerical error.

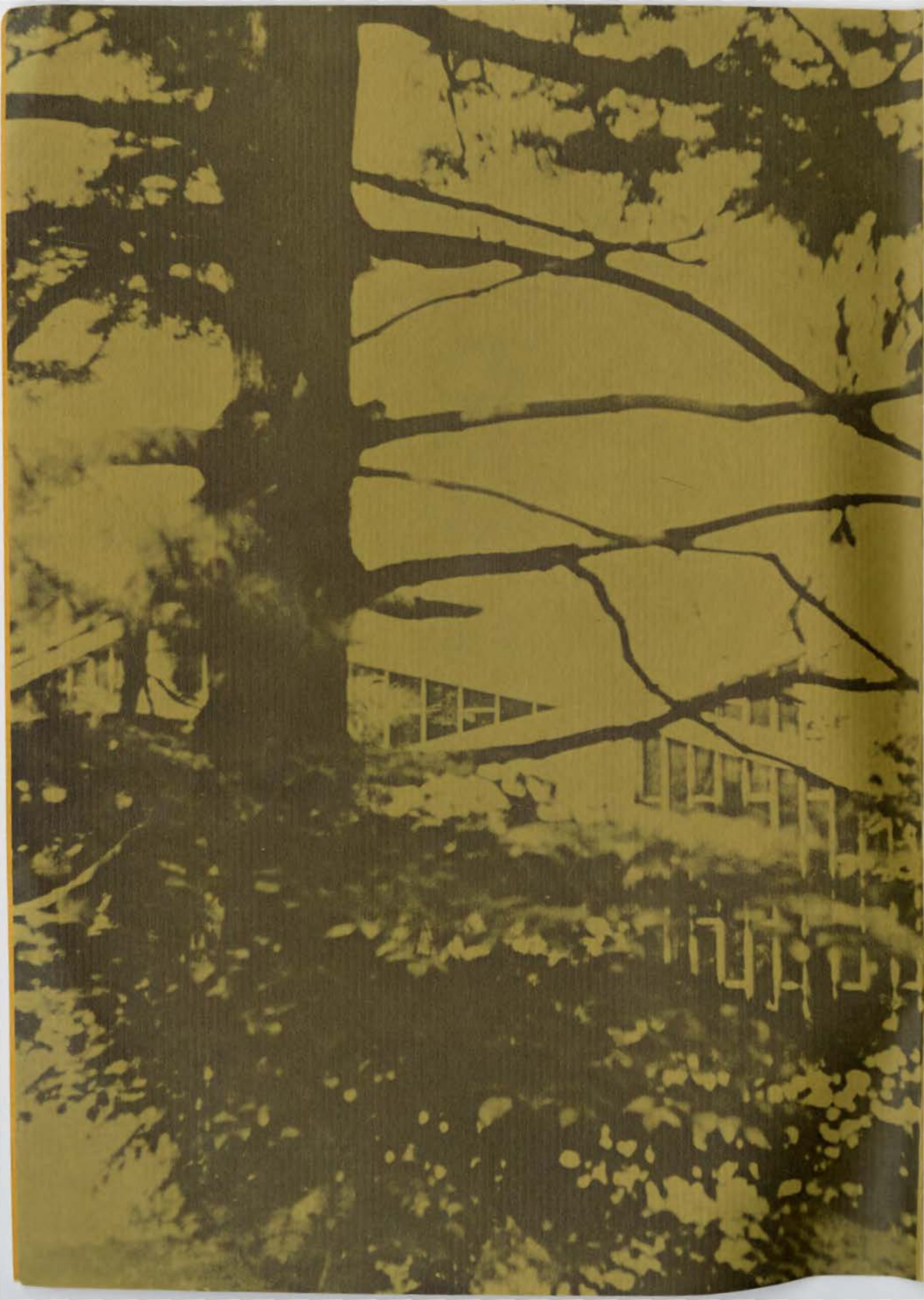


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Dedicated to
Gerda Renée Blumenthal



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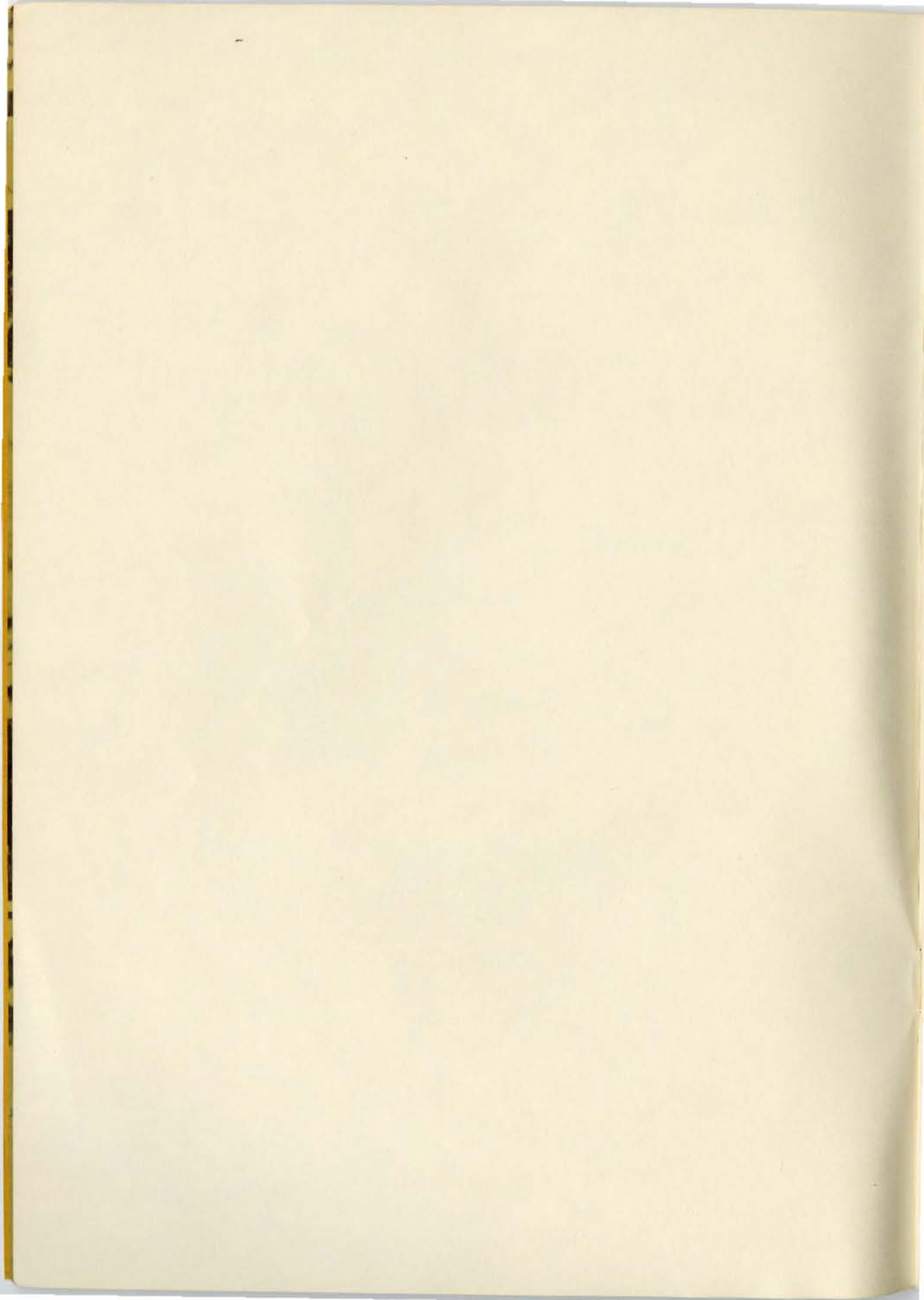
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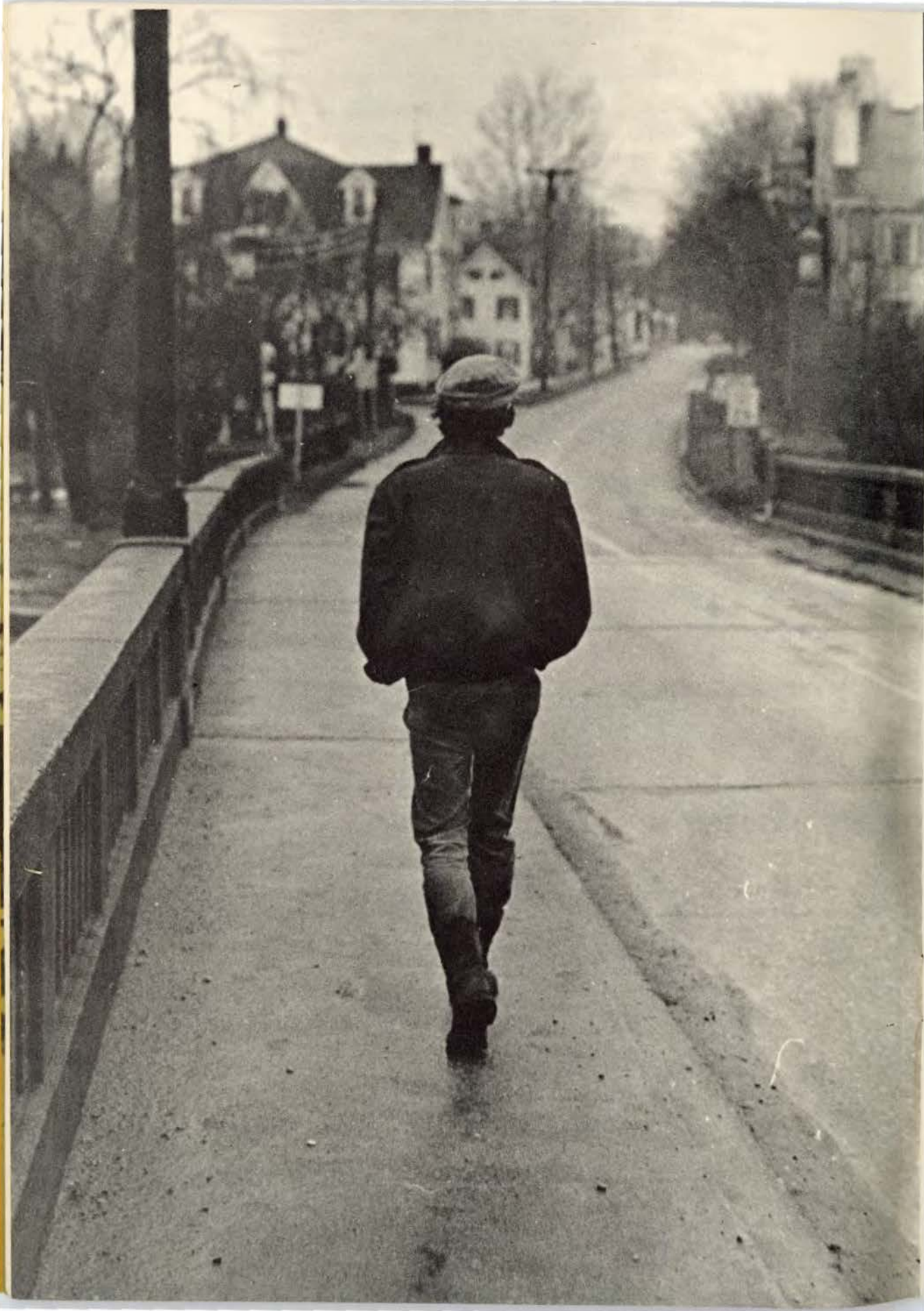
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ILLUSTRATIONS

Ed Deasy—pages 2, 12, 25, 32, 37, 57, 61
Brion Hanrihan—cover
Steve Langerman—pages 16, 22, 27, 29
Brian Manson—page 34
Daniel Saunders—pages 14, 43
Jack Schroeder—page 59
Paul Whiton—pages 8, 63



I,

THE LONE PERCEIVOR

Wm. Strong Bradford

I.

From above the world of landscaped winter trees the figure could be seen in an arch of icicled limbs, each step frozen in walk and framed in step that moved him from branch to branch and from tree to tree. He turned his collar to the cold, apart of the space between the icy claws which stiffly dropped down as he moved to the edge of the walkway, and clutched at the numb feeling of brittle brick, the remainders.

*wind in my ears think of a fire of a carpet
of a fireplace spitting sparks at a heated carpet*

A wind pushed back but did not bend the twigs above, which crackled in the ice that preserved them.

*the sound of splinters and split kindling
burning i the lone perceivor and it won't
be long now no! i won't stop i better not
stop here tonight i can't get any closer to
the edge i will not stop! oh christ*

*better a walk than a drive, but some help
would be nice now.*

Two girls left their breeze behind as they hurried past him. They laughed at the cold night and his unanswered greeting. At the passing they had looked over their shoulders at him, ah arrested gesture that moves to its place of destination so quickly and is gone.

"Oh! Ah. . !"

*they've gone already taken their coats
around them and gone*

II.

The dull leaves
 echoed under his shoes
walking into a cave of trees
 that led to the riverbank.

No thought of light or green
 penetrated that cave
of twisted branches and leafless stems,
 nothing but bramble and brown:

until he reached its end,
 which was the riverbank,
where the tide was full and rushing,
 bending back the dead
and restless reeds of Autumn.

One foot on the sway of a crooked poplar, he looked out across the way at the red barns on the opposite bank. So unachievable, so far away, housing a frozen hope of winter. He stooped down and picked up a black walnut that bobbed in with the tide. His profile was still pitted against the scrawny poplar.

*alone and speechless,
i stayed there at the edge
looking down, staying there.
until there were big wet marks
on the arches of the bridge
and the pilings were almost dry
and every pole had a ring around it
happy as a walnut*

It could have been yesterday.

III.

Walking steps on gravel, each time closer at a different angle and place in movement forward; he walked in the same direction and stopped.

*if i could find a hole in the ice i'd stand
at the edge of this road and throw endless
pebbles of shoulder-road gravel until i threw
one in the hapless hole. a point for me and
one for the river. like a game. keeping score
today for tomorrow*

But again he turned from yesterday's road and moved slowly now toward the bar. The

parking lot was full of steel that glowed with the light bulbs in the night.

Every time the doorknob felt foreign, even though he touched it often. He opened the door to turned faces and thawing voices, plaid shirts and white socks that shone in the green and red light of the bar's interior. The bar was almost empty.

There was a fire that burned blue in the center of the room. He sat beside it, behind an artificial palm tree that had a trunk of natural-colored folded burlap and palmetto fingers of green paper. Beside this slender imitation he hid from those who were standing at the bar.

you're an umbrella tree, like a woman, and my life is a banana leaf flexibly green and caught between two boulders that spout a waterfall algaed colored rocks in a Colombian stream, but even there, far away from me

"A beer . . . hey, what'll ya have, beer?"

"Wha . . . Oh . . . uh, bring me a glass of water first, please."

first it was water

He turned to the fire, the cave, the primeval of life burning wood to ash grey as rock, and with his consuming thoughts he lit his pipe, making another light and fire in the room. Suddenly he was looking into the desperate face of a young man who had swayed then stumbled to his table, with steps that were not his own.

"Uh. . . Hello. . . I, ah. . ." he tried to greet the newcomer.

The man grabbed his pipe away from him like a flash and then glared at him and mumbled something in an accent.

"You're Cuban, aren't you?"

The stranger just looked down and han-

dled the pipe roughly in his hands. He began to tap it on the table as he swayed in his seat. The man moved with his shoulders.

Then he spoke again in perfect Spanish: "Friend, amigo, compatriota, you have no country. Go ahead. Hecha tus versos de tu alma." He paused, and continued in Spanish: "That pipe was given to me by an old Algerian whoremaster. It is a straight grain briar, of very fine wood, no?"

The man's eyes were wild and clear by the time the other had finished speaking. He quickly put down the pipe and turned in cancelled movement and confusion from the table. He ran into the waitress but could not even attempt an excuse.

a paper page, a poem, a planet, and a single solitary Man. he's deceived, look at him — he can't even talk, and stay.

"What's wrong with him? God, but don't we get all kinds. Here's your water. You wanna order now?"

"No. Nothing else, tonight. I'm sorry."

He picked up the glass of water and drank about half of it. Then as he was going out, he turned back as if he had forgotten something. He took a couple more sips from the glass and then threw the remainder in the fireplace. But the bar was almost empty and no one saw him do it.

second, fire? yes by Christ fire

He stepped outside and relit his pipe with his second to the last match. He had a superstition about using the last match, so he threw the pack away. He went out to the gravelled road into the ordered destiny of night with his pipe still smoking in his hand. The country was sleeping and he felt he was really walking by himself, with his own feet warmed over.

ANONYMOUS

I began to walk down a road in a painting by Vlamincck. I walked just above it, careful not to touch the streaking colors. I walked under his terrible sky, swirling of blue and black and white. I walked between his buildings of oddly angled sides, and redly colored roofs curving slightly in or slightly out in darkly shaded reds or black brown blacks. I walked through Arcotte, on the Orleans road. I walked the road from Alencon to Le Mans and when I had come from under his sky, and when his moving, streaking road became firm below me I stepped off and walked into a field of long stalked wheat and then around the field beside a brook. I followed the brook until it ran below tall trees of green and branches hanging over the water. I sat beneath a tree and looked out over a gently sloping and green pasture. As I looked the leaves became red and yellow and fell, the air turned cool, the wind brought chill and the pasture grass became yellow and matted; and the ground became cold and hard and the crisp, dried brown leaves blew past. The stinging first blasts of winter wind pushed back my hair, and stung my eyes and face.

The sky became terribly black and dark. I saw a beach, a pier, water open black with currents coming up and capping white and rushing foaming water running up on the beach over rocks and soaking into the sand. You walked before me in your clipped, fast step, your hands pushed deep into your pockets, pushing in the folds of your coat around you, with your shoulders hunched forward and your head bent slightly down to shade you from the wind. Your black, curled hair flew back about your ears.

I hurried to catch you. As I came behind

you, you turned a little and your hair swept across your face and you shook your head to let the wind catch it and take it back. You turned about to face me, teeth clenched and white, your mouth drawn back sharply, your features sharp and tight from the cold. We walked toward the pier, you ahead of me. We stepped over piled rocks. You held my hand and we stepped carefully up and over and about and then up onto the beginning of the pier. We looked out far to the end, over thick brown water-stained timbers fallen through in places. You turned and looked out farther than I could see, so far, and I could only look at you, your glassy eyes so far away and I wanting you to turn and see me needing you.

So far away
I look down streets
long and grey white.
Buildings so high
Far away you step
so quickly, lightly

Won't you turn and see me
moving slowly.
My sight so dim I look.
My eyes follow a road of
streaking darkness between
empty dark trees along the
road and sunny fields of
tall, stalked wheat have
fallen low and gold turned
to grey

We walked together down long avenues, we ran to cross before the reds and yellows of taxi car turned streets to blended streams of colors. We walked together, your hand in mine. So cold it was, your hand guided mine into my pocket and we walked. I gazed about me, so many people, moving all about me. . . Turning down an empty sidewalk I saw the empty trees in cement squares and a huddled figure in an archway. On we walked and I looked at things I had never seen, which you knew so well.

I looked around and you were gone. I hadn't seen you go, and now you were so far away. Grayness settled between the mountains, gray turned to moving blackness and I walked from the city down Vlamincck's painted roads seeking sun and yellow fields before the winter wind.



A heron flew through the clouds
Down and into the sea
splashing, diving deeply,
Fish captured in a yellow bill
Spilling out salty green water,
Redness gushing warmly.

(People don't seem to think,
Worrying about the food
To fill the bellies
That never empty;
But yesterdays return again
Time before death shortly gone
After each day's sun.)

Heron preening
Salty feathers wet washed back,
Fish hunger satisfied.

(They lie in warm sand —
Stuffed bodies,
Dying minds;
Critic's whispers
Burying wisdom
Deeper than six,
Without judgment,
Without hope.)

Somewhere Lies Xanadu

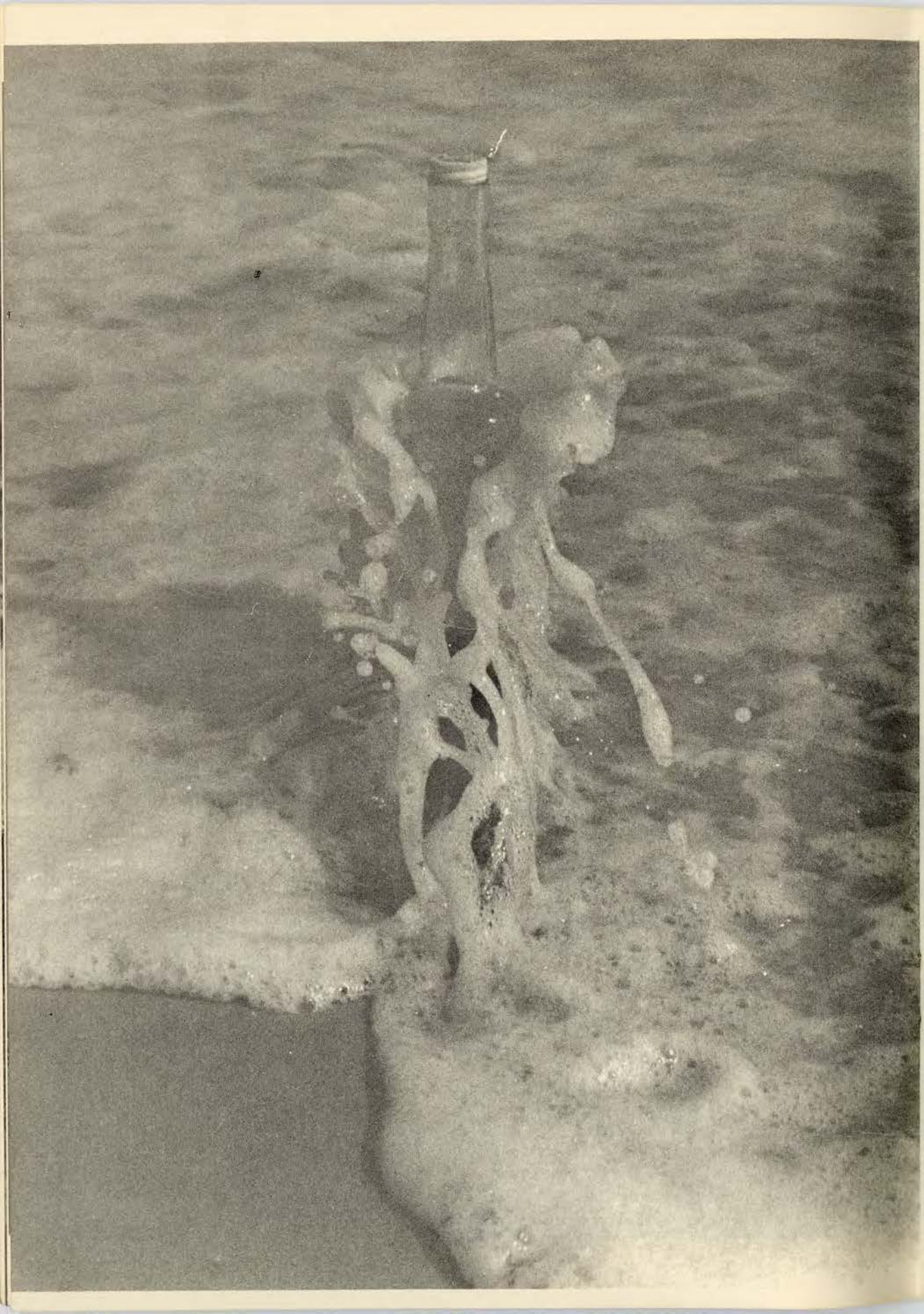
Up into the clouds the heron flies
Full with another life,
Fish head floating in the sea.

(Sharks and generals fighting their wars
Under water, under sky
Waiting for death to bring victory.)

Sundays God comes out
But sees his shadow
On the beach,
On the battlefields,
And hides away again.

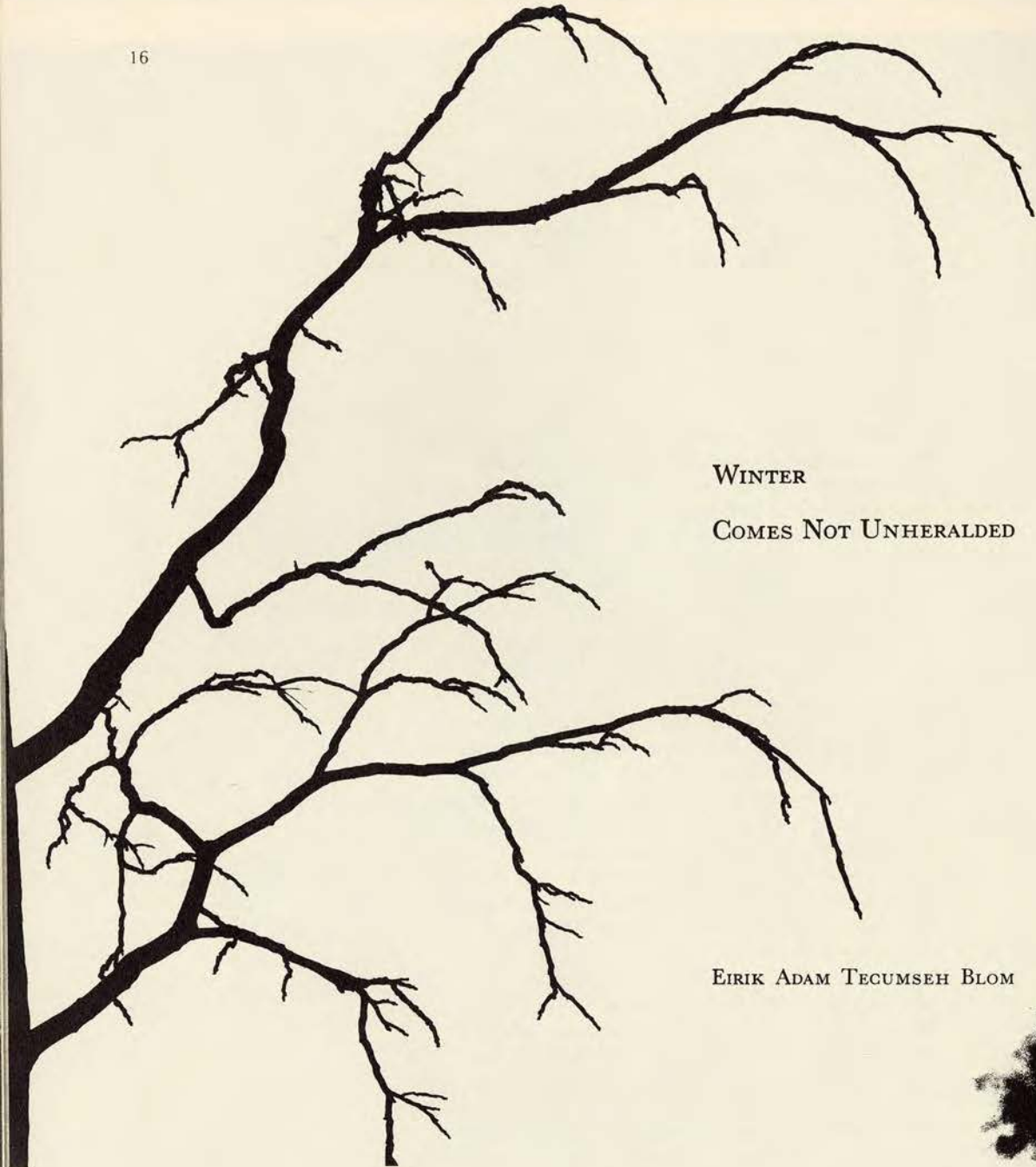
In the brick towers
Under swollen skies
The full bellies rumble
Under empty eyes.

Michael Tucker



Chef-d'oeuvre

The lunar spoor slips back and on.
Spindly slivers of thawing star frost
Splash a sporadic stream that trickles over green depths.
Opalescent, creamy—mucid in its glow,
Floating orbs of luminous night Autumn flicker
Refracting in the eye with shivers
Of the titillating coldness of glacial crystal.
I wonder that he leaves this trace of glitt'ring lace—such a
Blatant, phosphorescent traitor to oblivion. I watch him
As he melts away his corporal life and smelts it into a gemmy chain—
A ransom string of stars and pearls—this thin yet withy,
Pied transparent lime—his tribute to existence.
It looks brittle. Shall it splinter with a cold, dry crack,
Fracture if I step and snap its sterling thread?
Can one so easily deface the monuments that God allows us leave?
Perhaps I'll ask him. Slug . . . ?



WINTER

COMES NOT UNHERALDED

EIRIK ADAM TECUMSEH BLOM

I can see the skin on my belly just below the ribs distend with pulsebeat
and the frailty of the whole thing frightened me

The frailty of the whole thing is the loss we suffer
kisscursing in angry self-hate
wishing to crush her
to bloodlessness
shattered dreams of beauty

The unreality of real tragedy, clear white wine that swims before you in
transparency and fails the sickened stomach; for fear and joy and pain and love
are not from the heart, but from that most common of all, the belly

The Hereafter: If you're not hereafter what I'm hereafter, you'll be here-
after I'm gone.

My Mother — is a wonderful something — she is not a garden club or
church social mother—but a strange and intriguing person who does things that

other mother's wouldn't dare or dream
dream?

He shot—there was a tearing sound and then somebody in my chest was
screaming

"Let go!"

and I wasn't standing on the ground any more—I was pressed against it—
clawing in the mud in search of something secure to hold on to

"I'm dying."

said the nurse,

"No."

but she was lying and I could

tell

by the loose hank of hair that fell over her forehead.

This has to stop because if it doesn't I am going to go out and jump over
the railing—seven stories up—and not give a damn and if I don't stop thinking
about it altogether I might and even worse I would dream about it which would
make my stomach hurt

I love K. because she loves me which is probably the nicest thing anyone
can say and if I didn't love her I would probably love D. who is sometimes fas-
cinating and very young at heart.

It is one in the morning and they should all be going home but they are stay-
ing and having the most immense party with drinking and smoking and sex and
gossip mostly and the eerie silence of such an empty room incapacitates me in
the cocoon of whatever face I have put on

singing fear to darkness

on Witches Sabbath

castigating an Id I wish I was

more freely than this

The wilderness beat of the cell doors closing

One two three four

Is a lobo killerwolf

howling. . . .

Not human

but cruel madness

that bounds from bar to bar

in malignant laughter

the years file by with sadly bowed heads

mourning not their passing

but ours

I hate Mc. most of all, because when somebody mentioned me he said, "Oh,
which one was he?" Very polite and that hurt worst of all—because he didn't
really care and I shouldn't expect him to but I do because it is me after all

after all

of the deaths

nothing is changed

even the dogs still bark at the postman

Being in love at first is exciting and wonderful and breathtaking and you
DISCOVER things, good and bad, and don't really care and most of all you
are in love with yourself for being in love and you find out momentous things
about YOU and this is love, but, one day, you have to say, "Okay me—relax
just a little."

At 145 miles an hour—which is the fastest I have ever gone in a car—

nothing is still—the whole world moves

the oh so mellowness

of aftersex

building feather castles in your hair

fills the treacherous void

of once desired loneliness

the Catholic Church and its blanket condemnation of the world

I know a woman who believes in, and practices, astrology, and after standing on the balcony on a clear night and surveying the stars, far distant, unassuming, uninvolved, she seems insane

to the protestors—in their dirty clothes and raggedyassed beards—who live in deadly fear of achievement—and scream (oh so frequently) “Big Brother is watching you.” I say—have no fear friends—Big Brother is not watching you—as a matter of fact he is trying very hard not to watch you

the stars are there

to remind young lovers

Last night I met a man who does not believe the Negro is a human being but on the level with cattle and I know that these people exist but I have never had one sit right there and say it to me so calmly and I was so shocked I just sat there and wondered if he was real or maybe I was dreaming because it didn't seem so

why should I, brainwashed product of the sixties, uninvolved and uncaring, unbending and unemotional, wish to write about love?

former twins

my brother and I

we recognize each other

less and less

every year

I am moving slowly but surely towards the middle of the road

muddle of the road

she spent her life bouncing gaily

from pedestal

to pedestal

Anger disgust and pity remembered tastes of sour milk to him and he hit her.

“No! I will not be a gigolo to you or anyone else.”

“But darling, all I want to do is. . . .”

“NO!”

“Kiss me.”

unconquerable silence is the hurt in her eyes and the sorrow in her caress

when I walk across the pond

to feed the ducks

I am one of the Gods

I love her more this morning because she forgave me her sadness as it was when I discovered she was not perfect and loved her anyway

No trails off into maybe and even yes. . .

War is good because nature is perfect and war is part of man's nature and all the hurt and all the pain and all the depravity are only incidentals soon forgotten in the haze of future humanity and goodness which is also part of nature and very confusing

the graydeath moon

playing tag in dirty skies

means winter

comes not unheralded

CATACOMB

Don Foy

Two weeks before Easter, quite some time ago, it was spring, early spring. The woods were still bare, the trees were still leafless. Their outward appearance belied the inward activity which was soon to culminate in the emergence of new life, and the re-awakening of old life to new hope. I knew little of this at the time, though.

I was with four other boys who were about the same age as myself. On this day in particular, it was unseasonably cold. We'd been camping near a sort of gully or gulch, though none of us thought of digging the cave until after we'd chased a groundhog into its burrow. Buck came up with the idea first. He was sort of our leader, being the strongest and smartest one of us. At least that's how it seemed then. He decided that a cave dug into the side of the gully would be much warmer, more sheltered, and safer from the elements than our open camp.

Buck organized the project and we got to work. Two boys dug, two boys pulled the dirt out behind them, and the remaining boy was stationed outside to heave the accumulating dirt from around the lip of the cave entrance. It was hard work. We were hampered by the great number of tree roots we had to break in order to dig.

At first we rotated and changed jobs, but after a while it became evident that Jack and I liked digging the most, and we did it the best, just as Al and Tom liked hauling the dirt and did that job most efficiently. Buck scattered the dirt from the entrance. We had now become specialized and the cave grew much more quickly from then on, though at the time it seemed that we'd been working for a week.

When the cave was completed, it consisted of a tunnel several feet in length which opened up into a small but comfortable room. We moved all of our equipment into this room and set up a fairly permanent dwelling. We were very proud of our cave, and for the rest of that day not one of us left it. I remember sitting at the end of the room, near the opening of the tunnel, and looking out to see the wind blow the branches of the trees in the forest. They wavered and scraped and seemed to claw at the tunnel's entrance as if they were trying to enter. I watched this, and the

impression made me rather fearful, but at the same time it made me feel a deep contentment from the knowledge that I was safe inside the cave.

A few days slid by in a comfortable manner. We just sat, eating and talking to pass the time. We never left the cave except when we had to build a fire for cooking.

Building a fire. That was a job no one liked because no one wanted to leave the cave, so we took turns doing this disagreeable labor. The day that Tom's turn came around, he sat moping for a while at the unpleasant prospect he faced. Then he began to dig into the room's wall. Buck looked up puzzled.

"What do you think you're doing? What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I'm gonna make a fireplace in here so's I won't have to go outside and make the fire," Tom answered.

"Yeah? Well, what have you got in mind about doing with the smoke? Wrap it up and throw it out or something?"

"I was gonna dig a skinny little hole up to the top for a chimney. Ain't that okay?"

"No," said Buck. "That won't work. A skinny little hole would keep falling in. You'd have to dig a big shaft."

That started it. The five of us decided it would be more worth our effort to dig out another room and a verticle shaft than to leave the cave every time we had to build a fire. The procedure for digging was the same as before except that the dirt had to be hauled for a greater distance. The smoke shaft was hard to build because there was a large tree on the surface just above the fire room, and its roots were generally too large to break, so we had to dig around them. When the new room was finished, we immediately built a great fire in its center to celebrate our victory over the soil. Then we piled up a large store of wood, and thus did away with any necessity to leave the cave.

More days passed in pleasant idleness, but then the idleness began to sour, poisoning our group. The constant proximity of ourselves to each other wore on our nerves. Everyone became very irritable and exploded into violent arguments at the slightest provocation. I remember one conflict in par-

ticular that erupted because I threw a chicken leg bone onto the floor. Buck gave me a dirty look which I resented greatly. I dryly asked him what the matter was, and he replied by picking up the bone and throwing it at me.

"Look slob," he said. "When you're done, throw the bone outside or something, don't just leave this trash lying around on the floor. Look at this place, it looks like a junk yard. All of you guys! You got the place looking like a trash pile. Here, Al, here's that bean can you dumped yesterday," and he flung the can, still a quarter filled with beans, at Al. The can missed the boy, but hit the wall and scattered beans everywhere. Al glared.

"Lookit you hot-shot, don't mess, huh," and he threw the can back at Buck. Immediately Buck leapt at Al and they grappled on the floor, rolling, kicking, and knocking things over. The fight was a draw; it was stopped because too much was getting wrecked inside the cave, even the cave walls themselves. Nevertheless, we all dumped the rubbish outside. It made quite a mess of the small area where it was deposited. In time this dumping area grew rather large and ugly.

On the morning after this incident I awoke to find Al digging into the wall. I asked him what he was doing and he said that he was digging a little side room for himself so that he could retreat to privacy whenever he wanted. Buck agreed to the idea on the condition that Al had to build the room individually. After this precedent was set, we all began to dig little side rooms of our own. The activity kept us occupied, but it didn't lessen the animosity between us because of the competition that this individual work naturally entailed, and the confusion of digging and hauling in such a confined space. Everyone was in everyone else's way, tripping and bumping and falling over everything. This was a time of many fights and near anarchy which even Buck couldn't control. After several days, however, the smoke cleared and the cave wall was penetrated by five more small rooms. Soon the old central room of the cave was always empty.

Just as we had originally taken refuge

from the outside by building our cave and stubbornly remaining in it, so we had now taken refuge from each other by building our cells, and we stubbornly remained in them. We even ate less because it was too unnerving to face each other for the few seconds it took to scurry out of our individual compartments, grab our food, and scamper back into the wall. Now the cave's central chamber became the junk yard. On rare occasions when two of us would enter it for some necessary parley, we would have to wade precariously through all manner of trash. Naturally this didn't encourage much conversation, and after a while, all talks died out entirely. I used to sit in my cell and do nothing but think and sleep. I can't say what the others did to keep occupied because I never saw them. Often I wished I knew what they did do, because I was unbelievably bored most of the time, and gradually my boredom evolved into fear. I wondered if the others might have some sort of magical activity that they did for hours on end, or if they just sat alone in the darkness, bored and afraid, as I did. My fear grew, and became oppressive. I wasn't sure exactly what it was that I was frightened of. It may simply have been the darkness, it may have been separation from some unknown which is essential for peace of mind, I couldn't say. Nevertheless, I was afraid. I was afraid to stay in my cell and remain engulfed in its horrors, but I couldn't leave it either for I remembered the hardships of the old camp: the cold, the wind, the rain, and I was unwilling to endure them. So I sat, physically comfortable, but in mental anguish. I sat and stayed.

Finally I broke. One night I woke from a restless sleep. Wildly, I looked around and dove from my cell into the garbage-filled central chamber. The trash was disgustingly dirty and almost seemed to consciously cling to me in an effort to hold me back. I fought and stumbled toward the tunnel, and upon finding it, I threw myself into the opening. I crawled on my stomach as quickly as I could, and got a mouthful of dirt for every foot of progress I made. Suddenly I was outside, and my legs began to run away with me. I was still in a daze and I ran until exhaustion pulled me to the ground. I slept

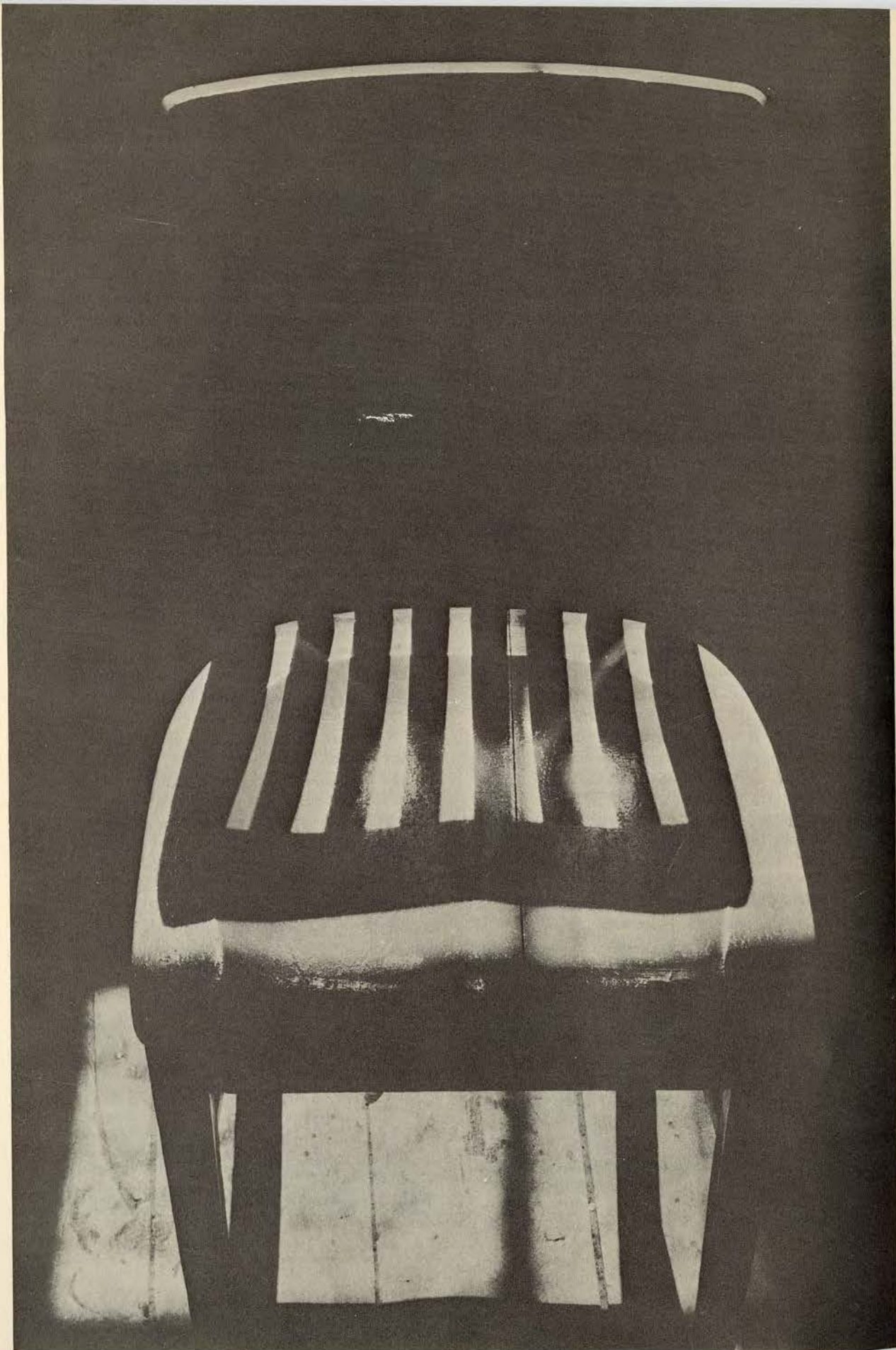
deeply.

When I awoke, it was dawn. I realized that it had been about two weeks since I'd been out of the cave, and I looked at the sun and the sky and I revelled in them. I soaked them up, their beautiful brilliance hurt my eyes; I had to squint, causing tears to wobble and roll down my filthy cheeks. I'm sure they left small paths of skin shining through the dirt. I was filled with peace, and I laid down and fell asleep once again.

The next time I opened my eyes, it seemed to be about noon. I rose and washed in a brook I discovered. The rest of the day I spent walking around the woods, and contentment filled me like a good meal. I slept outside again that night, and the next day I resolved to return to the cave to tell everyone else what they were missing by remaining where they were. It took me some time, but I finally found the cave once more. The sight of it sickened me for some reason, it reminded me of an empty eye socket in a skull. I had to willfully force myself to climb up to the entrance and call in. I yelled my good news but there was no reply. I yelled again and again but still there was no reply. I screamed into that black hole for about half an hour but no one answered. Dejected and disgusted, I left, not understanding my friends whom I always thought I'd understood. I walked for some distance, and made up my mind to come back on the following day and try to arouse the cave's inhabitants once more.

When I returned on the following day, I surveyed the gulley's side for the cave, and to my horror, I found that the cave had collapsed. What had been an open hole the day before was now shut tight like a closed mouth. In a frenzy I dug and clawed at the earth, but all that I accomplished was getting my hands torn and bloody. After an hour of excruciating labor that penetrated the gulley's side only slightly, I realized there was nothing I could do, no matter how hard I tried. I fell down onto the ground and cried bitterly. I knew there was nothing. The cave had been dug, and now it had closed. I was the one who had escaped. That was all.

The green leaves on the tree branches nodded to the sky.



Two

She turned slowly.
 The dance
 of the dying fawn.
 A kitten smacked flat
 by the great truck.
 a soft summer night movement.
 a slipping shadow
 waiting silently
 in the shifting grey,
 now broken and bleeding.
 turning still,
 her eyes flowing
 in the mingling blue stars
 searching. . .
 slimly rotating
 to face
 me
 standing helplessly
 tight with the horror
 of my emptiness

Ed Deasy

Impenetrable dust
 Circumbounding my nothing —
 Self.
 Oh most efficient chamber of tortures.
 Singular.

I salute you.
 Thinking.
 Thinking, "how interior is hell."

The blessed escape
 Of Eve-rib from Adam
 Was God-assisted.
 But I was wasteland marooned by Him.
 My bones separate only in death,
 Clicking their laughter at me —
 Skulls grin —
 Leering in certainty
 Even behind curtain flesh.

Both many and one
 Yet nothing.
 Leave me to manic screams
 At the onrushing inevitable.
 Leave me
 You who were never here.

Don Foy

I salute you.
 Thinking
 Thinking, "how interior is hell."



Benjie's Fate

And then
the rain came
tum bling
runrun
rainwater wet no
no
tree
damp head
hurts
keep low
sky is growl
ing God is light
ing matches
go on

Don't stop

here
tree high bad
where running run
n ing high gr
ass wet
sticks to
legs smells
head hurts damp
walk ing body
crying slow ly
ly ing drift ing
on field with grass
dirt no no
damp forgotten head

Peter Herbst

The Chapel of the Gadfly

A mountain brook is as far away
 As times square.
 In October, the leaves fall, and the winds
 Wash the never from the land.
 A beach in winter is a lonely place
 Of ghosts of hotdogs and the smell of skin.
 Memories are the realist people
 Walking through the world
 (and the gadfly is a joke on man
 descended from a loaf of bread
 or from a piece of cheese
 he circles life apart and lights unconnected
 where he pleases)

Towers of steel put out the sun
 Long times ago.
 And Christmas hasn't come of late
 A land of asphalt hasn't room for
 Snow.
 Men run air-conditioned to the market
 Take the train to the city
 Die.
 The sheet-metal workers grin
 As the fragments of the future
 And the paste board faces rumble by.
 On Madison Avenue they can split
 God
 forty ways,
 get 10% more
 and still keep the housewives happy.
 The fuzzy wool taxicab driver
 Throws up his arms—
 He doesn't understand.
 (lemmings is wise dissentors
 imagine heaven
 a world of ice)

A bottle o beer
 A belly o fear
 Stars from the drive-in
 Your destiny's near
 Boy-girl-bottle-blue-night
 Salvation in tweed is there if you believe

Love the lady
 The whore in the starched cotton grammar school
 Walks alone through rows
 Of pine tree soldiers.
 Ghosts throw flowers on the grave.

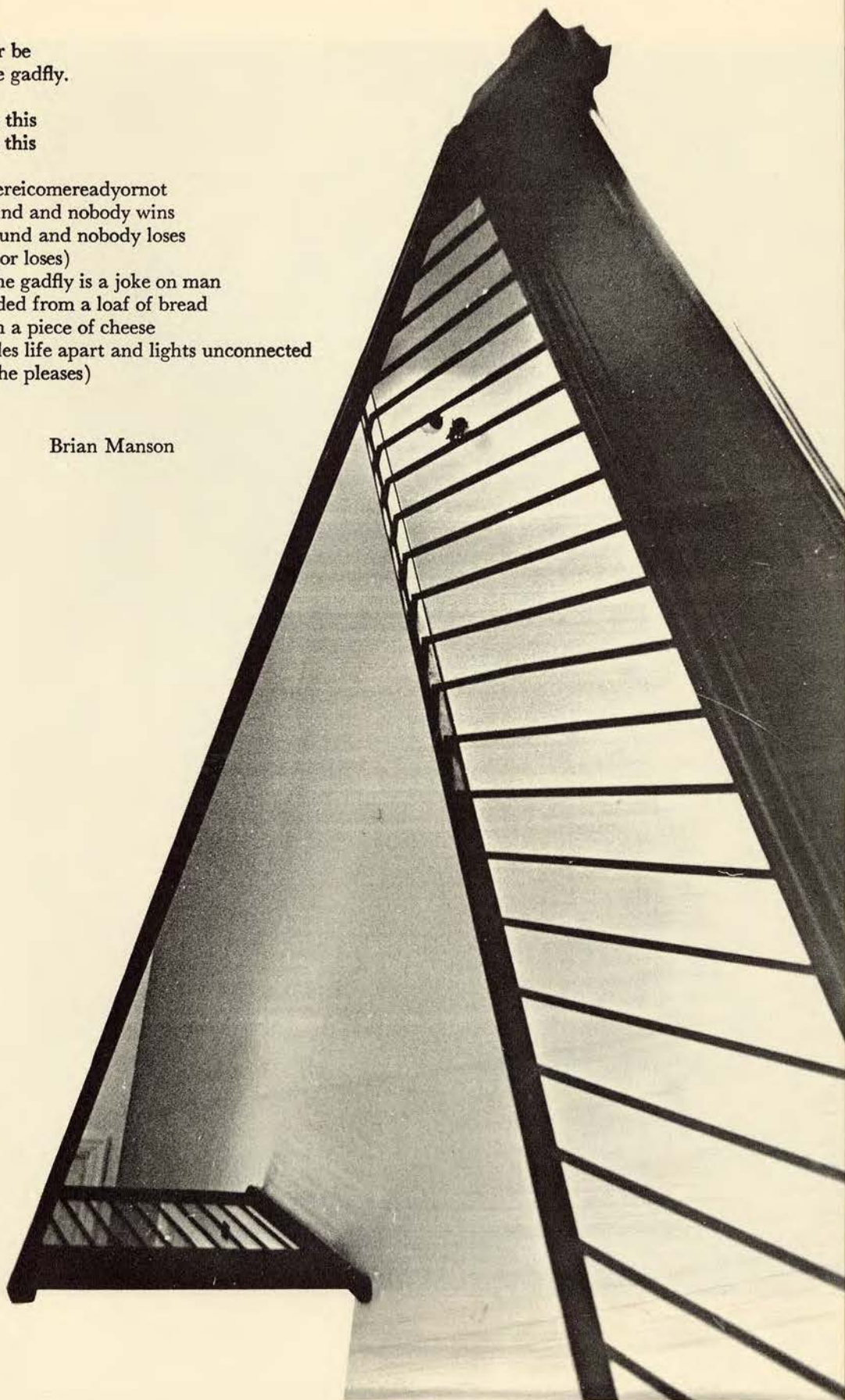
This
Is not
Has not been
And will never be
the time of the gadfly.

Simon says do this
Simon says do this
Do that.

onetwothreehereicomereadyornot
round and round and nobody wins
Round and round and nobody loses
(nobody wins or loses)

(and the gadfly is a joke on man
descended from a loaf of bread
or from a piece of cheese
he circles life apart and lights unconnected
where he pleases)

Brian Manson



In winced moment of contact
in shattered screech of warped metal
torn through cracked wheel
slashed through cool blue glass
ripped, wrenched, severed
explosion of blood and skin.

a birth

Yet

stop

I hang

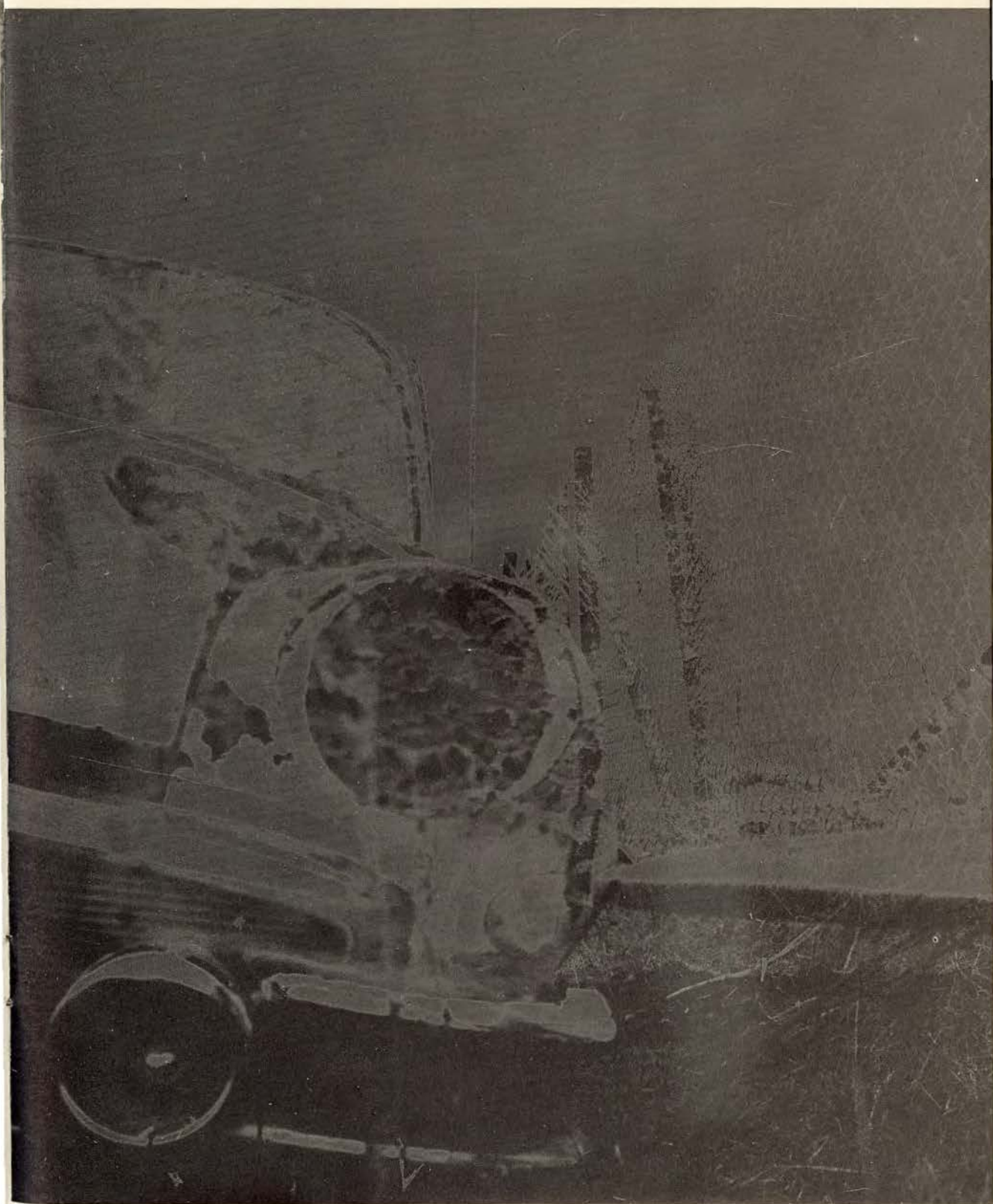
stop

time

stopped

a bloody shred in a crystal fountain,
and it is all there.

Ed Deasy



In The Days Of Our Youth

The fleeting-sand days now have come at last.
I glimpse my future buried in the past:
The happy hopes of youth a well-trod dust.
And so all good things pass — and so the bad,
When only youth lives on to mock both young
And old alike: the gadfly of man's birth.
My ancient hands are calloused now from wear,
But not my soul: for beauty still survives.
No, not survives, but blossoms into fuller life.
Thank God the slowness in my bones strikes not
My day-accustomed mind, grown comfortable from use.
For now men say my wisdom's come of age
(As if it could, like me, grow old with years).
But what is wisdom if not seeing in
The past the things and times that made us wise?
But now the days of youth command my brain
And turn my thoughts to youthful days ahead.
And like the ageless, never-ending games
All children sometime in their life have played,
I see a pageant staged before my eyes.
I, too, once tried to touch the fading sun
And pounce upon its fast-retreating rays.
I even caught the ocean in a pail
To save a sounding wave for distant days
And climbed the tallest, limb-ribbed tree around
To press my face against the wind or chased
A rain cloud's shadow as it bumped along
The ground or ate my fill of snow by catching
Flake-cold drops upon my outstretched tongue.
I planned to make a lantern from some fire
Flies squeezed breathless in my moistened hands.
I even dug to China, giving up
When, four feet down, I struck the gold-damp clay
That had to be the Orient.
And once I tried to glue a shattered glass
That jumped, somehow, from out between my tight-
Clutched fists. I splashed on skies in rain-
Drop pools; I marveled at the grass; I shied
At life, concerned, just like an April colt,
And wondered at the fruit which sprang full-grown
From wrist-thin branches braceleted with buds.
For childhood sees the mystery of life full-size,
But just through smaller eyes. It knows what its
Short arms can reach: beyond lies all or none.
Indoors we see within the limits of
Our walls, outside the walls are merely further
Back. But there are walls.

And so the spell of childhood has been cast:
 To dream a youthful dream is youth itself.
 So jump: if not for stars, for branches
 Overhead. And sing: if not for joy, for lack
 Of tears. And dream— oh yes, by all means dream.
 Just as a child will teach his dog to run
 And bark and eat, so we learn what we know
 Or knew before and left behind: abandoned
 In our haste to find our proper niche:
 A niche which, like our shadow, runs ahead
 Then creeps up suddenly behind.
 So look once more in eyes stretched wide with
 Wonderment and take away a gleam, a dream
 Of mystery.
 'Til then the world and growing up can wait.

Midnight Love

Soft shadows of midnight dance
 Upon the forehead of my moonlit beauty
 Furtively bathing her fanciful features in the regretful,
 More passing than permanent paleness of the moon.
 A lonely locust whines;
 A frosted leaf drags its windsome weight painfully
 Across a shattered graveyard of trees.
 It is the time when the hours of night
 Clutch and grasp at the small hands of morning.
 Sentinel-like streetlamps man the outposts of a village at rest,
 Filtering an eery light through the translucent flesh
 Of a leaf-garbed tree.
 I can hear the cracks in the sidewalk.
 A rusted railroad track
 Stumbles us jerkily along our promenade to nowhere,
 While the cool cloak of night hangs damp upon our shoulders,
 Insulating us from the chill without.
 A light mist falls,
 Faithfully disguising the love-clouds that enshroud our eyes.
 A sudden cat springs unborn in our path,
 Rolling over incongruously and purring.
 Our animated conversation gives way to sighs;
 Sighs to silence.
 Dusk and dawn kiss:
 The rustle of their slow embrace awakens us.
 Our love, like a bashful fawn, blinks at the dawn.

Hal Jopp

The Tree

I

Come!

Follow me,
and we'll climb a tree
to the very top
of the world.

And we can watch the people passing
by the grass-filled cracks
(in ancient sidewalks)
to places where
we've never been.

So,

Come!
We'll climb a tree.
and, we will touch the sky!

II

I am on a lower branch than you. . .

Give me your hand,
and help me. . .
if you can. . .

This is not as easy
as I thought it would be
(Climbing to reach the sky,
I mean.)

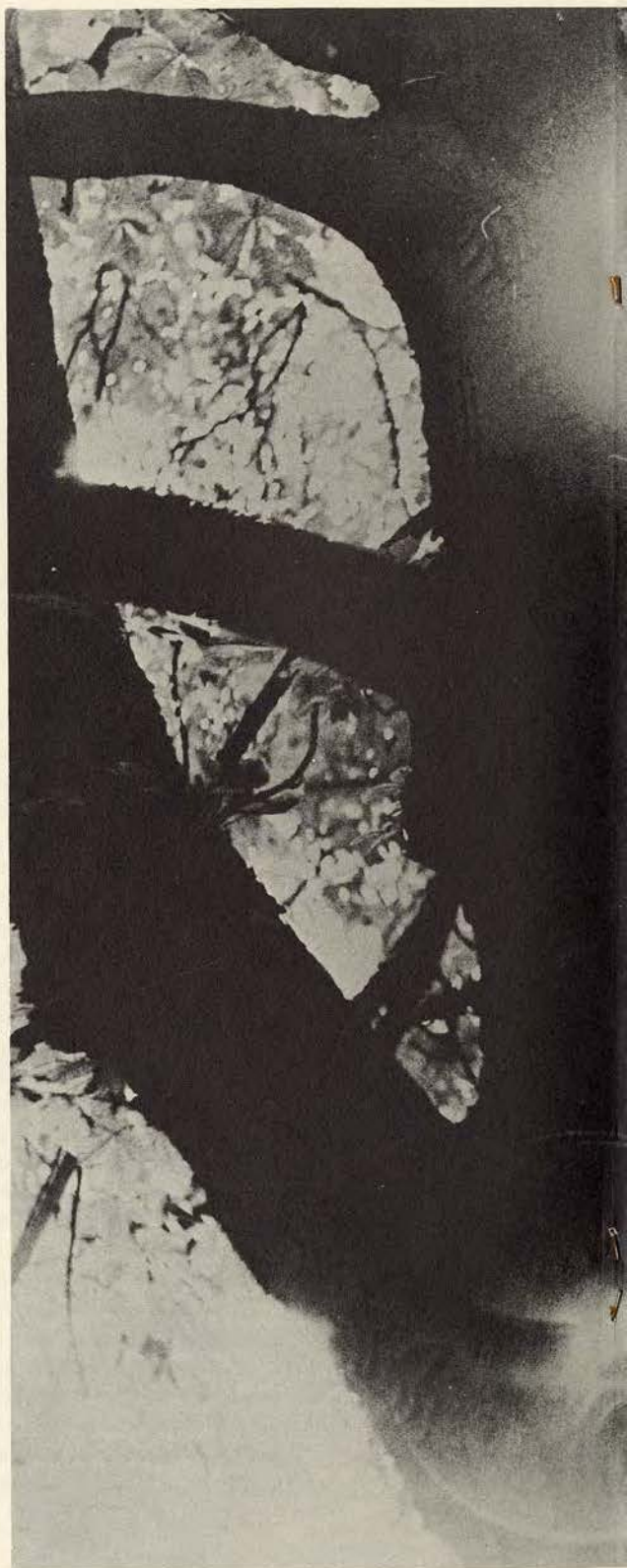
You are older and stronger,
and you have climbed more trees
than I.

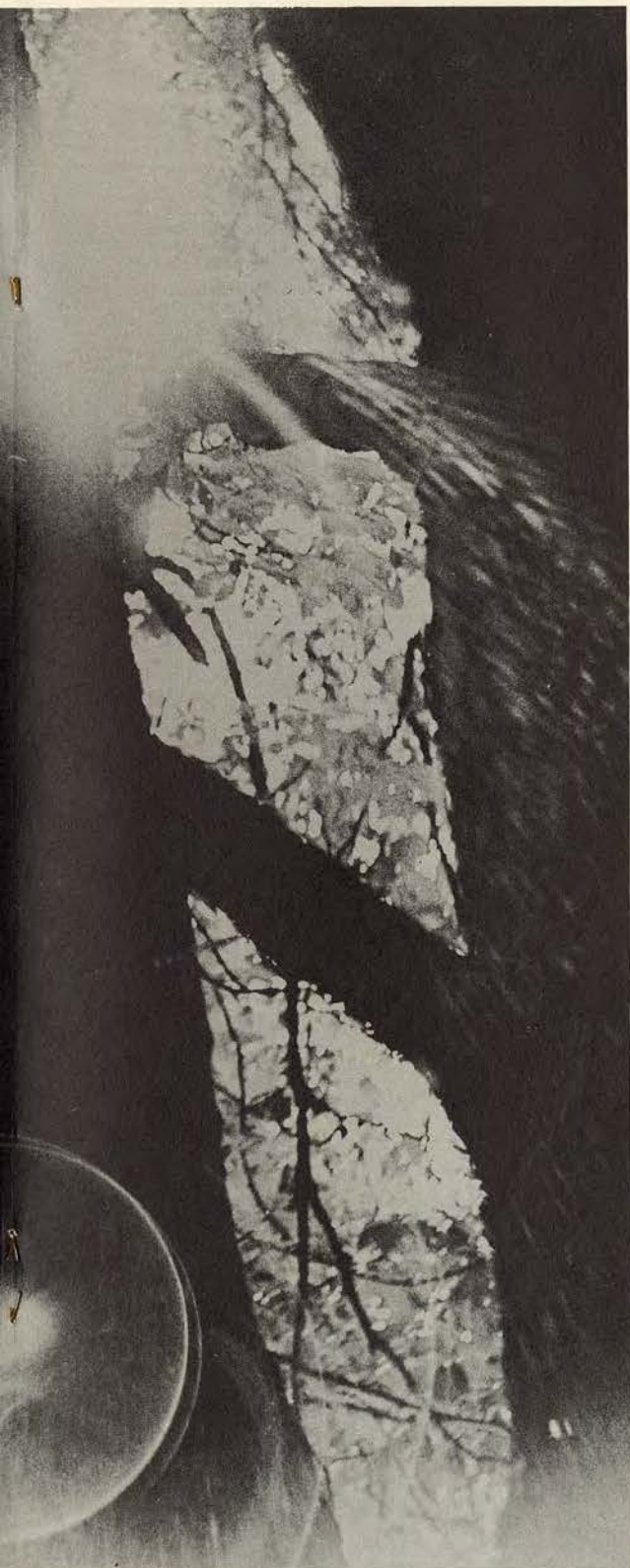
Please wait for me?

My legs are not as long as yours.

Anyway,
You DID say
that you would follow me
and WE would climb a tree
Together.

Let me take your hand?





III

Now —

together,

we are both warmed by the sun,
and brushed by leaves,

as we move closer to the sky.

IV

And, now,
we stand high above the terrace

But. . .

Still, I can not touch the sky,
And soon. . .

the branches will not hold us!

You are taller than I. . .
From where you are,
Can you reach?

You can't.

And here we stand
above the lawns
yet, not near to the sky
where we want to be.

V

You say

That in your yard
there is another tree
which seems much taller than this one. . .
and nearer to the sky

We can climb that one,
Tomorrow.

Diane E. Bierman

Is it true that you stand behind a tree?
 or is it perhaps so that
 you are the tree
 and that you breathe the land.
 The sea is walking afire in its brimness,
 looking for you.
 If it were so simple
 Then I'd be entombed in your broken branches.
 faceted in stinging light,
 and the leaves would stretch onward,
 so as to be forever

Whose Heavy Hand of God

Whose heavy hand of God
 lay on this earth
 and thumbed darkly through its flattened skies
 wearing the mind like a carnival mask
 unknown to its dimly stepping
 stones, and wandering empties;
 squatting like the constant victor
 on the heads of its men.
 seeketh it and it shall findeth
 its scroll of being curls shut about
 its distance, yet distant it may be,
 itself a full way.
 wind yes wind
 yet whose, no more
 than a touch,
 tint of this glass empty
 must we step to its ghastly?
 dance to its gruesome?
 what ruse, what rugged blast
 this be.

Ed Deasy



Explication
of
Spring

Louise Walker

Spring

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring—
 When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
 Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
 Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
 The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
 The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
 The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
 With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?
 A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
 In Eden garden. — Have, get, before it cloy,
 Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
 Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
 Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Hopkins' sonnet "Spring" is a difficult and challenging poem largely because of this poet's highly individual style of expression. Coming to grips with any of Hopkins' seemingly esoteric poems appears at first to require suspension of all former notions about poetry so that one may begin with a receptive mind willing to accept this poet on his own terms and not reject him immediately because of personal prejudices. Actually, once the initial resistance is weakened sufficiently, accepting and respecting Hopkins is not so difficult. Hopkins, more than many poets, is in very close contact with his poems all of the time; there is never that sense of detachment between the poet and his work in Hopkins, because what he writes about is or has been an intense spiritual experience for him. I attempt no value judgments here, but am rather pointing out that I have been able to accept Hopkins on these terms which I feel are apparent in all his work.

This sonnet is based upon the Italian or Petrarchan model of the sonnet; however,

the rhyme of the sestet, which is often subject to variation, is repeated alternating rhyme (cdcdcd). The rhythm is largely iambic pentameter, but there is considerable variation which produces instances of six foot lines, "out rides," accented dactyls, accented trochees, and spondees.

Rhythm, diction, and syntax are often closely interwoven in this sonnet. The second line is a good example of this. The alliteration of the "w's" and the "l's" serves initially to balance the sound of the line ("when," "weeds," "wheels," vs. "long," "lovely," "lush") and also to provide the stresses in all but the opening unstressed "when." This exception is easily explained by the lack of assonantal "ee's" in the word "when" which are found in both "wheels" and "weeds." In fact, in most of the lines of this poem one finds that rhythmic scansion is largely determined by the patterns of alliteration and assonance and the syntax.

It is very interesting to notice that in this poem only 23 words out of 125 words are polysyllabic, and often these polysyllabic words are read as having only one stress,

the final syllables smoothly trailing off. All the words are chosen and ordered with such vigilance that nearly every word of consequence is stressed. Probably it is the high proportion of monosyllabic words that makes this type of sense and sound stress possible.

In beginning with a perusal of the sonnet, it is perhaps best to consider first how the various images of the octave operates. Movement from one image to the other is interesting and may provide a basis from which to work with the complexities of the octave. First, whether a conscious structural device or not, one may detect the presence of the four elements underlying the manifest images of the lush weeds, the thrush's eggs, his song echoing through the trees, the pear-tree, and the sky rushing rich with clouds. Movement from the spatially lowest of these elements, earth, to the highest, air, is discernable. When seen in relation to the sestet this movement upward is perhaps obviously symbolic of a movement from the earth up to the divine.

The terse opening line summarizes the octave, but it can only begin to hint at the beauty and excitement that is to be so artfully conveyed in the following lines of the octave. The effectiveness of the first line is a result of its slow, clean deliberateness and its perfect unity within itself. The framing rhyme of the first and last words and the liquid-smooth transition between the repeated "s" sounds of "is so" and "as Spring" contribute to this unity.

Hopkins' initial two images of the lush lovely weeds and the thrush's eggs are both fixed spatially upon the earth. The weeds in wheels that shoot long and lovely suggest the movement and growth of spring, and although the word "green" is not mentioned once, there is an almost overwhelming sense of greenness conveyed by the luxuriance of this line. The thrush's eggs, as the lush weeds and the ensuing image of the peartree, suggest the fecundity of spring. Complexities begin to appear in the seemingly simple movement upward through the four elements when the thrush's eggs are compared to little low heavens. This serves as an anticipation to the climax of the upward movement to the divine which is culminated in the direct address to Christ in lines 11-14.

Therefore, on earth the eggs of the bird remind one of the presence of the divine in terrestrial things.

The enjambment between lines 3 and 4, the alliteration of the last word of line 3 and the first of line 4, as well as the slight hyperbaton of lines 3-5 create an effective tension throughout this section. Incidentally, the word "thrush" at the end of line 3 may function as both a noun and a verb. It is foremostly a noun and subject of the following phrases, but one also finds it difficult to ignore it as the contrived and highly picturesque verb.

The song of the thrush echoes through the lines of the poem as well as through the timber because of Hopkins' skillful use of alliteration, assonance, and the rhyming words "rinse," "wring," and "sing." The bird's song appears to have some cleansing or purgative quality to the human ear, because it rinses and wrings the ear.¹ The word "rinse" itself suggests the second element, water, and more specifically it refers to holy water, because of its purgative qualities. Hearing the pure natural sound of the thrush, man is purged of his sin, or as the sestet states, man is actually hearing a "strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning/ In Eden garden."

Fire, the third element, is suggested by the word "lightnings" in line 5. So far the movement of the poem has been from the earth up to the echoing timbers, and now it is up further to lightning somewhere between the tree tops and the heavens. The thrush's song strikes man's ear like lightning and is remarkably similar to the flashes of divine beauty which break forth from the wind-hover (line 10). In this poem, however, the bolts of fire are more than just intimations of the divine; they are the more concrete reminders of man's sweet days without sinning in the garden Eden. They *strike* man because of the great contrast—sinning now separates man from his former innocence and Mayday.

The image of the peartree in lines 6 and 7 is especially significant because it bridges the gulf between earth and heaven. The highly animated tree seems to the poet to be actually brushing the blue of the sky which appears to descend to the tree. The descrip-

tion of the peartree is extremely ambiguous. W. H. Gardner mentions that in reality the peartree has a glassy or shiny bark,² but the epithet "glassy" also suggests a certain fragile or transient quality which the entire season of spring necessarily possesses. The words "leaves" and "blooms" are clearly ambiguous in their grammatical function, since they may be both nouns and verbs. As verbs these words add the wonderful animation of the new growth of spring to the peartree, and as nouns, they reinforce the transient quality suggested by "glassy" and provide the agreeing antecedent for the "they" in line 6.

The image of the sky rushing rich with clouds incorporates the forth element, air, and completes the upward movement of the octave. The enjambment and alliteration between lines 7 and 8 provide a poetic reinforcement of the meaning of the word "rush," since one must "rush" from the end of the line to the beginning of the next in order to complete the meaning which has been momentarily suspended.

In the eighth line, the image of the racing lambs at first appears to be merely an afterthought, but the statement is very significant because of the implications of the word "lambs." Believers are often referred to as flocks of lambs while God is their shepherd. Therefore, by interpreting the lambs in line 8 as human beings, the crux of the octave comes to light—man too has his fair fling, his spring in spite of his basically sinful nature. In other words, man is not totally sinful, for he is at some point capable of innocence like the real lambs are. This important conclusion to the octave must now be kept in mind when explaining the sestet.

The simplicity and abruptness of the question that opens the sestet is similar to that of the opening declaration of the poem. After the beautiful animated inscapes and instress of spring in the octave, the poet begins anew by questioning the meaning of all the juice and joy of spring. Just what is this spring all about? The poet, not satisfied by his inconclusive observation in line 8, wants to understand the significance of spring. He, therefore, (in the second sentence of the sestet) answers his own question by saying that spring is just a strain of the innocent, sweet earth in its beginning in Eden.

It is necessary to dwell extensively upon this answer and how it relates to the poet's subsequent response and address to Christ in order to determine the meaning of this difficult poem. The word "strain" here is richly ambiguous. The musical denotation of the word, since it does refer directly to the thrush's song of the octave, should perhaps remain foremost in one's mind, but at the same time various other nuances of the word cannot be ignored. Used as a noun, but with connotations of something that has been forced through a filter (specifically that of time) so that what remains is only the purest part, the word takes on more significant meaning, because it emphasizes the greatly diminished size of what now remains—in Eden it was spring all the time and now spring is just one of four seasons. Although used as a noun, "strain" is also appropriate in its senses as a verb. The violence of the act of straining continues a use of violent words that was begun in the octave.

In somewhat of a digression and elucidation, this use of violent words needs to be discussed. Extreme pleasure over the inscapes and instress of spring was probably the dominant tone of the octave, but if one considers the strength of some of the words in this section there is an important underlying tone other than pleasure. The words "shoot," "wring," "strike," "lightnings," and "fling" without a doubt express violence. Perhaps it is sufficient to interpret these violent words as appropriate to spring, its new birth, growth, and activity, but I suggest that there is a significant underlying tone of distress and fear in the seemingly beautiful description. The significance of this tone is found in Hopkins' concept of God as both merciful and masterful. Seen in direct relation to this poem, God has been most merciful in creating such a thing as Spring and all the creatures of the earth, but He has also been masterful in allowing all this beauty and innocence to die away, and in the case of man, by allowing sin to enter into the world and presumably dominate man's nature. The poet, therefore, expresses his distress about his dual natured God overtly in the sestet and covertly through the octave.

The enjambment between lines 10 and 11 helps to convey the poet's absorption with

the answer he is giving; the answer does not fit precisely into one poetic line because his thought is not so easily confined in his state of absorption. But, as soon as the answer is complete and the words "Eden garden" are uttered, then the poet's absorption with the "earth's past prime" is arrested. After the significant pause in line 11, the loss of Eden, man's fall from eternal grace and innocence dominates the mind of the poet and motivates his almost urgent address to Christ.

The poet's transition in thought from innocent Eden to the subsequent loss of Eden and the introduction of sin, death, and sorrow into the world produces a spiritual agitation that finds expression in the plea to Christ, the earth-born maid's child and personification of God who had once himself endured the human condition. The urgency of the plea is technically expressed by the terseness and abruptness of lines 11 and 12, and most significantly by the hyperbation of the entire final sentence. These techniques, which in effect are very similar to the stream of consciousness technique, are extremely effective in reproducing the emotional or spiritual agitation which Hopkins so often experiences and expresses in his poetry. Todd K. Bender has attributed Hopkins' frequent use of hyperbation or non-logical syntax to his familiarity with the classics in which this technique is used frequently and effectively to convey the way in which the mind works in various psychological states.³

The plea to Christ to have and get all the juice and joy, the innocence of mind and "Mayday in girl and boy" before it cloys, or clouds, or sours with sinning expresses the poet's feeling of the evanescence of all these beautiful things. Hopkins wants to call Christ's attention to the existence of a season of spring in man before all cloys, is clouded, and soured with sinning. If only Christ would understand that man too can have fair his fling, then perhaps he would be more merciful and not vent his terrible wrath on man because he is totally sinful. The poet wants to make it known that man is truly worthy of Christ's mercy and winning and that in Christ's superior position that the choice is Christ's, for He alone can choose to acknowledge man as worthy or not.

Hopkins' poem "In the Valley of the El-

wy" presents a similar address to God in the sestet. Here Hopkins begs, though somewhat less urgently, for Divine intervention—he wants God the "lover of souls," "being mighty a master, being a father and fond," to "complete thy [man, who does not correspond favorably to nature] creature dear O where it fails." The sestet of this poem in contrast with the sonnet "Spring" presents God as really being beneficent as both a mighty master and fond father, while "Spring" tends to present Christ or God as somewhat more omnipotent than merciful.

"Spring and Fall" also provides an instance of a similar, though a more profoundly distressed and pessimistic view, of man's human condition. The spring of Margaret and her inevitable fall are clearly apparent in this poem and may perhaps help to reinforce and elucidate the implied spring and fall of man in "Spring."

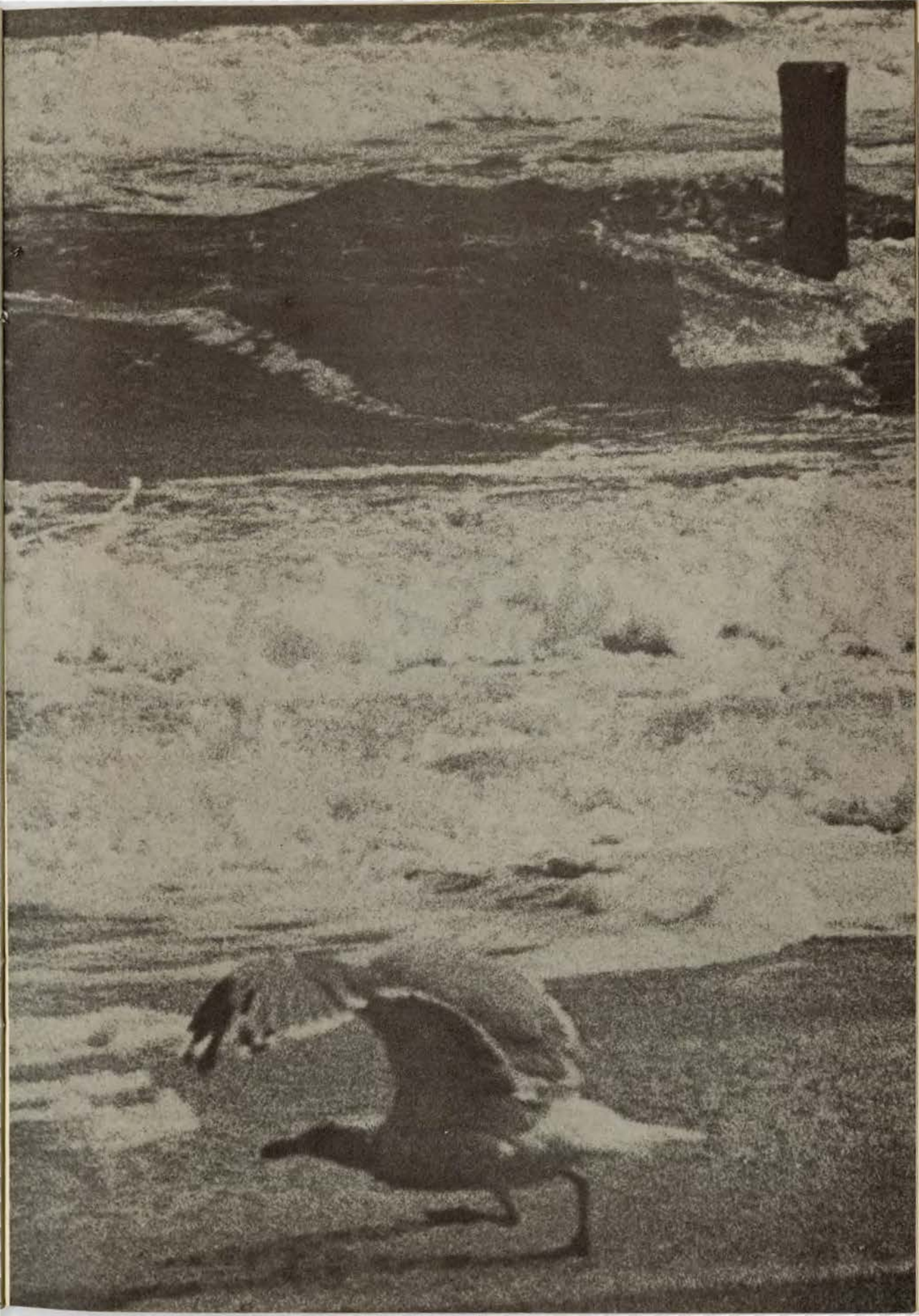
One may find close affinities in both of these poems with Wordsworth's "Immortality Ode" in that a similar progress from man's spiritual purity to a loss of this is seen. By perhaps stretching things slightly, one might see that in "Spring" the child is also the father of the man, because he is still in that receptive, spontaneous, and untainted relation to nature that Wordsworth so beautifully expresses in the ode. As the child matures a vague and then later more pronounced sense of loss gnaws at man—the Youth who was Nature's Priest has now changed into thinking (sinful) Man who has lost that original intimacy with nature and, by implication, with God. A comparison of these two poems could fill another paper, so I simply point out the resemblances as they seem to pertain to an understanding of "Spring."

FOOTNOTES

1. W. H. Gardner, *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (London, 1944), p. 239.
2. Gardner, p. 238.
3. Todd K. Bender, *Gerard Manley Hopkins* (Baltimore, 1966), pp. 97-123.

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 Gardner, W. H. *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, Vol. II. London. Martin Seckes and Warburg, 1949.



Winter

Soot-white snow on mottled inches
 of universe;
 Budding branches of life seen dimly
 through the chill of mortality.
 Monuments of ice to the living dead,
 With frosted unreal beauty etched in despair.

Sharon Stumpf

a sense of the passage of time
 leaves perspective
 reaching into the past
 into the hearts and minds of
 men before
 before we were but as we are
 bringing timelessness into focus
 as we see what has been seen
 before
 for the first time reacting predictably
 to stimuli
 which may not stimulate

Richard Heymann

a complicated, inward turning
 love
 looks out and sees the water
 lapping at the horizon, poking at the clouds
 a careful reach to touch the
 distant line
 takes me out

Richard Heymann

Kant, Rousseau, and Goethe's *Faust*: Their Influence on German Philosophical Romanticism

Stuart Petock

I

This paper will trace the development of certain ideas from Rousseau and Kant to Goethe and through the German Romantic Philosophers, especially Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. I will begin with a brief statement about Romanticism, in which I will list what I think are some of its principal causes. Then I will draw some ideas from *Faust*, in every case showing that its roots go back to Kant or Rousseau, or both, and that these roots were taken up and developed by the German Romantics. My hope is that the paper will illustrate the Hegelian principle of an historical development of ideas, where substantially the same thought appears successively in varied forms, asserted by different people. Of course, one might argue that no one idea can appear in varied forms, that only different, but qualitatively similar ideas can appear. But if that were so, the history of philosophy would be impossible.

II

Romanticism issued from certain eighteenth century trends. On the political side the French Revolution failed. What promised to be the redemption of man, the initiation of a government of the people in place of a government of a few, turned into a militaristic empire that was grounded not in the

rights of men, but in force. What promised to bring to France liberty and equality brought instead an expansive imperialism. For the rest of Europe, a civilization crumbled; Rome was sacked again. The people were disillusioned. And in their disillusionment they turned away from their present situation toward the more palatable situations of the past. They turned especially to the middle ages and the East, both in the expansion of the limits of material for literature and the arts, and in the coming-to-be of a philosophy of history on the coat tails of a now important historical inquiry into the past. On the intellectual side there was a revolt against what was regarded as the excessive rationalism of the Newtonians, who had been busily applying scientific method in carrying out what Whitehead called "a clearing away program." The intellectual revolt called for the elevation of feeling to the role of indispensable guide to reason. Newton's God, the mechanic, was dethroned, and with Him fell mechanism and all of its implications of moral determinism. Man was no longer the determined, undetermining, adventitious speck, whose meaningless labors were relegated to the periphery of the cosmos. After Kant, man was free. After Kant, man determined. After Fichte, man was the center. Such was the context of Romanticism.

III

Faust is a mountain from whose peak one sees ages. On one side is the classical formism, where the world is neatly explained according to unvarying laws, where science farms for the head and the poet is the heart's harvester. God is Rousseau's legislator. He determines dispassionately what Nature will do, because, not being a part, He has no vested interests. Turn around to Romanticism's side and you see something quite different. God and the world are not two. The poet is in a better position than the scientist to understand the workings of the universe. We will now be cartographers.

The prologue in heaven of *Faust* prepares the reader for what comes. God tells us that wherever there is human striving there will be erring, so not to look to His creations for utter perfection. Here Goethe rejects the legerdemain that is traditionally applied to the problem of evil. Not only is humanity set up to conduce to trouble, but the Lord wants it that way. For otherwise God would not be so favorably disposed to receive the devil, who, along with human foible, provides the Lord with uncreation; the devil and human foible together function to provide moral gaps that He can fill with His newly created Goods.

The idea of God creating something to work against is a Romantic idea which was picked up by the early Romantic, Fichte, according to whom the individual carves out the world for the opportunity to carry out his moral duty. Fichte says that the self chooses to posit the world as something against which to work, for otherwise there could be no self, the self actually consisting in moral function. (Mead, 94)

Being consists in doing, for Fichte, and for Goethe the Lord's work is creating. Goethe, unlike the Newtonian Deists, did not think much of a God retired. His God set the world up so that He would never be out of work. The precise relationship in which man stood to God is not clear in Goethe, but Fichte makes a point of relating God and man so that it makes no sense to talk about one without including the other. Thus, when Goethe has God at work and when Fichte has man at work, Fichte also has God at work, for Fichte's God is the whole of which

individual human spirits are the parts. As we shall see, these ideas get developed by later Romantics, most notably, Schelling and Hegel.

Faust spent his life as a scholar, eschewing the sensual in favor of the spiritual. Now, at middle age, he laments having forsaken pleasures. He is totally disillusioned with the value of book learning; he says that his life has come to nothing and that he is now thoroughly bored with the whole business. In the hopes of getting something better, he turns to magic. (355 sqq.)

In turning to magic Faust exhibits one of the most common Romantic characteristics, namely a turning away from the present out of discontent. Of course, that the setting of the drama is medieval and not eighteenth century is in itself enough to display this character. One of the most important consequences of this aspect of Romanticism, from the point of view of the arts, is the extension of the borders from what was then the there-and-now to the Orient and to other parts of Europe during another time. That Faust turned to magic is interesting from another point of view. Fichte said that the sort of world in which one lived varied according to the state of moral development of the individual, because the world is only the place to do one's moral deeds. Now, Faust is little concerned with morality here, at least insofar as the term might have meant anything to Fichte. But at this point in the play, Goethe has not placed these moral limitations on the identity of being and doing, so one might reasonably abstract as a Goethean maxim that the most efficacious doing yields the highest being. Now, the failure of scholarship to satisfy Faust indicates that Faust was at a low state of doing, for Faust then regarded bookishness as not a significant doing. That he was contemplating suicide indicates that he was at a low state of being. If Faust is successful with his magic, he will have attained to more effective doing; he will have the means to do more, and he expects that, as the result, he will be more. In any case, the magic works, though not very well. But when Faust gets even more reliable magic put at his disposal, in the form of Mephisto, he does go on to do as much as he can.

IV

It is interesting to compare what Faust does with the help of the Devil with what some philosophers would say he should have done. Faust's plan is to make up for lost time. Forsaking his books, he enters into a contract with the Devil, whose terms are such that, should Faust ever be sufficiently satisfied with living that he would bid the moment, "Stay," then the Devil, having facilitated an exceptionally effective, sensual life in acting as Faust's servant, will have earned Faust's soul. Initially, Faust sets out to gain experience of any sort, so long as it is sensual. His is a completely unreasoning and aimless striving for satisfaction. This is an especially good point for comparison, because here Goethe represents two divergent ideas, one of them Kantian and anti-Romantic, and the other Romantic.

Goethe saw two kinds of striving, one the Faustian kind, "the romantic, unconditional, and hence destructive kind. . . and his own classical, self-disciplined devotion to his work," (Kaufmann, 53) for which *Faust* stands as example. Here, there is an opposition between the work of art and the concept which it embodies. One might argue that Faust finally catches on — that he comes to see that his own good and satisfaction are identified in purposive, social, good works, but that is a different matter. What I want to bring out here is that the anti-intellectualism of this part of the drama characterizes the later Romantics, people like Schelling, F. Schlegel, and Schleiermacher, while the more closely reasoned activity characterizes Fichte, Kant and the Newtonians.

Kant very much opposed the sort of ruthlessness common to Faust's striving. In the second formulation of his categorical imperative, Kant enjoined against treating people as means only, for such treatment was contrary to the inner dignity that all people have in virtue of their being individuals, and therefore being ends in themselves. For Kant the highest moral principle demands that one act from duty, not from inclination. And acting must always be cognizant of the moral law. To make his morality binding Kant wanted it independent of social results, which are never completely known. He wanted morality to be a matter of the

good will only, sufficiently determinable through a test of its logical consistency. In the first formulation of the categorical imperative, Kant said that no one should perform a contemplated act unless that act were susceptible of being universalized without contradiction; that is, no one ought to do something unless he is willing to have everyone else do it also. (Groundwork 88) For Kant, what determines the propriety of an act is human reason, led by a rational principle.

The idea of proceeding according to a rational principle goes back even to Kant's older contemporary, Rousseau, who, in pre-revolutionary France, said that the social framework within which one lives one's life ought to be constructed rationally. Rousseau's maxim was not unlike Kant's with respect to universalizing. Kant's maxim was a generalization of Rousseau's paradigm, the right of property, which insists that one would have for himself only what he would allow for everyone. Thus, the classical, rational striving that the work embodies goes back to these two philosophers with whom Goethe was roughly contemporary and, in the case of the latter's work, familiar.

Fichte objected to Kant's rationality because it prohibited taking up an activity with any zeal. If, as Fichte pointed out, it was necessary to consider whether one would be acting out of inclination or duty, the time and effort spent before each act would prohibit one from getting much done. Moreover, if the act were to be known to be truly moral, then one must hate everyone who might benefit from it. For otherwise, for all one could know, the act might be done out of inclination, in which case it would only be amoral, not truly moral; Kant and Fichte both think only truly moral acts can have real significance. Fichte advocated that one identify himself with his moral act sufficiently so that it becomes his inclination. This had the force of bringing duty and inclination together.* Unfortunately for Fichte's system, he went too far in making morality the most important part of the individual's

*Kant, as we will see, accomplished the same thing by making postulates of God, Freedom, and Immortality.

life. His successors reacted against his stern moralizing by subordinating ethics to other emphases in philosophy.

V

One of the most dramatic differences between the Romantics and their predecessors lies in the area of the regard paid to the self. For the Newtonians the world proceeded according to fixed laws established by a God set apart from his creation. Man was something of an accident; so far as the universe is concerned he might just as well never have been. With Rousseau there comes a change of emphasis. France, whose culture strongly influenced Rousseau's development, was a society in which the people were subjugated by a monarchy that had outlived its usefulness. Corrupt and corrupting institutions were perpetuated. The people were poor and misery was everywhere except among the upper class: they were doing quite well. This was the problem to which Rousseau addressed himself. "Man was born free," he said, "but is everywhere in bondage." (*Social Contract*, p 2) "Man" is the subject of the sentence, and of the philosophy. It was *man's* difficulties and not the difficulties of abstract ideas that concerned Rousseau. He was not interested in man's place in the universe, but man's place with men.

Kant was not less concerned with men, but more with the universe. Kant was, after all, a professor of physics before he turned to philosophy professionally, and he was something of a Newtonian. Kant asked the question, "What is man's relation to the universe?" and only after that question had at least a provisional answer did he move on to the question, "What is man's relation to man?" Kant, moreover, derived the answer to the second question, in part, from the answer to the first. According to Kant, the empirical universe was not the universe of things in themselves (things as they are, apart from the conditions under which they can be known). The universe, rather, consisted of phenomena whose very character was given by the people who could know them. All we can know, according to Kant, are ordered appearances; of things in themselves, we can know nothing.

This bifurcation of the world into phenomena and noumena is the very germ of

the speculative philosophies that follow. In this one respect we get away, somewhat, from Goethe, because Goethe was not interested in speculative philosophy, although history has it that he was the admirer of the Kant of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. But how much of the abstruse metaphysics he understood is certainly open to conjecture, and it is manifest that *Faust* embodies no abstract, systematic philosophy.

God, Freedom, and Immortality are the three metaphysical concepts posited by Kant's moral philosophy. Freedom does not mean lawlessness. Freedom, for Kant, consists in acting in accordance with the laws that are self-prescribed, very much as it is for Rousseau. The free citizen of the *Social Contract* was not free to do anything he pleased. Rather, he was free to obey the laws that he made himself. A man is acting freely and morally, according to Kant, when he is governed not by something outside of the self, but by law that emanates from the self so long as the will is good. For a good will always does only what can be universalized according to the categorical imperative, and that is the basis of moral law.

Kant knows that he can only postulate freedom, that he cannot prove it. And he knows that he can only postulate it for people considered as things in themselves, and never for people as we know ourselves and as we know others. For on the side of appearances every event is caused — none is free, so if there is freedom it can only be for noumena. But noumena are not knowable. Kant cannot, therefore, hope to prove that freedom exists for people, considered as things in themselves. But if one cannot prove that freedom so exists, neither can one prove that it does not exist. Kant concludes that where neither side can be proved, the side that carries a practical advantage with it carries the argument. The side asserting freedom has the advantage, since it is only by presupposing that man is free to do other than he does that it makes sense to say that he ought to have done otherwise. Since morality is impossible without freedom, Kant believes that the advantages that come with believing in freedom enough outweigh the advantages of not believing in it to justify his postulating freedom.

(*Critique of Pure Reason*, "Transcendental Dialectic", pp 297-549)

Immortality is another postulate arising from the bifurcation of the world into the knowable and the unknowable. The moral act, for Kant, is always done from duty. Duty, you will remember, is universal, because the maxim according to which one determines his duty requires that the act be universalized without contradiction. The maxim also requires that the act not be done out of inclination, for then it might merely conform accidentally to duty — it would not actually grow out of a commitment to duty — and it would not be genuinely moral. But inclinations are always particular. Now, Kant needs to find a way in which to bring together the universal duty and the particular inclination, the latter of which being what man's happiness involves. As Mead puts it, "Where do parallel lines meet?" In infinity. And that is where duty and happiness get together, in immortality.

God is the third postulate. Again, Kant does not claim to be able to prove that God exists, any more than he can prove that either of the other postulates, freedom and immortality, exist. Vaihinger thinks that there is some question of whether Kant even believed in these postulates himself. But unless these things are posited, there is no way Kant can justify his dicta that insist upon acting from duty.

An advantage that accrues to Kant's postulates through his bifurcation is that because God, freedom, and immortality are unknowable, they are not subject to the sort of skepticism for which the eighteenth century is famous. Skepticism has to do with what someone claims is knowable; one cannot be skeptical about what *no one* claims is knowable, and Kant did not claim to know that these things were even possible; he claimed merely that they could be postulated without contradiction.

It is difficult to make precise statements on what Goethe thought about God, freedom and immortality, because he was not a systematic philosopher like Kant, who neatly (sometimes) stated his views under convenient rubrics. Still, something may be said.

Goethe opposed organized religion for two reasons. First, he shared Kant's recognition

of the limits of human reason, and he apparently felt that theology entailed transcending them. (Cassirer 79f) Secondly, he seemed to have a personal dislike for the clergy, whom he described as corrupt and insincere. Consider the lines spoken about the priest, as Mephisto explains to Faust what happened when Margarete's suspecting mother showed the cleric the jewels. "He saw the gems and was no dunce;/ He drooled and then said: 'Without question,/ Your instinct is quite genuine/ Whoever overcomes himself will win.'" (2834-6) In another place Goethe indicates that he regards knowledge of God to be an intuitive affair, over which no authority can prescribe. Faust says, in response to Margarete's questioning of his belief in God, that God is a matter of feeling, irrespective of what revealed religion has to say. (3431)

God, for the Romantics, is not separated from the self, and God in action is the self in action. The lines beginning at 713 say that Faust has the powers of the gods (not God) because he has no fear of death. Goethe adumbrates the Romantics where he has Faust prove his fearlessness in action, where Faust will know his potential by performing the act, by committing suicide. But it is unlike the Romantics for there to be no development of the self through the act. Still, Faust does refrain from *that* act; he overcomes the temptation of suicide and goes on to do other things.

Freedom and immortality, for Goethe, are bound up in this life; he had contempt for other-worldliness. For Goethe, salvation followed necessarily a life of purposive labor. "Whoever strives with all his power,/ We are allowed to save." (Kaufmann, 64-7) Like Plato, Goethe probably used physical salvation to stand mythically for the ideal immortality, as Santayana calls it, a survival of life that takes the form of the changes and ideas one brought to this world.

Here again one sees that the romantic conception of the identity of the individual and a process is one to which Goethe is friendly. What is questionable is whether Goethe would agree with the Romantics who would insist that the process be of development, or whether he would agree more with Schopenhauer, who believed that the striv-

ing is really all that matters. I, for one, cannot rid myself of the feeling that Faust had, in fact, developed by the time of his death. It is true that Faust was more interested in his work than in the people he believed it was for. But who has proved that all development must be directed toward philanthropy? For my part, it is enough to channel one's drives into the creation of something expressive of oneself, and, if possible, of use for others; otherwise art and philosophy stand in need of justification.

Goethe apparently shared Kant's notion that it is only because man is free to determine his own course of action that he is able to enter into contracts, i.e., to accept responsibility. I take this to be implicit in Mephisto's requiring Faust to sign a contract, which Mephisto keeps to show Faust at the end, should Faust try to renege. Also, at line 1413, Goethe points out that Mephisto can enter a contract only because he too comes under law. Otherwise, the compact would be what Rousseau called an iniquitous bargain, where only one of the parties stood to be bound by the pact.

Goethe prefigures Fichte in the last act of the play. Here, it is only upon confrontation with Care that Faust takes on any real semblance of development, perhaps because Goethe felt that a man is blind until Care gives him sight. Certainly Faust was blind to many things before Care blew away his sight. In fact, Faust hardly even saw what was most important until his eyes became useless. If at the end Faust did develop, if he did mature, then it was only when he came to see that moral value is the ground of happiness and that moral value consists in a purposiveness of activity relating to other people, a purposiveness existing only because a moral agent put it there.

VII

Fichte approved of much of what Kant said, but he rejected much of it, too. The result of Fichte's unorthodoxy was the first of several wayward post-Kantian systems, which, because they did away with some of the most fundamental of Kant's ideas, and because they were what Kant would have called "uncritical" (so much of them being based on feeling rather than carefully disciplined reason), Kant would have regarded

as utter perversions of the kind of philosophy he was trying to develop. In fact, it is something of an irony that the *Critique of Pure Reason*, the work which was to have marked the end of speculative metaphysics because such thinking transcends the exactly specified limits of human reason, should be the very work that stimulated the most fecund period of speculative systems that the history of philosophy has ever seen.

The first Kantian ideal shelved by Fichte was that God and the empirical universe should be separate. After all, Fichte was no Newtonian. For Fichte and the later Romantics, God differentiates Himself into many parts, among which we, as individuals, are counted. The difference between the whole and the sum of the parts is that only the former knows about the structure as a piece. As for things in themselves, they are as nothing to us. The world of our creation is the world of nature; it is the world of sanity. If God were outside of the countless individuals who make up the universe, then, as Schiller puts it, He would be friendless, He would want. In searching for the real essence of God, and of the thing in itself, we ought not to look either to the laws of nature, or to a world beyond. We have God in our spiritual life. "We know of him just so much as we *are*. And we are of him just so much as we are morally worthy to be." (Royce 141)

Each Fichtean individual sees the world differently, since the world is only what the individual *chooses to recognize* as the field for executing his moral duty. (Royce 156) Fichte has eliminated the thing in itself and raised the individual to the level of God and Creator. Here we have what Mead thinks makes this kind of Idealism Romantic, namely the "self process, the realization of the self through the not self, and the construction of the latter by the former." (Mead 139) For Fichte the essence of the individual character lay in moral activity, and the more highly developed the individual's morality, the more highly developed the world he creates for the sake of his moral development. Man is now the center of things; he is no longer the Newtonian accident on the periphery of the cosmos.

Fichte roots the world in human self-

consciousness, of which morality is the essence. Later Romantics eliminate the moral center in favor of a fickle sort of genius, the result being some fanciful, dreamy, and generally unacceptable systems. F. Schlegel said, "Best do they comprehend truth who have experienced the most moods." He said that true wisdom is gained through the heart, and the heart, being strong, changes often. There is a kind of Fichteanism here, but, deprived of its morality, the stabilizing elements are gone and the doctrines lose their coherence. It reminds one of the more destructive, Romantic kind of Faustian striving. Schlegel says to experience the most moods and Faust just wants to experience.

Schleiermacher disagrees with Fichte about the capability of man to know the whole, or as it is now called, the absolute, however accurate Fichte may be in his denial that it is knowable by human intelligence. Human intelligence, because of its habit of taking things apart, can never grasp true knowledge of the absolute; one gets that only through religious intuition. (Thilly and Wood 474) Here, we have reached the height of Romantic unreason. The self does not proceed along rational lines, but, like the God it is, it can grasp everything, immediately and at once.

Schelling was not content with Fichte's system. For one thing, Fichte failed to account for the non-moral aspects of the empirical world, things such as the planets and stars, which are of no use in the execution of one's moral duty. (Royce 167) For another, Fichte's system says nothing about how we come to know the world. (Mead 124) Schelling's way of emending Fichte was to take the world as a colossal work of art. He said that the artist discovers himself in the world. The world is his material, and it is in his material that he discovers his ideas.

VIII

For Goethe, the world was the place where Faust came to find himself; that is, if he ever really did find himself. Fichte would doubtless say that he had, for Faust did finally come to identify himself with his task at hand. The last task was related to society, other individuals, although the task itself was plainly more important than the

people for whom it was being done. Still, Fichte would no doubt accept the work as moral, for Fichte said, in opposition to Kant's more austere criteria for morality, that one ought to identify oneself with the task to the extent that it becomes inclination. Perhaps Faust went a bit far in this identity, but so do most charitable people. And if we disallow Faust's last act, then there can be no such thing as altruism; people are not Kantian.

Whether Faust comes to find himself is not so plain in terms of Schelling because the issues in *Faust* are, especially in regard to finding oneself, principally moral, and Schelling, as we shall see, is little concerned with morality. It is unlikely that Schelling would think that much of Faust's activity was artistic, and consequently he would probably not attribute much of his own naturalism to Faust on account of Faust's endeavors.

Schelling believed that the artist is the one to know nature because it is he who gives it form and balance, who selects what will be perceived. The unity the artist describes in nature is really the unity of himself. "What he has hold of is his own experience, the expression of himself." Knowledge is the intuition of the identity of the process whereby the self becomes identified with its object. (Mead 27) For Fichte nature "was the process of the self coming to consciousness of itself. . . . For Fichte's moral [Schelling] substitutes the analogy of the process of the artist." (Mead 123-6) The Delphic dictum, "Know Thyself," certainly works here.

Romanticism generally fosters a theory of evolution such that there is a single living process in which the one being is always appearing in different, more evolved forms. (Mead 127) In Schelling this is manifest by the "law of triplicity," according to which the same living process presents itself in different forms, in which "action is followed by reaction; from the opposition a harmony or synthesis results, which again is dissolved in the never-ending movement of time. There can be neither dead, strict substance nor complete flux in nature," according to Schelling. (Thilly and Wood 468-9) For the moment we will note that Schelling's process adumbrates Hegel's dialectic. As Mead points

out, it is not enough merely to assert the identity of this process and its expression of the self and its object; the detail of the process whereby this comes to be must be worked out, as it was by Darwin, whose scheme discovers the process whereby a species is a more evolved form of an earlier species, the object evolving being the same throughout the process. (Mead 127-8)

Before going on to Hegel, it will be useful to look back to Kant for another concept, which survives in a somewhat perverted form. Kant said that when the mind tries to transcend its limits of reason, it meets with certain contradictions which he called "antinomies," clear indications that the mind was going too far. But the post-Kantians wrote a variation on his doctrine. They said that as the absolute spirit, i.e., the infinite spirit of which we individual spirits are parts, develops, it necessarily encounters the antinomies, and it is in overcoming them that this absolute spirit develops. Royce works the metaphor that the antinomies are not the curtains but the pictures; in encountering them we are not informed that we have gone too far, but that we are on the way. (Royce 143) This alteration of Kant is exceedingly important in Hegel, because in his system the absolute develops by taking up contradictions. Hegel will improve on Schelling, whom he criticized for not providing an account of the process through which the self comes to know its identity with nature, by showing ". . . in the process of knowledge itself, the identity which is known to exist between the subject and its object, between the form and the world in which it has to live." (Mead 128)

For Hegel, one never knows one's present self — only a previous self. All knowledge is knowledge of the experience of the self, and it is reflective. All feeling, all character, all thought, all life, exists for us only insofar as it can be recollected and viewed from without, seen at a distance, acknowledged by another than itself, reworded in terms of fresh experience. Stand still where you are, stand alone, isolate life, and forthwith you are nothing. Enter into relations, exist for the reflective thought of yourself and be observed, exist and at the same time look upon yourself and be looked upon from with-

out, and then indeed you are somebody — a self with a consistency and a vitality, a being with genuine life. (Royce 204ff)

"'All consciousness is an appeal to other consciousness.'" Our spiritual being is nothing but the total of its relations with other spiritual beings. Our inner selves depend upon outer selves. Even the self-that-knows is different from the self-that-did. The inner self is only known as an outer self. (Royce 208)

We see here that within Hegel's system there is an identity between the self and the process of coming to know; the self exists only insofar as it actively engages in the process. The question now is, what is it that the self comes to know? As with the other Romantics, it is the thing in itself that one knows.

Like Fichte and Schelling, Hegel thinks that the thing in itself, the absolute, whole of things, or God, is the total of spirit, of which individuals are parts to be used by the absolute as it develops along the lines of Hegel's dialectic, which calls for the resolution of contradictions into a synthesized unit. The world is an expression of God, who is constantly engaging in one struggle after another in order to overcome. It is in overcoming that He develops. The Absolute is most decidedly a man of war. "Consciousness is a paradoxical, restless struggle. Weak souls get weary of the fight and give up trying to get wisdom, skill, virtue, because all these are won only in the presence of the enemy. But the Absolute Self is simply the Absolutely strong spirit who bears the contradictions of life, and wins the eternal victory." (Royce 214)

Since Hegel's process is a logical one, while the processes of the other Romantics are not, it is reasonable that unlike the others, Hegel would try to prove that the Absolute exists. Such, according to Royce, was the intent of the *Phenomenology of Spirit*. Hegel says that as one proceeds according to the method, the dialectic, on a step by step enlargement of the self (taking up contradictions, the enlargement of the self automatically following from the resulting syntheses), then one cannot stop short of recognition of the Absolute. Interestingly enough with respect to Darwin and evolu-

tion is that "... the real understanding of this process only comes, according to Hegel, when you observe that in trying thus to enlarge yourself for the very purpose of self-comprehension, you repeat ideally the evolution of human civilization in your own person." (Royce 215) Apparently Hegel thought of a single civilization enduring many changes, just as Darwin thought of a single species appearing in ever more highly evolved forms. This is not unusual for the time, for all of the Romantics had a single, absolute self enduring through its various, more evolved appearances. It is for this reason that Romanticism provided the background for the empirically supported theories of a biological evolution.

IX

I have tried to trace certain ideas that I think are especially important in Romanticism from their origins in Kant and Rousseau, through Goethe and the Romantics, to Hegel. The plan of the paper was to demonstrate that a single idea can be conceived by a political father and an intellectual mother, to be nurtured by minds in contexts different from those of its parents, and finally to mature, after many tests, into an adult showing characteristics of inheritance and environment. The idea I most emphasized had to do with the relation of the self and the process of its development in coming to know both itself and the world of which it is a part. I began by sketching the situation of the world in which the predecessors of Romanticism lived, those predecessors being Kant, Rousseau, and Goethe, and I hope I

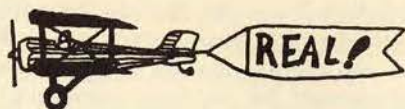
showed not only *that*, but *how*, the ideas of Romanticism derived from them. Then I examined the ideas as their thinkers initially expressed them, compared them with each other, showed how they related to *Faust*, and finally followed their development through German Philosophical Romanticism. I hope, too, that I have shown that the idea of evolution did fall out of Romanticism as a consequence of the state of intellection engendered by these ideas in process; that an idea can be, if you will, the grandchild of earlier forms of related ideas.

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UNCLE VAGUE

at the
SEA SHORE



HEY LOOK! SOME GUY'S
WALKING ON THE WATER!

LOOK AT HIM!

WHO IS IT?

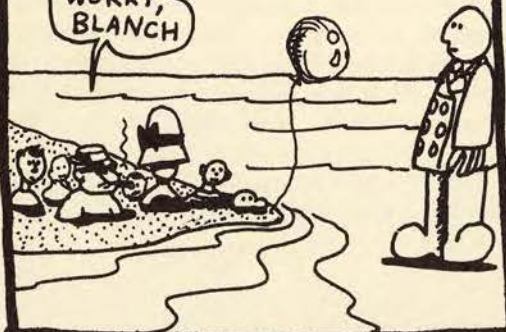
HOW CAN HE DO IT?



HE MUST BE A PROPHET!!
HOW DOES HE DO IT?
I WONDER HOW HE DOES IT?



DON'T
WORRY,
BLANCH

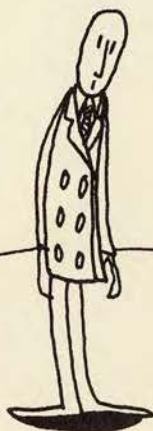
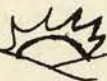
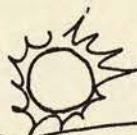
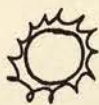


I
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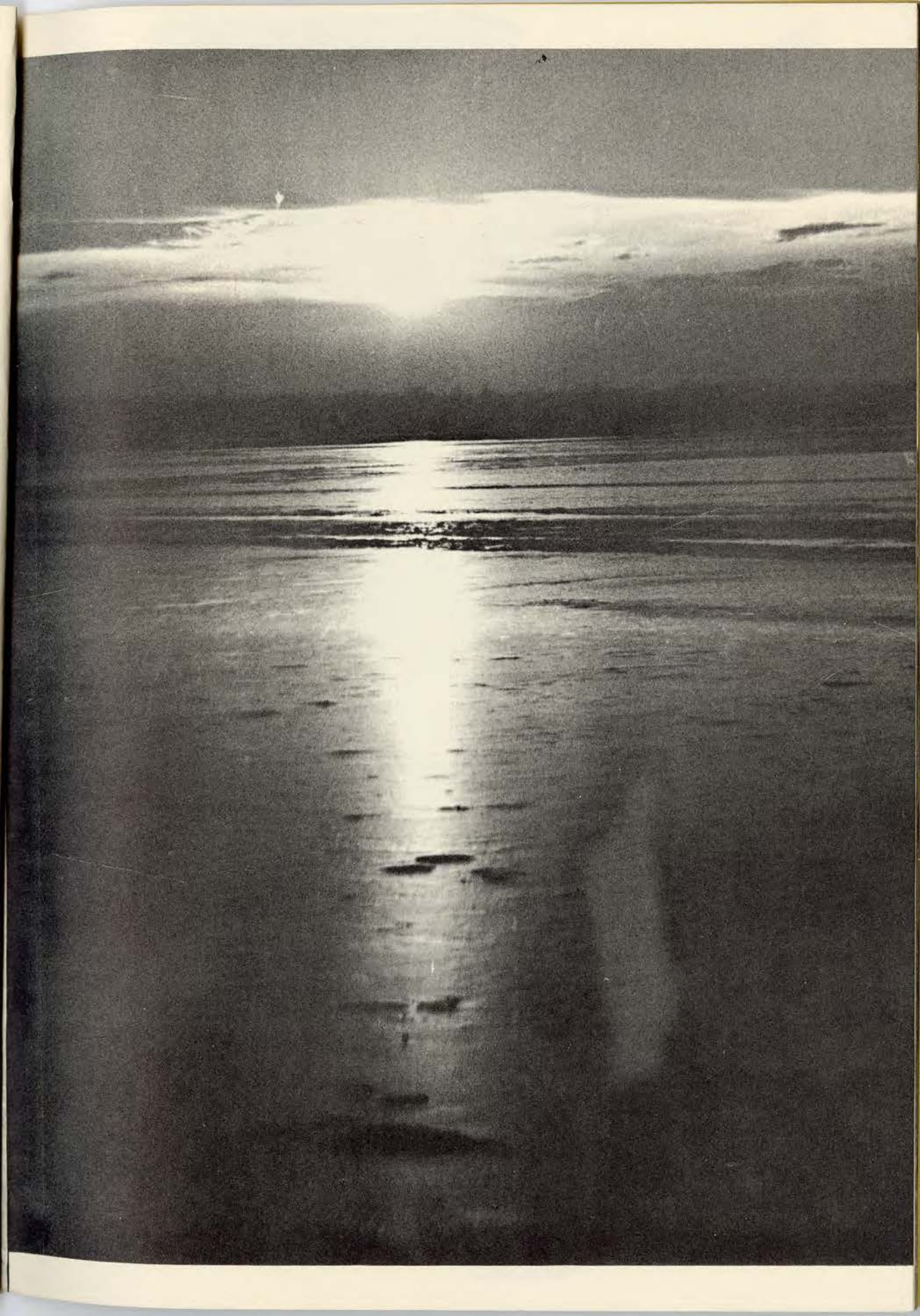
WATCHING THE
SUNSET

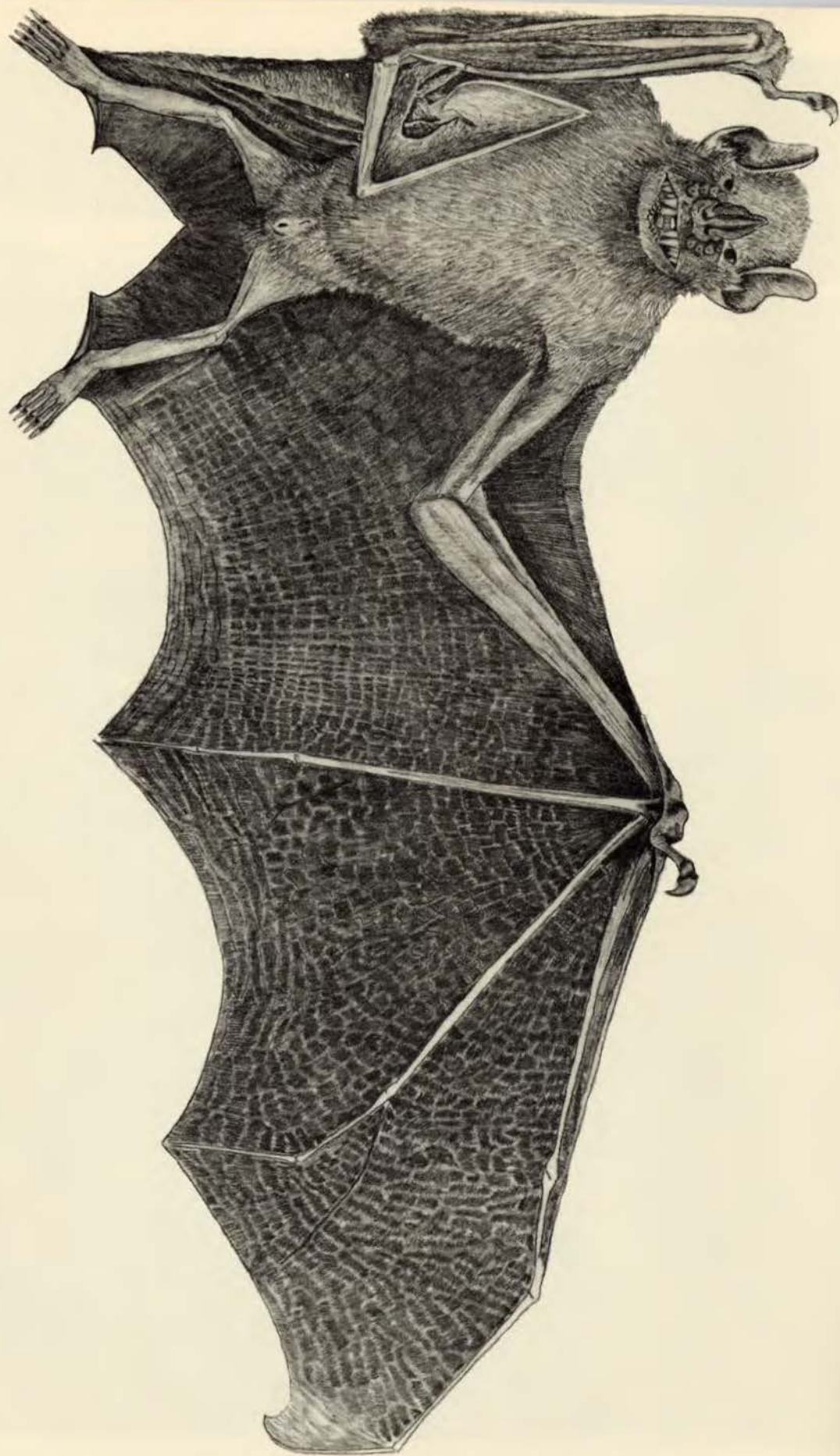


Fire in Midnight River

Stars are hard cold glass
Thrown glinting skyward.
I drift through the field
Led by your trailing arm
Through the cool-green grass
Slapping us in baptism
Of midnight dew and vapor
While the river current
Chants softly with voices of
A hundred perished spirits
Of the seas
Reclaimed aquatic monks —
"Come to the Midnight River"
Through the field where clumps
Of grass rise in dark revelry,
Green hydra, tentacles waving.
You lead me trailing
To the water mark
Among the driftwood piles
Like life's so many experiences
Strewn or stacked in sand.
We walked amidst the pyres
Of twisted dreams and failures
Wandering and wondering
How many searched before
Under the nickel moon
Along the shores of Midnight River.
You turned and pointed
Above the chants
To the fire in Midnight River
Blazing sticks of gnarled time
Floating incandescent glory
And I found our thoughts
Melt, drip, fuse, becoming
Lights rippling on frothy current
Flowing to and from
The glowing of the fire
In Midnight River.

I reached for a flaming twig
To search your face
But turning found you
Gone.





Immortalysis

Breath punctuates
the periodic sentence of Life —
whispered waste pressed
whirling from the wooden chest:
offerings from the humbled host of Death.
Eyes less human
sense the dark within
the light — but once.
Fingers spell a slight caress
upon the final trembling of the chest,
bespeaking times less subtle now
that Time unfurls the shroud.
In nakedness the flesh awaits
eternally
its only lasting mate.

Ahriman, the beast of Darkness,
breathless mounts the sighing corpse,
enclosing in his calm embrace
all that never was.

Dead eyes reflect the staring Ahriman —
Reflect his pregnant eye of Fire.

Bob Cooke

*Acceptance of the Frail Child
Anno Domini*

Should I hold in onyx eyes
yesterday's Vestal child chanting
calypso orchids in her willowy hair
smearing cindersmiles with tears for a copper
to sweep doyen Lord Chrono's century chimnies
caulked with sky falling Dresden,
or her temporal tincup memory
beneath a penny star—
the game of trying to remember reasons,
why all, the lonely fear
why all fear the lonely
mason's urning spikers spurning
I would ask, "Is your taper still burning?"

...

Doxy Lady Caitiff and your cajun son,
Stoning has become, has become.

Jim Dissette

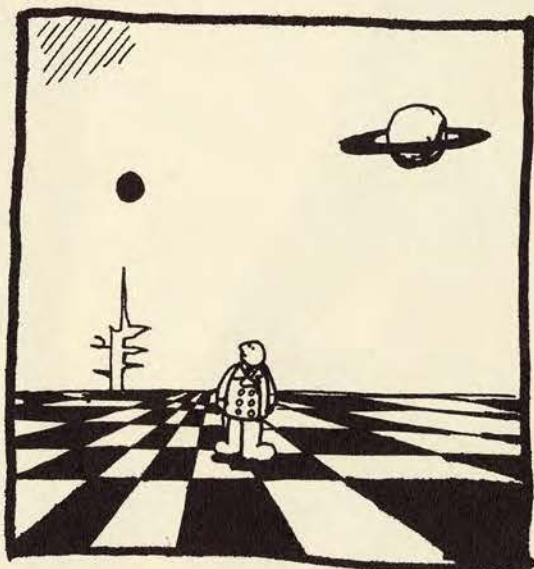
Beth

From my splintered window,
I watched her leave
through tunnels of thoughts
of a childhood garden,
from the forgotten lace and frocks
ragged and pasted with petal tears
ragged and wasted patterned years,
Beth sped with fiery autumn orchids —
Her bequeaths were summer wreaths
pyred on gypsy graves.

*Sybil, hold your purest taper
with your antique smile
though I can and could not see
beyond a splintered window mile.*

James Dissette





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Contributors to the magazine:

Seniors—*Hal Jopp*, a transfer student from Catholic University; *Judy Steele*, an English major; *Daniel Saunders*, who was a Mother but now he's a father; and *Michael Tucker*, a psychology major with a good head on his mind.

Juniors—*Gil Bradford*, a Colombian immigrant; *Brigham Cushman*, a shrewd man from the dining hall; *Dick Heymann*, editor of the college newspaper and a prolific poet; *Brian Manson*, who makes and sells groovy beads; *Sharon Stumpf*, a folk singer who has appeared at the Moss Box and the Saint Mary's Cemetery; and *Louise Walker*, the wife of Mr. Walker.

Sophomores—*Peter Herbst*, a hairy Thespian; and *Ed "Herc" Worteck*, who will be the editor of *Miscellany* next year.

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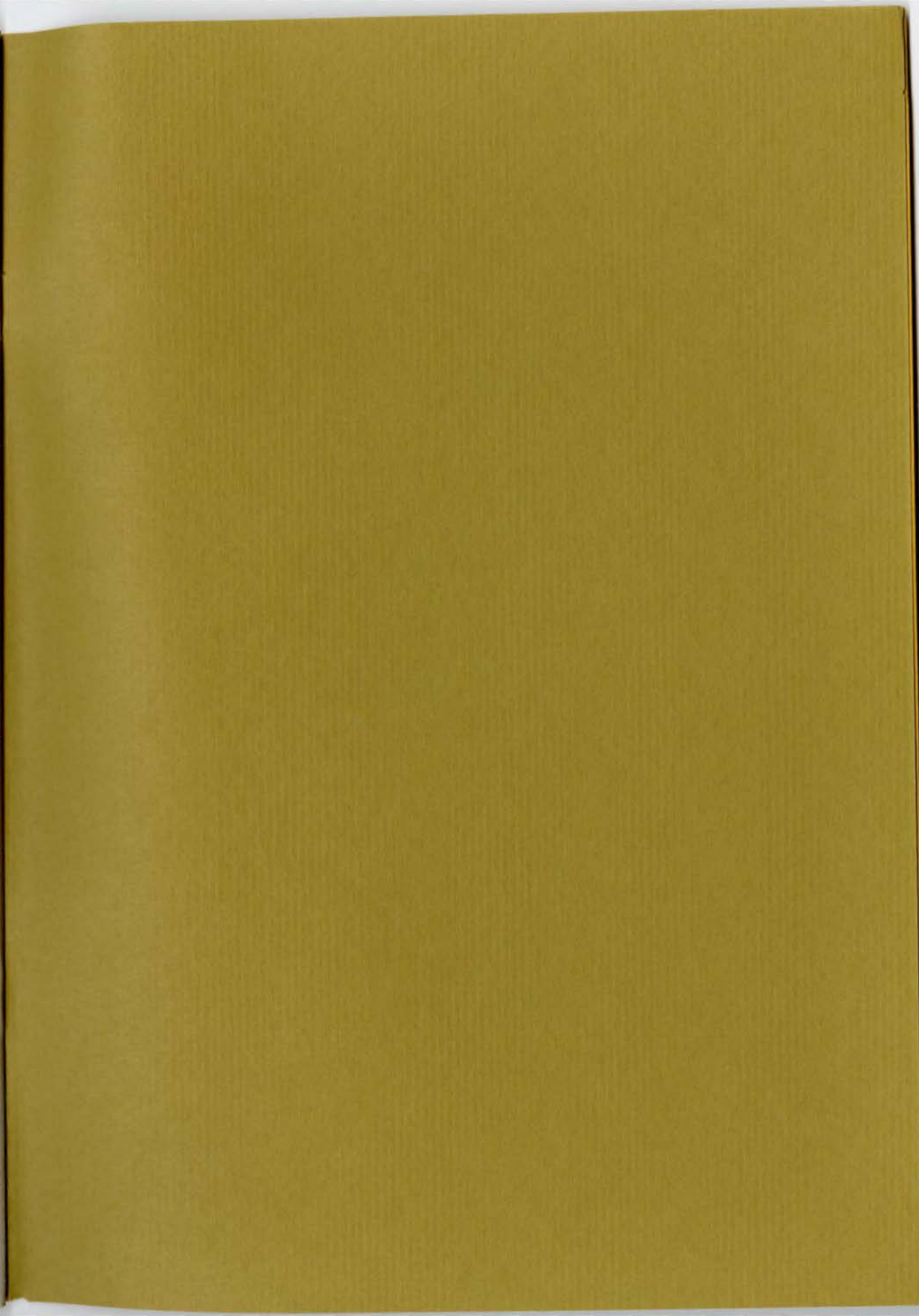
Stuart Petock, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, and this year's scapegoat for the philosophy department.

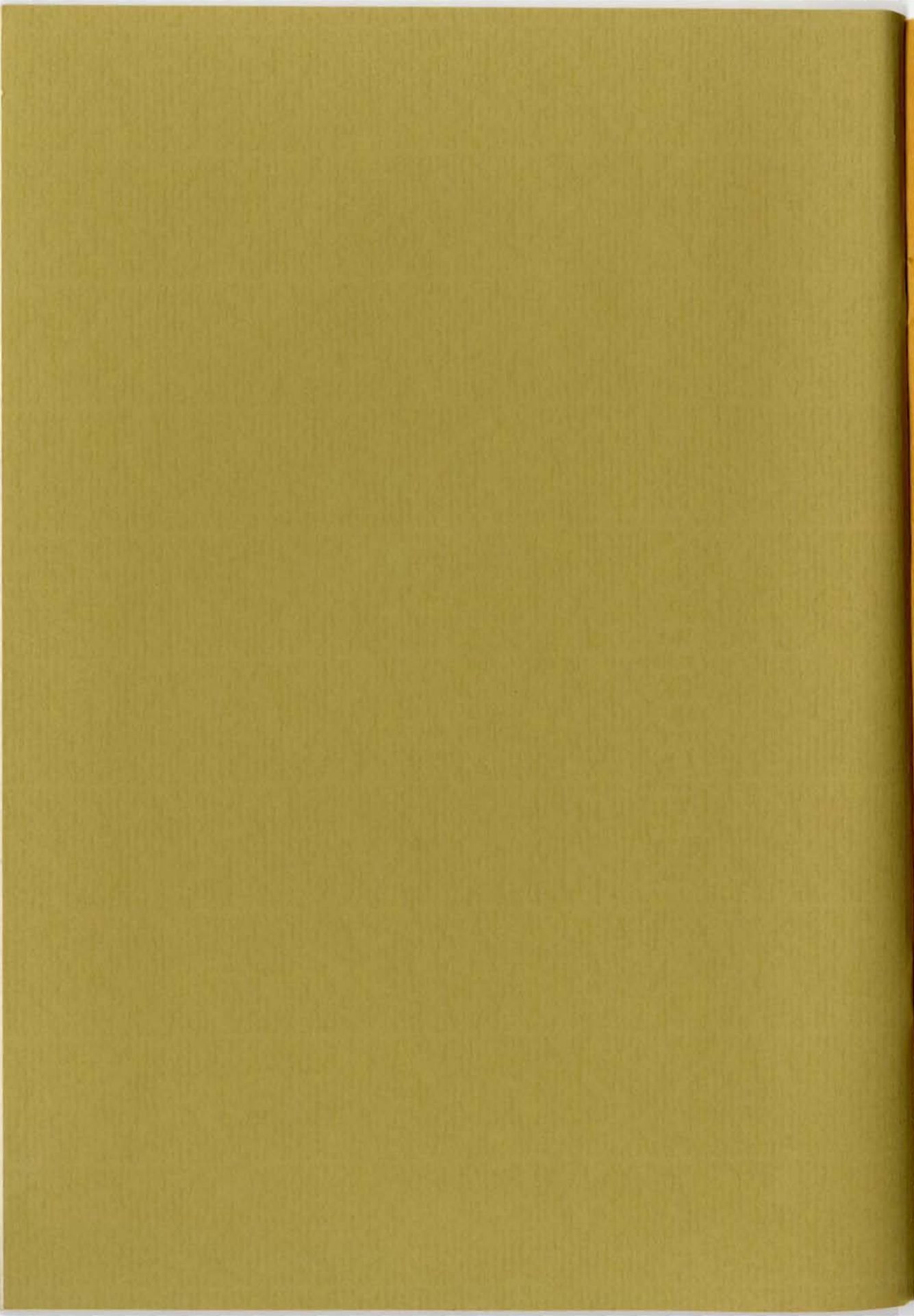
Jack Schroeder, '58, the local friendly giant, and a professional artist, has always been helpful to the magazine. His outstanding graphic contributions are greatly appreciated.

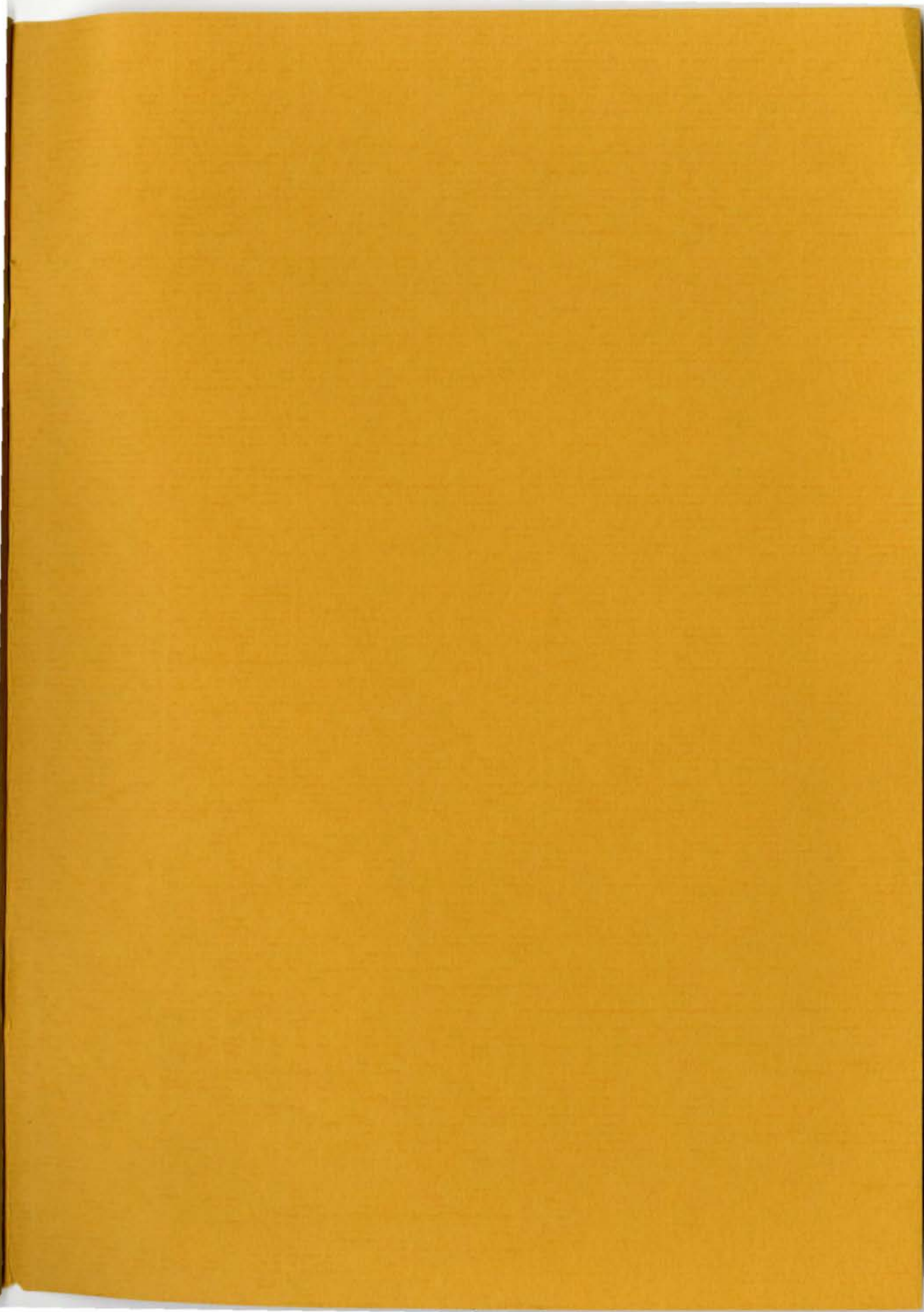
Finally, the *Miscellany* staff would like to express its thanks to the Sophie Kerr Underwood Committee, whose generous financial patronage made our publication possible.



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ABRAXAS

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Spring 1969





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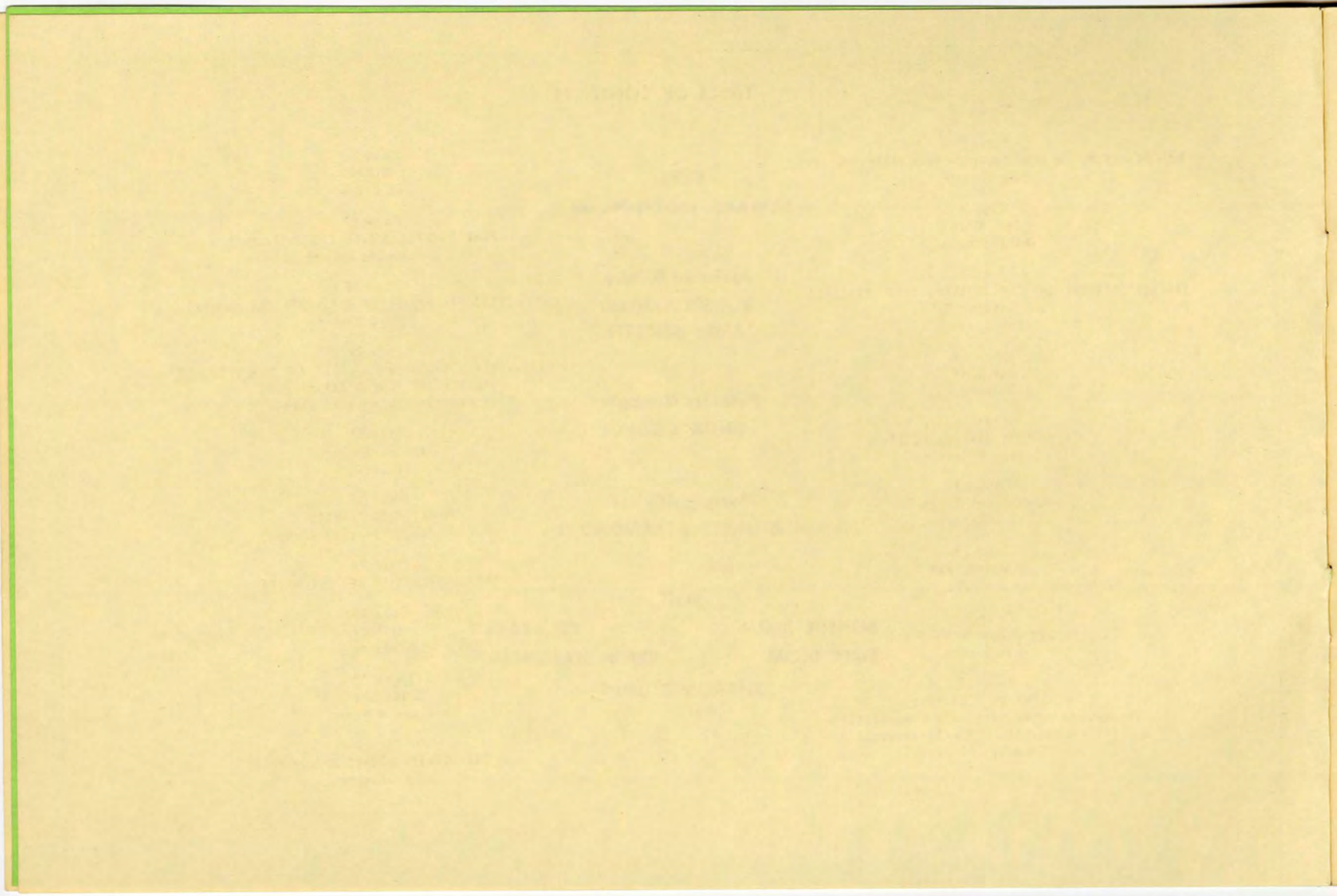


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NINTH HOUR, IN THE GARDEN FLOSSENBURG
(1942)

I

In the vaguest year
toward the vaguest season of incessant wailing
through the paths of seared magnolia
in the vaguest heat of carnal clay and wire
we writhe with the smouldering ashes of our wives
to conceive the acrid infant.
Someone should have closed the eyes of the dead
the shrouded weeping eyes of cinder and lead.

Behind the shattered walls of chronicles
hiss the whispers in their halls of kilns
of concrete cradles.
Dearest Mary,
this is such a place of skeletal lace and skin.
In the vaguest moment
in the vaguest naked of hotel corridors
we shall recall moans of the bleeding brothers
as we regress down the myrtle paths of trust
toward the terminal smile
a final aisle of wedlock
with the grim ballerina.

II

And though we have forgotten and will forget
in our vaguest trembling
between our birth and breath
the death we call life from the cradle to the coffin,
the sparrow calls endurance;
we shall recall the gaunt and linen faces
haunting the canvas places of the cruel artist,

And though we have not forgotten and will not forget
our children of the shrieking nights
children of bereft and dimming candlelights,
the pewter eyes of muted sights
will lead us toward quicklime sheets
cold and waiting beds
of a suite of a house of a town without streets.

We have not will forget forgotten
in this our vaguest vaguest garden
of the tormented flower—
how we ran toward the ninth and vaguest hour.
Two billion able gardeners
tearing at the wasted weeds of dreams
tending the stalks of lilacs, it seems
efficient to have tilled the teeming jungles
with our antique knives.
Dearest Mary,
what will the rains of our weeping bring
to the plowed and planted garden?
Roses, I hope shall bloom this spring
blood red and thorny for our remembering.

III

Dearest Raphael,
I am deaf in Philadelphia
it has been scrawled here in the cloisters
deep in the pillars,
the bruised hands of sculptors
chipping at Market Street
pause at the sound of splintered bells
no more to ring than stale wind against shutters,
such a temporal toll
granted to the children of the gutters.
We are deaf in Philadelphia
deaf from the droning of planes

deaf within the garden of shame.

But we are dead in Flossenburg
dead from the heat of flames
dead from the grief of games.

Deaf and dead
and though I cannot hear and you cannot speak
in the garden camps in the garden streets
I will wait here in the vaguest years, the halls
of Antimony,
here in the sweating walls of Gethsemane.

. . .

Where will I be then
when forever becomes only now, was only then,
yet where was I then
when always ended on a winter night,
"forever always love"
as you left in winter flight,
like forever autumn always spring
the always of the northern star
will forever closer to you, me bring.
Should I love a star then
as sure the night will bring
or should I love a cloud then
to weep at its sudden meandering?
I have the choice of all the world
but freely as it seems
I want only you tonight
forever always in my final dreams.

Mary, Mary, Quite contrary
how does your garden grow?

Eli Eli Lama Sabatachan

—Jim Dissette

Besides my lives I wonder just what the stars give to me.
I can feel their crystal fineness in my body,
And when I sleep at night
I often wonder if I am a visitor to this dream,
Where my mind is free to contradict
Or stimulate any circumstance.
But always, there is doubt that I should try to doubt.

—Bill Thompson

THE REFLECTION—OR THE HUMAN WHO INTERRUPTED MY MEDIOCRITY

Having reached the ripe old age of 21, in terms of taste, not smell, I find that I remember only one influential human. The need to relate this influence seems to be an extension of a deeper craving to contribute something constructive to the monumental bore known as contemporary literature. One realizes that after losing virginity and acquiring the ability to successfully probe the mystical innards of a dead cat, there must be something more to life, the greatest height, the pinnacle, the last piece of pepperoni as it were. Therefore, at the risk of installing peace in the minds of those who have been awaiting my arrival, I burst upon the literary scene with all the force of a constipated snail in an arctic winter.

I should first explain that my definition of a human is an animal that walks on two legs, thinks deeply on three, and occasionally makes love on four. Any other criteria for determining a human, such as the ability to reason, is irrelevant, simply because one must judge events and things by their visible characteristics, not by unrealized potential or wishful thinking. By using such uncomplicated standards, one may eliminate such factors as ego, socio-economic influences, individual motivation, sex drive, four wheel drive, etc.

If the reader can swallow this self-deflating view of the human animal, he is now ready to meet the leading figure of my own human comedy, or he can hire his throat out to a

pipeline company. Since the latter choice involves literally eating dirt, I would expect that most will choose the former possibility, and satisfy their guilt feelings by merely talking about the implications of the latter.

The aforesaid leading figure was a young human who was blessed by his well meaning parents with the fantastic name of Joseph Smith. This inevitably brought on a waterfall of nicknames, among which were joe, j. j., smitty, jack, and Rex. The last was bestowed upon him by his alcoholic grandmother after one of her favorite t.v. dog shows, occasioned by his performing one of the less romantic bodily functions on a piece of her living room furniture using her hero as a model, thinking deeply during the entire episode, naturally. To his intimate friends, perhaps four or five of us, he was known as the beard. Contrary to what you might expect, this was not due to any accumulation of his hair on his face. Rather, it referred to a particularly exotic form of sexual behavior which he practiced with distressing regularity. It was the consensus among our little circle that this practice was motivated more by his deep identification with his grandmother's hero instead of any genuine appreciation of the art.

The beard defied any attempt at concise physical description. Despite our long acquaintance, I could only say that he did indeed have two legs and two arms, and the usual auxiliary appendages. His true beauty was in the mind, and as he so often stated, "the body is merely the jockstrap for the brain." In retrospect, it is clearly evident that his sup-

porter failed to accomplish its desired objective. This is not meant to imply that one of his eyes was positioned lower than the other, but his mind always appeared slightly loose.

For want of any profound insights into his character, I must tell you about his basic philosophy, which he related to me one depressing night in the men's room of the Oswego Y. M. C. A. According to him, the primary purpose of man's existence was to mate. The success of the process was irrelevant, however; the process itself was paramount. He further explained that this notion was not confined to the human community. In other words, the purpose of everything was to mate, and not necessarily with members of their own species. As one can readily see, the ramifications of this visionary summation are sublimely obvious. The results of the practical application of it were absolutely fascinating. I would venture to say that, until his untimely demise, he was one of the world's premier animal husbandrymen, a pun obviously intended. He did not believe in love as such, but he experienced the inner feeling many times. We could always tell when he was in the proverbial throes, because he would sweep into the room and, after surveying us with pitying eyes, announce that his bladder felt bloated. He was really fond of informing us of the latest manifestation of his philosophy. Because of his attraction to police officers, he

modeled his descriptions after a traffic ticket; moving violations, non-moving violations, and the extremely esoteric radar violation. After a very graphic description of the latter, all of us would have to run out and gorge a box of bacon thins to maintain our composure.

I never found out how he made a living, although I was with him one night in a graveyard when he made a dead one. I do know that he was very fond of money, but not because of its purchasing power. He liked it because it felt good. Many times I saw him literally caressing a ten-dollar bill. I have no doubt that his sense of touch was extraordinary, especially after witnessing him walk into the room in a fur lined loincloth, crossing his eyes every time he put his left foot down. It is truly one of the world's great misfortunes that he left no written record of his life. Perhaps I feel a need to serve as his biographer, and yet I know that I could never convey his real personality on a sheet of paper. All that can be done is to describe some of the experiences of his life, and hope that his message makes itself clear. A singularly revealing episode of his life took place when he went on a nature outing sponsored by the local Fraternal Order of Police. While on the outing, in some hills outside of Philadelphia, he was suddenly beset by a great urge to live his philosophy. Unfortunately, he was temporarily separated

from the main body of nature lovers. In fact, the only living thing near him was a ruffed grouse, the official state bird. Needless to say, he promptly assaulted the poor animal, but his activities were observed by some of the returning policemen, and he was arrested on the spot. Luckily, this happened on a Sunday, and due to the piousness of the local justice of the peace, he was booked on a violation of the infamous "blue laws." These laws, for the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of residing in the "Amish Utopia," are classic examples of legislated reality. The particular provision which was violated by the beard prohibits sexual intercourse on Sunday between a man and his wife. In a classic defense, the beard pointed out that the law said nothing about intercourse between a man and a bird on Sunday. The judge had no recourse save to free the prisoner, with the understanding that the beard would write an open letter of apology to the legislature to soothe those who felt that it was nothing short of treason for anyone, even the governor, to violate the state bird in such a violent manner. The entire case was duly recorded in Pa. Law Reports Annotated, and is, incidentally, a required reading assignment for all law students at the Pennsylvania State University, Bird in Hand Law Center.

We all felt that he gave his greatest influence to us during our discussions in the room. These were times of learning and education. A typical session would begin with the beard calling the meeting to order. He was a great believer in the Rules of Order, because he thought that organization gave much needed dignity to ignorance and incompetence. He was a convert to the health food fetish, and he always kept a jar of living centipedes handy. Whenever one of us would offer something unusually inane to the discussion, he would immediately gulp down a handful of them and scream that the very thought made his stomach crawl, whereupon we would all roll our eyes three times in disgust, as he collapsed in writhing laughter.

When I went away to college, I began to lose touch with him. I saw him once last year. He was on his way to Delaware Park race track to play the trinity. Yesterday, I heard he was dead. He had been brutally attacked by a streetcar in Philly, and despite frantic efforts by an intern named Arnold "switchblade" Katz out of Wilmington General, he expired. This happened before March 16, and since the new state inspection stickers were prohibited until the 17th, the hospital was forced to pronounce him officially dead. Maybe we will cry for each other.

—Anonymous

Flowing down the sidereal stream
With tattered sails and worm-eaten masts,
I gaze upon the banks.
Overflowing with broken spectacles and loud voices,
They are naked in the glittering sunlight.
On the left bank are the newly-olds.
Grasping at ice and fire, drinking from bottomless cups,
They chant mystical rhymes and smile with closed eyes.
One of them laughs and lets his chained serpent
Swim out to my boat, inches away from my rudder.
On the right bank are the aged.
They sit in chairs which had become part of the soil long ago.
Beginning sentences jammed with coughs and past tenses,
They fall asleep before their speeches are finished.
Salty waters, sprinkled with foam
Slowly eat away at my hulk.
If only I have enough sailing time left,
Just enough time so that I may make it to the dock;
Then I can sit on the banks and live.

As the sun beats out a circus tune
On the golden shore
Which denies the moon,
I'm paralyzed by my reflection blue.
And as the sun melts,
My dreams are few.
A slight breeze awakens me
And trembling,
I taste the sea.
Spitting out salt and sand,
I watch the water
Devour the land.

—Bill Thompson

On downy pillows when skies are blue
And hearts beat the night watch,
Hunters tread the silent pathways
Into caves of circumstance and whimsy.
High above where eagles nest
The wind is free as master,
Chiseling her anthropomorphic statues
And cleaning the cracks and crevices.
Mute, glistening rivers patrol the ancient mangers,
Meandering, as though avoiding future graves.
And on the horizon the sleepless mechanics plunder forward
With only time as friction to their progress.

—Bill Thompson

FARE WELL TO SHADOWS

It's very sad to see them now
In worlds of separate solitude
Of spectacles and wrinkled brow
The chains of time to elude

Stooped in all their chronic age
As dusty books upon a shelf
Portray each fine and yellowed page
As a twisted image of one's self

Youth to them are images lost
Those rich and mellow meadows
If they could have but at a cost
Youth's fine and fancy shadows

Hear the bells as they toll
Their chimes are meant to tend
The passing of Youth's agile soul
And the feebleness of it's end

Soon to come is the night
To exile all their cares and woes
And they shall vanish with the light
Bidding fond farewell to shadows

—Charles R. Spicer

FINISH OF GUNN

She wore the Colors Gunn tonight, in a skirt
That covered little. (nor was meant to)
Highland green and heather, lines of Viking blood
Over nylon legs.
And I missed it then, for there were places to go and
People to meet and yes I followed
But those ancient colors brought me in a later quiet moment
To the land of my beginning.

Against the open Atlantic, upon rock and sand
The grey houses slanting there from which we poured
Down to the docks that for centuries stood the waters
Down to the old man and his stories of
Father Orlov, and exiled MacLean, and cathedrale and god,
And angry Scottish sword against a line of scarlet coats
And the strangest tales in the ocean rose from his throat
And made us wonder, in the sun where he mended his nets.
We grew and spread away from the ocean tiny village
On the coast to cities here and there and
Every year from Halifax and London and New York
The cards at Christmas come and how the seed is spread!
And for me too, that time and place is dead . . . Old Man
I tell my own tales in another land where

There are many places to go and many people to meet.

In my hands there are no skills of ocean wisdom and yet
My heart is full until a seldom highland color
Or a sullen, empty bother makes me wonder
Of a song you used to sing—



When highland eagle from the cliffs has finally fled
And wild-duck, fat on bread from women's hands
Nests in open sand and breaks the eggs, lost from her line
Then the hills shall be silent and
The sons of the sea shall be dead.

—Brian Manson

OLYMPIAD XIX

The drowsy Greek ideal of sport,
immersed four years in morphin dust,
was hardly roused as hands restored
his visage with a steel-ribbed concrete crust.

Stadium-mouth—

(breath frozen
in the near-Olympian
rigor of the Madres air)
in which a hair-lipped Joshua
blasted notes into a thousand
new balloons that burst discordant
from the concrete gut of native pride.

Before the punctured vessels of defeat
betrayed the stillness in the loins of Greece,
Before black fists could rise
to break the broad suncast
that deified the aching thighs
of the iconoclast—

A thousand captive doves,
trembling in bone-white sterility,
were freed as symbols
of assumed nobility
and flew the hopes of peace
away . . . to Doric cornices
and gutters of baptismal blood.
They flew as food for thought
or for the back-street-starving
Montezuman children.

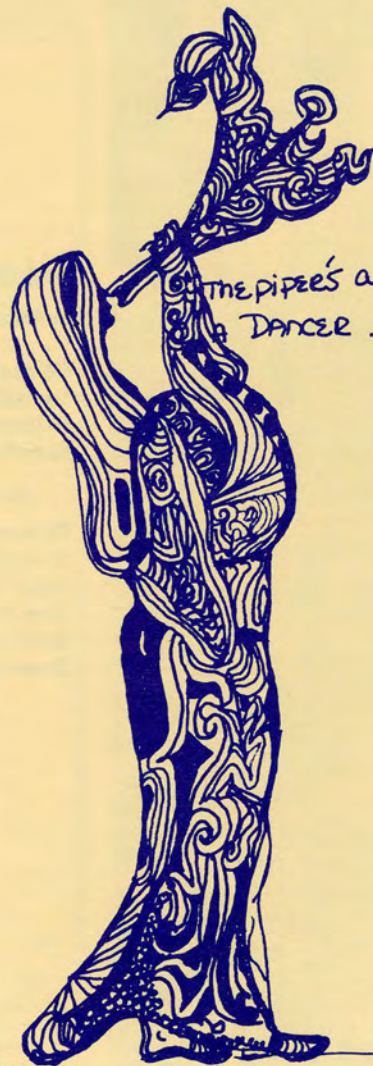
—Bob Cooke

VEILLEE POUR MON PAYS

Solitude de ta montagne poétique
Tu vois domine notre pauvre chair méchante
Tu ressens cette beauté battue de bêtise
Ses sales armées perclues de trahisises
Réjections des conflits divins, esclaves lentes
Sans importances et tuant de prosaïque

Tu souffres mais tu es la belle immortelle
Damnée. L'hydre que tu as tuée reviendra
Dans tes vies les plus chères, dans des maisons
Que tu aurais aimée d'un temps de bon ton
De la pourriture grouillante tu ne pourra
Sauver que l'essence d'une fleur non éternelle

—J. F. Ceznac



the pipe is a mad man, death is
a Dance .

SONG OF ORPHEUS

(To be read while listening to Stockhausen's
"No. 5 Zeitmasse for Five Woodwinds")

Flowers and trees are in calm splendor
Until, from the exotic land
Of tin cans and bellowing gas,
The klink-klunking of kitchen sinks
Slowly rises and expands
And gathering its harsh unbearable force
Permeates the cool still forest air
And causes unsyncopated ripples
In the secure and settled pine needles.

O, tinkling klink! O, fortunate klunk!
Merrily silencing silence
In melodious and sonorous noise.

An Orpheus appears on the horizon
Scrutinizing the dark and dank forest
Barricading his haphazard journey
And sings the praises of death
From a mountain of broken glass
To his wife in the nether land
Who nurses venomless coral snakes
At her hard puny breasts
While she sensuously writhes in sewer slime.

The trees passively cringe
And hide in each other's shade
As the quester quenches his hunger
With their aged bark.
And—swooning—emerges:
Toothless and gumless
Falling into his vomit.

Ashamed
They yield their hollow seeds
To the gray impenetrable sky.

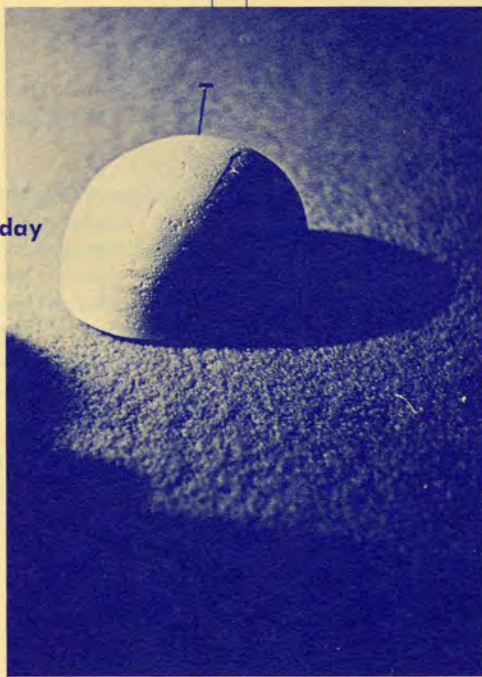
Victorious Orpheus awakens from a sluggish rest
And shrieks with delight
At the transparently covered sight
Of the palsied atrophied forest.
And, as he slithers away into the livid night,
His forgotten love sits by the window
Copulating with the candlestick.

O, glorious klink! O, fortunate klunk!
Together having silenced silence.

—Timothy Williams

GLINT

the rose
or florescent surgeons eye
a lethal edge
and the body, running, sweet earth stumbling
seen from branches high
never quite catching the separateness of that day
or the twoness of its feet
the five barking soldiers on the hand
and the rose.
touching skin with the adept unknowing
of a water skimmer. Breaking the depths
coaxing flesh drawing back in sneer of blood.
membrane speaks blotted words.
patient cross pressed against
your lips or the memory of hers.
a moment lifts in the air.



the first stone falls and the flesh
shudders with its loss.
lying red in grey dust
the rock sighs.
a hand, ending in the wind,
draws the aboriginal lobes together,
a fleck of fuzz, floating with the stillness
is brushed as the body falls, he there, she
nearer here.
the rock, hosting a lonely fly
says nothing.

—Ed Deasy

FOR GEORGE SMITH (1850-1883)

And when the moon will have rung
bold-bright in autumn newness,
They will come.

Needless of lantern,
Dragging shovel in too-loud laughter,
through brown-stick fields,
They will come.

Through leaf-brittle paths,
then no path;
Into my world of no color,
Putty-like beneath the trees,
They will come.

Caught in the mask that breathes,
Chattering metallically with each slow thud,
Hammering at brick,
Clawing clay . . .
As at a secret
My secret.

They shall never know,
nor miss their knowing,
as I meet their gaze
along the lantern beam.
Knowing not that I see,
have seen for these past hundred years.

I am the earth,
and in the chalk-white damp
lies my covenant with them.

For even as the restless geese,
as howling dogs
disturb the night,
I smiling sink within.

—Sharon Lee Stumpf

"DES VERBES EN NOIRE ET D'AUTRES ENCHANTÉS"

Organic metropolises
dining on a beam
of Silurian,
silver light—with
peuter

Tongs—
Pinzering fish
at night—
and Al-

chemic
Dal-
mations

in phosphorescent
madness

tinkering, and
turned—inward
to tintured
prisms
for- told
in Red
And; Black (+) Masses
wakes—and showers

and wahn—
shee bells,
brass

—Tom O'Dell

LARRY: WHO LOCKED THE DOORS OF THE GARAGE
AND SLEPT FOR A LONG TIME.

How much easier to die.
To float your body on the red sky,
Because death always floats
Gentle, sibilant waves,
A bad dream of fuzzy softness.
And death is always red,
Red without blood, muted red
With sunbursts and burning clouds.

How hard not to die.
When first persistent hopelessness
Hollows out the mind as thought,
A vague remembrance of pro-birth
which cannot be lost in the reality
That harrows the long silence of doubt.

Everything is silent when death moves in the mind.
The mouthing people, grotesque in their quiet
Challenge rumblings of pipes
And the whispering machinery
Board creakings and shadows that scream out fear.

How easy not to move.
Letting the gas cling to your body
Like a second skin, coiling, numbing,
A womb that smothers and protects.

—Eirik Adam Tecumseh Blom



THE BEHOLDER

The vast arms weighty
the hands fall.
newspapers and the dust
innuendos and soap.
Beneath a shattered eye
the Beholder lies
amid the props
of his existence
who, in silence
taste his soul.

Confirmed . . . The report lies on the desk, hooded by the
research assistants frown, sure, yet not certain. *Science con-
firms utter meaninglessness.* What might echo like the dead-
ening fall of all is in reality the sound of the first step.
Impossible. The assistant's sigh lies on the air unheard.

—Ed Deasy

GENITALIA VERSES

Man's ultimate act of creation is to give birth—a power reserved for woman, whom he villifies for it. That is why he relegates her to a lesser position, and why any artist will say he "gave birth" to an idea. His inability is a sexual frustration which drives him to create, and to be responsible for all that is good and all that is bad.

Man enters a woman's body—he attempts to take the womb away from her. To split her open and rob her of her womanhood.

Man is alienated from a pregnant woman.

Man can never say of a child, "he is of my flesh". Spermatozoa is not flesh.

Man must have woman's body to perpetuate life—she needs only his seed.

Man strives to create life in a test tube, artificial existence, and calls it evil. He "fears" playing God. It is not the same as giving of your own flesh.

Man describes woman as the weaker sex. They are not. They are not as physically strong, but emotionally they are far more resilient. More men commit suicide than women. Woman's will to live is unsurpassed. They can always justify their own lives. They live to create.

The penis is a weapon. A club or knife. To "know" a woman is to "cut" her. Or "bang". A man "drives" into a woman. The sexual act is creative destruction.

To destroy is a perverted form of creation.

Women who cannot, or will not have children become aggressive. They attempt man's creation—art.

Women fail to create "great" art works because they don't need to. The creative art is satisfied in the definition of their sex—the ability to give birth.

All humans are born with an ego drive. In women it is satisfied by the creation of a perfect art from—their own child. In men it can never be satisfied.

Man is unsatisfied. He cannot accept what is. He must change. Better himself. Prove his manhood. Women don't need to prove anything.

A woman does not need to be faithful to a man. Or unfaithful. Her virtue is proven by her devotion to her offspring. A man is torn between proving virtue and virility.

Women fear the phallus. It is a weapon. She has no weapon. She must swallow her pride, and allow man his way, just as she "swallows" the penis. This is her only defense.

Masturbation is not a weakness of the flesh. It is not a surrender to hedonism—and it is not an attempt to relieve sexual frustration. It is an attempt to survive without the opposite sex and it is self-hate induced punishment for inadequacy.

More men masturbate than women.

Men who masturbate desire a womb. They are depriving women of their seed. Jealousy perverting an act of creation into an act of destruction.

Women who masturbate desire a penis. Rather than let someone violate their body, they will do it themselves.

Women "give" because they are complete, and can afford to. Man "takes", or receives, because he is not, and needs to.

Man rapes because he needs to destroy what is perfect. Women like to be raped because it reveals man's weakness.

Women flaunt their sexuality. It is a defense against physical strength. It is a deliberate attempt to torment.



Love feeds the perversion.

Love is the emotional result of contact.

Men love the woman who is perfect in their frame of reference.

Women love the men they see as closest to the perfection they (men) cannot achieve. Women love because they want to—because it is convenient—and because it is their nature. They love because they are satisfied.

Man loves in an attempt to be satisfied.

Man's sexual frustration is the cause of everything that happens. If he did not need to create artificially—he would do nothing. Women do little because they don't need to.

If you ended man's frustration by allowing him to bear children, you would destroy woman's perfection—and she would take on all the qualities of a man, restless, domineering, driving, unsatisfied.

Romance and love are attempts to solve the differences between man and woman. Man is nice to woman because he tries to be—or because he needs to be, or because he worships her perfection.

Because he needs a justification for an emotional relationship, woman has created virtues for man—strength, virility, courage, kindness.

All of these are false virtues.

False virtues are the basis for mutual compatibility.

Man gratefully accepts his false virtues in an attempt to make himself worthy.

Marriage is not a sexual, but a social institution. It has sexual overtones because it frees a woman from the "immorality" of sex.

Man's satisfaction is rational. Woman's is emotional.

By creating any substance within an art form man can rationally say that his existence is justified and that he is satisfied. But he still drives for something else.

A woman is emotionally satisfied by childbirth. But because her rational justification is dominated by man's values, she feels incomplete.

—Eirik Adam Tecumseh Blom

MAKEPIECE; THE BRUTAL MUTE

I knew Makepiece when I was a child,
he was a mute
and we talked with our hands and our eyes,
we sat by the river sharing old cider
and for the river
he pandered the sun with his sighs.

I was a boy
he was a man
yet for me he sketched stickmen in the sand,
we bundled brown leaves and bent thorny trees
and for the giver
he held out a rose in his hand.

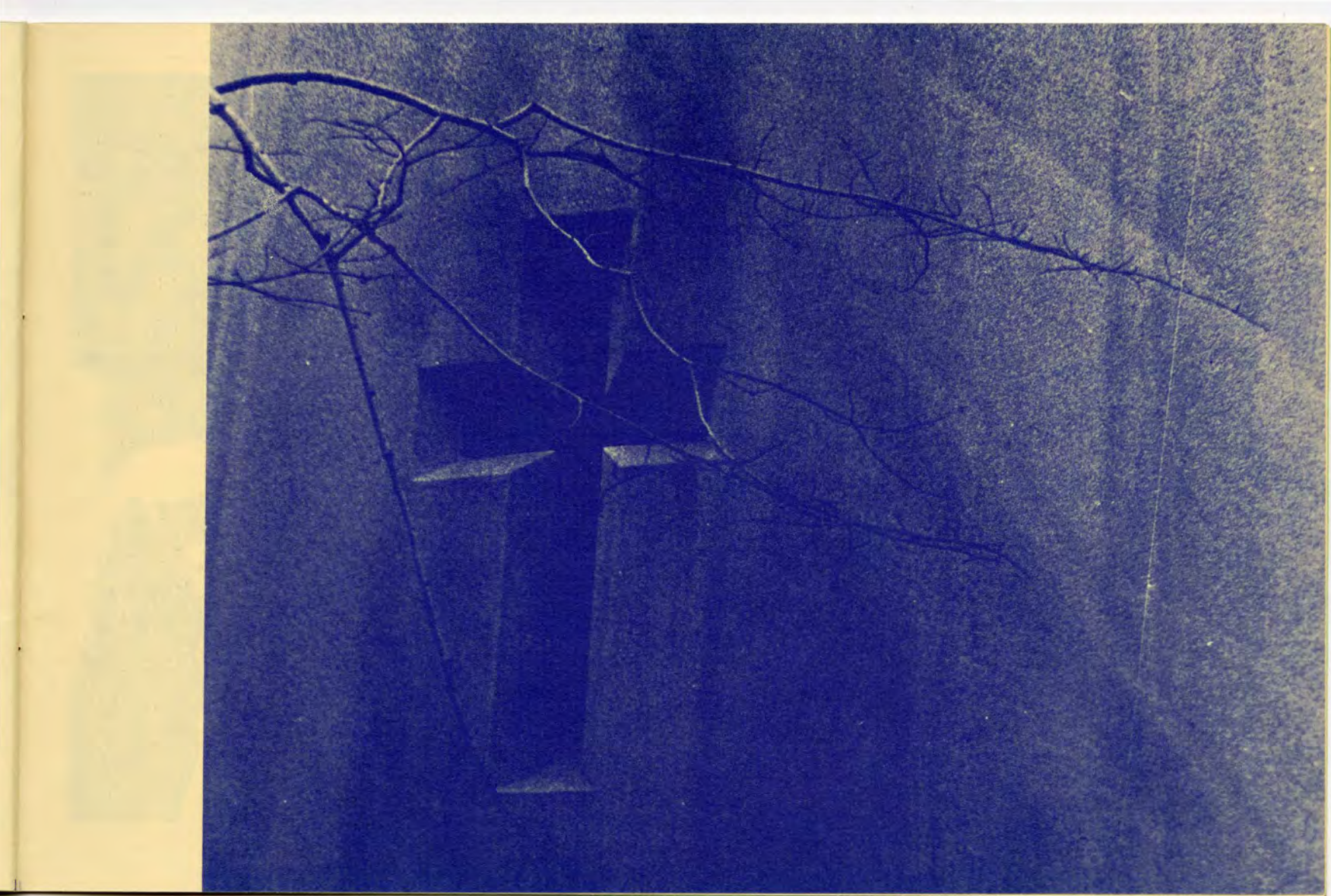
I am a man
and I speak like a man
who knows all there is to be known
why gentle gods and puerile poets
stand back, afraid and alone.

. . .

I have knelt in the halls of Westminster Abbey
and heard the fidgeting of damp bodies against stone,
the trembling of wordless lips
and once a leaf hindered sparrow
scuffle as hands through starched and yellow pages.

But I am the son of a brutal mute
and sip the wine of the sages
you have taught me my silent father
of the unbearable quest of the deafening ages.

—Jim Dissette



SONYA

Enter stage left
Teak guitar in hand
To spring out in time
Rhymes of lost
Mens' ships
You always maidenhead
Tossed above seas
Surrendering their crest
As you surmount
Frothy dreams spinning
On the stage performance
Audience swims in waves
Fornification's denominator
And you have not
Been stoned of late
But leave stage right
Unloved as late

—Ed Worteck



UNREALITY

The young man goes skulking illegally to the triangle of three streets in Baltimore. He meets a certain man in a certain place and they trade. A certain amount of green for a certain amount of IT in a certain little packet. The young man skulks away home.

If you can call it a home. A small flat in the worst side of town. No electricity. No water. Nothing. Rats running around. Roaches and their families live along with assorted dirt, filth, germs, and a certain young man of eighteen.

That's not all. A girl of seventeen and her baby also live here. But she's not his wife. They *couldn't* get married. The justice of the peace might arrest them.

They go into the small room at the end of the flat. The certain packet is there. Along with an assortment of jars, needles, cups, spoons, and matches. They all administer IT.

They shall soon be very Happy.

—Susan Williams

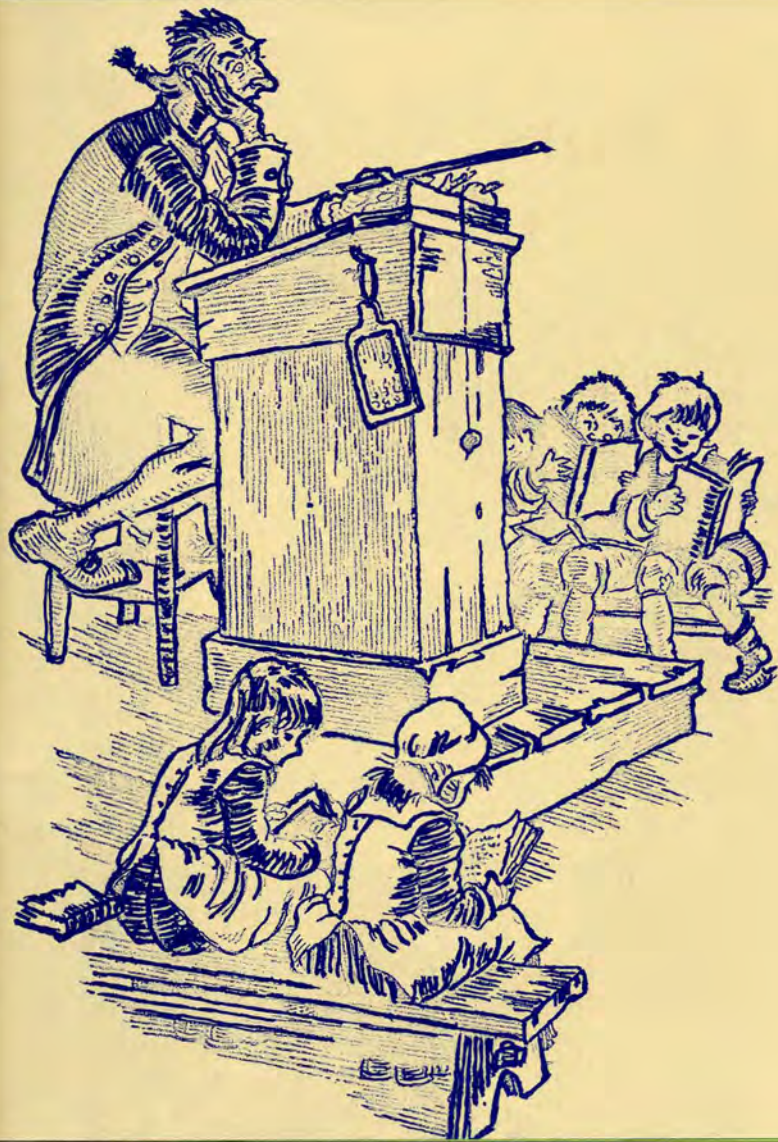
OLD GREEN STREET ALBANY

I recall
venereal old Green Street
shiny and dark and dry
like the hands of the old Green Street whores
pulling me in the night up to their calloused doors,
the taste of bourbon in the rain off gutters
the perfumed linen and smokey halls
its nights of carnal pantomime
its dawns of vernal play.
and I wonder if the man I have become
shall recall the reason I went that way.

o, if yesterday were a child
and today only antique smiles
I would be the desperate dreamer
meant to walk a thousand desperate miles.

—Jim Dissette





A pleasing land of Drowsy Head it was
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

by

Washington Irving

Contribute to the new Washington College Literary Magazine. This issue embodies a collection of newness in ideas of style and format that will pilot a succession of vital and fresh publications next year. As we move from an annual to a bi-yearly, we can only exist for you if we are created by you. Help to create the Literary Magazine. Help to create.

Our thanks to Mr. Irving for awakening a few.

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Charles R. Spicer—Poet Laureate at the Galena High School
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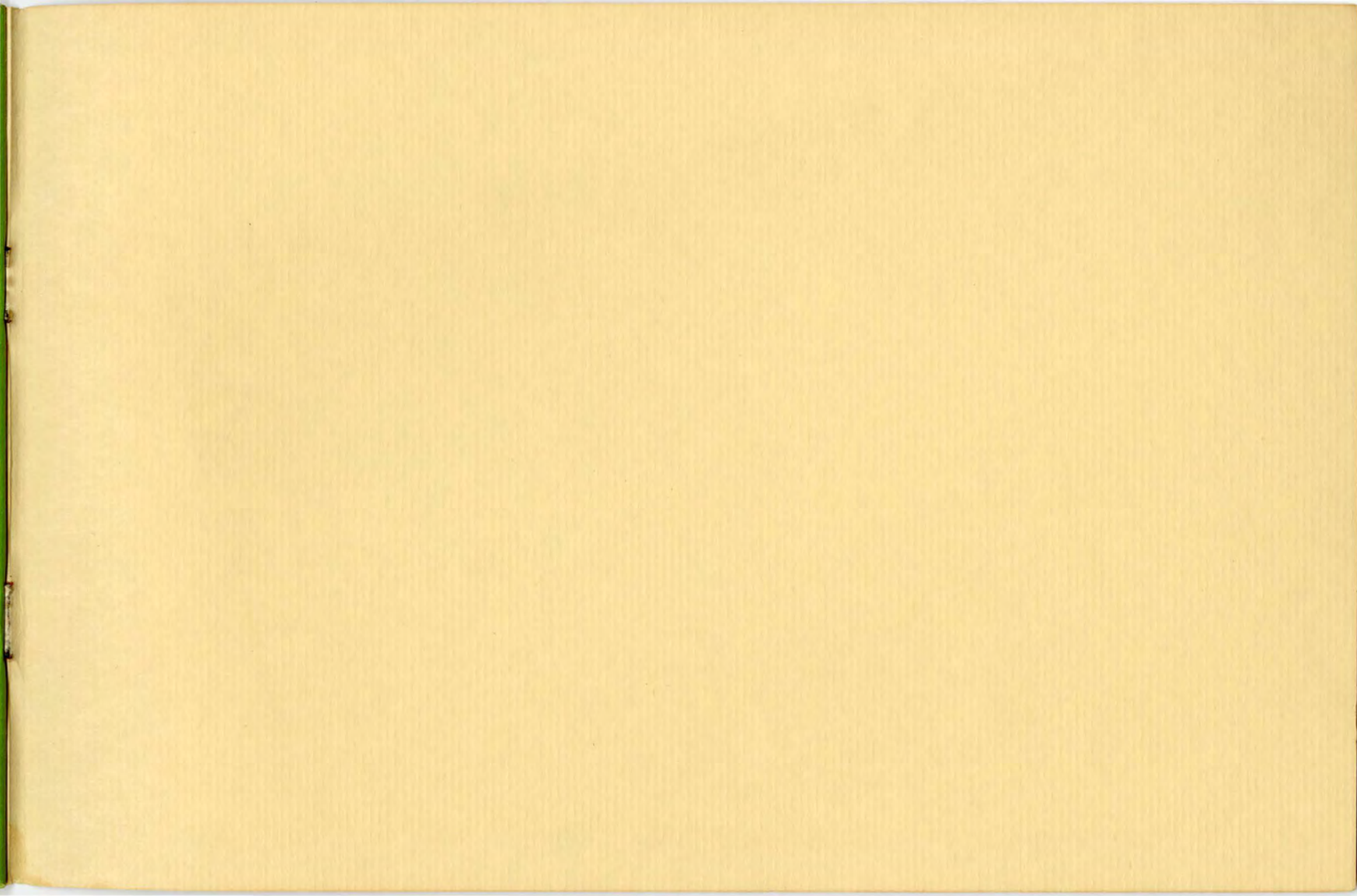
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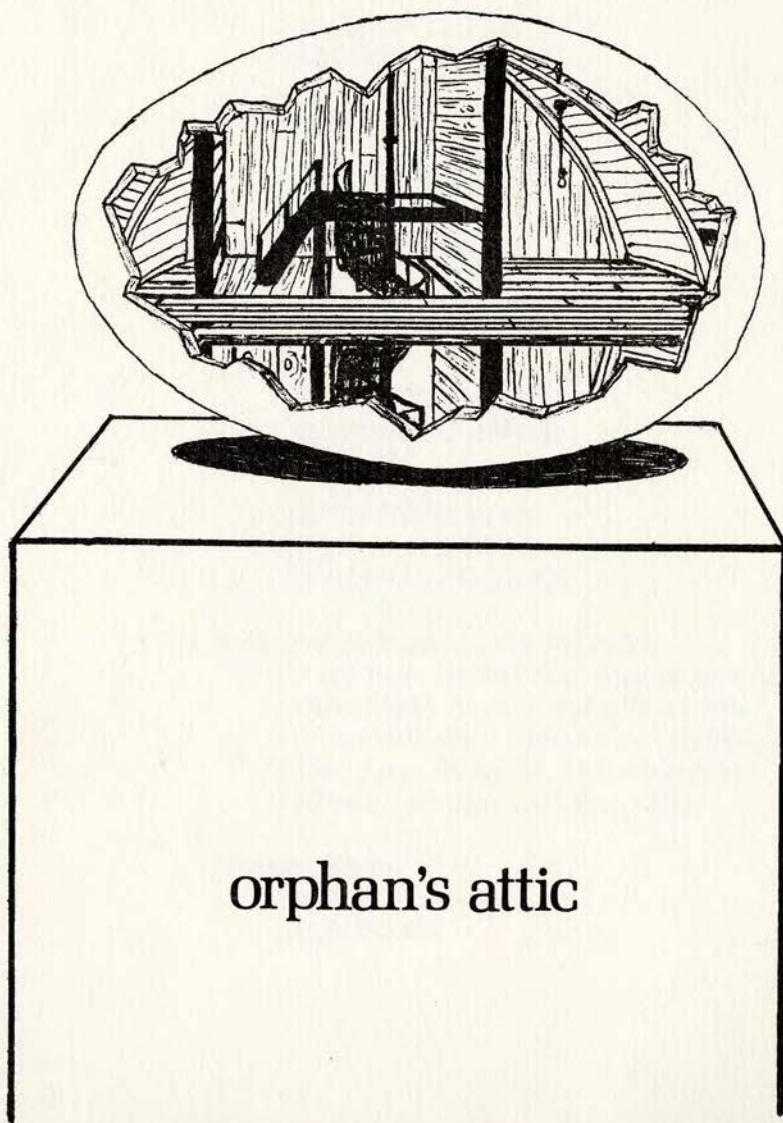
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miscellany 188



*In remembrance of
Robert C. Simmonds*

EDITORS

*JAMES DISSETTE
WILLIAM THOMPSON*

BUSINESS

DALE TRUSHEIM

FACULTY ADVISOR

BENNETT J. LAMOND

STAFF

*ELLEN HOOPER
ED DEASY
DAVID MERRITT
BRION HANRIHAN
APRIL MARSHALL
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Tale of Sir Thopas

The second fit



Now holde youre mouth, *par charitee*
Bothe knyght and lady free
And herkneth to my spelle;
Of bataille and of chivalry,
And of ladyes love-drury
Anon I wol yow telle.

Men speken of romances of prys,
Of Horn child and of Ypotys,
Of Beves and Sir Gy,
Of Sir Lybeux and Pleyndamour, —
But Sir Thopas, he bereth the flour
Of roial chivalry!

His goode steede al he bestrood,
And forth upon his wey he glood
As sparcle out of the bronde;
Upon his creest he bar a tour,
And therinne stiked a lilie flour, —
God shilde his cors fro shonde!

And for he was a knyght auntrous,
He nolde slepen in noon hous,
But liggen in his hooode;
His brighte helm was his wonger
And by hym baiteth his dextrer
Of herbes fyne and goode.

Hymself drank water of the well,
As dide the Knyght Sire Percyvell
So worthy under wede,
* * *

Till on a day so clere and brighte
He wook and sterte, this worthy knyght,
To fighte withouten drede.

The briddes syngen and pypen cheere,
Hir myrie songes could Thopas here,
He spryngeth up for joye;
His herte, which love his dart ystiked,
Knew Olifaunt wolde soone be pryked
To fighte this gentil boy
with mace

For righte to have as lemman faire
The elf-queene who was dwellynge ther
In geaunt's Fairye place.

He gathred up his launcegay
His swerd, and sheeld, and gan to pleye
 Among the herbes sweete;
He thoughte of hir, his piggesnye
As fresshe as May, with likerous ye
 Who in metynge he mette.

He was a verray parfit Knyght
He maketh daunce with lustes myght
 And all for paramour;
What nedeth wo and distresse
For Thopas wolde be bataille — blessed
 And hire his evermo.

He synge and daunce in a dawenyng;
Namo he pyne in love — longynge,
 And brighte is the day,
For wol he clepe the Goddis of Love,
Who herkneth al on highte above
 And helpeth al who preye.

And for to doon his sacrifice
He maked an auter as wende he wys
 Of herbes grete and smal;
He broughte briddes ther to synge
He sleeth a hare and everich thyng
 That he mote use at al.

In hye he kneleth on the ground
With hooly herte, he maked sound
 To clepe Venus on highte;
Yet smal his voys when out it cam —
Full suddenlich becam he doomb!
 It gave him swich a fryghte!

Agayn he maked to sounde preyere
Agayn he foond his voys nat ther
 Alas and welaway!
This fressh Sire, hardy as lyoun,
Broke he down and cride upon
 Fortune *et sa féé*.

He wepeth and waileth with al his herte
His yen tery stongen and smerten
 He was a poore wight;
He fille in a swowne and down
He dropeth his flaxen hede a ground,
 That wrecche little knyght.

And so bifel that passeth by
This sovereyn knyght with tery yē
 Diana with her hondes;
Some grave mysaventure she saw,
Her herte siketh a sorry swogh,
 She droppeth on the ground.

Sire Thopas waketh nat but mette
A dreem that by him *Venus* sette
 Swich was his fantasye;
And in her lovelinesse she seyeth
“Sire Olifaunt will soone be dede —
 Then wolt you thanke me!”

This verray parfit little knyght
Tho wook and sterte and gave hir fryghte,
 And up she jumpeth and fled;
Than Thopas spryngeth up for joie
(He was a verray joly boy) —
 His fo wolde soone be dede.

Diana, al she wolde asterte
Felt pitee in hir gentil herte
 For swich as Thopas be;
She werketh wys her magyk weys,
And wolde dye in hire servyse
 To save chastity.

For wel she knew the Fairye queene,
With faire visage and gowne of grene,
 And knew hir to be pure;
She wolde have this gentil knyght,
The queene to make her servant righte,
 And love her evermo.

Now Thopas spyed his dappull gray
Which ambils over streight away;
He clymbeth on his steede;
Forgetes'he his swerd and spere,
He nedeth them nat, becaus he bereth
The flour of chivalry.

He priketh through the forest faire,
He lough at bestes dwellengye ther,
For sikerly he wolde wyne;
Swich corage renneth in gentil herte
When love's arwes ystiked harde,
And lust dwelleth therein!

Now wol I telle of Olifaunt,
Who dwelleth in the wilde haunt
In elf-queene's pryve woon,
And challengeth the faire Thopas,
(Now pryking o'er his goddes gras
In serche of swiche oon.)

Thilke monstre hadde hedes thre,
With berdes forked and blak, I seye,
And knobbes on his chekes;
Narwe weren his yen sixe,
And loken verray wikked swich
That noone coude he make.

He ware a cote and hooode of grene,
No armour bereth but mace, as seen
By Thopas ones biforn,
Ful longe were his legges broun,
Ful thikke fro his shuldres down, —
A man by many scorned.

And bittre thilke geaunt was,
For ones he hadde been wemmelees,
A verray parfit knyght;
But whilst he rode in forest faire
He taried and leyd down ther
And mette ther, the wight,

Of elf-queene,
Who pleyeth in the wilde place
Of Fairye daunce and myrie chase;
Then up he woke and sterte,
And he so longe hath ridden and goon
Till he foond, in a pryve woon,
The Fairye of his herte.

She was so verray fressh and sklendre,
With lokkes longe and age tendre,
And faire visage and berynge,
This knyght fele his herte lepe
He wol he mote this childe kepe
And maketh his lust syng.

Sire Olifaunt than took her honde
And ledeth her to pryve londe
Wher he coude make his love;
But Goddis of her chastity —
Diana, on highte, couthe see —
And smot him fro above.

And fro her curse thre hedes he grewe,
And wreched cors; no longer trewe,
A reweful man was he,
So steleth he the elf-queene
To byde with beloved dreem,
Wher no man coude see.

And forthermoore, na chaunge coude he,
Algate that verray fortunat day
Whan he hath swyved his love.
As wolde God that day wer neer!
Alas for him, she maked na cheere,
And nevere ne paramour nas.

Now happeth it on that verray day,
When Thopas wolte bataille pleye,
That Olifaunt Venus clept
For strength of love mighte she here
His wrecchednesse and woful cheere
And weyveth him nat.

"As beth not wroth," Olifaunt preyeth,
"Hir love is al I wolte," he seyth.

"I nyste what I dide.
Wytest me nat for woodnesse of love,
And sendest me grace fro Heaven above,
Elles wolde I be dede!"

His preyere maketh her yē smerte
For pitee renneth in gentil herte,
And she wolde graunt him grace;
Sholde falle him faire thilke day
In battaile with Sir Thopas gay
She couthe change his place.

Now wol debate oure knyghtes tweye;
Echon thenketh to cheeve this day
What Fortune's wheel wol telle.
Tis tyme we lokken to elf-queene
Who causeth ech sire to pyne
And ech herte to falle.

She was a verray parfit queene,
With lokkes gold, and gowne of grene
Which fille onto her shoon;
Her sklendre armes, her smal wrast,
Her ronde breasts al thikkely laced
Made many oon mortal swowne.

Wilful couthe she chaunge hir shap
To brid or beste or what may hap,
But rewest she at herte,
For al she knewe of magyk feets
To pleye with, she knewe not yet
The meenes to asterte.

* * *

Swich tyme is come for grand debaat
Twixt Thopas and Sire Olifaunt
Upon a mede grene.
Child Thopas ambils to the place
Wher first he loked for elf-queene's grace,--
Here oon wole falle his bane.

And ther to mette thilke knyght
As Olifaunt, who drede not
What mighte to him bifalle;
Alswa ther are goddises tweye
Wolde leve hir grace in bataille this day
In al wyse, gret and smal.

And hit ther in gise of flour
Is elf-queene, this bloody houre,
On blosmy mede grene;
She wolde see this brighte day
Whilk sire wolde gagne sa feē
And pike her blosme clene.

Now Thopas, stille withouten voys,
He riddes up on dappulled hors
And thrustes his foot heigh;
Poore Olifaunt, who lokketh doun
To see the smal wight on ground,
He caught it in his yē.

Than wood he was with payne and hate,--
He stryketh Thopas on the pate
And of his steed he tumbles;
Diana seeth her man go doun,
She fecche him up of the ground
As al the whil he grumbles.

She hated him who ones befor
Hadde angred her on brighte morne,--
She corsed him agayn;
And ther biforn Sire Thopas yē
A geaunt hony bee bicam
Wher first a man hadde been.

Child Thopas saw his gret chaunce,
And ronde the bee he gan to daunce,
Whil swapte he with his cote;
Yet Olifaunt wolde nevere yelde,--
He knewe Thopas hadde na sheeld
And fleeth at his throte.

For longe tyme he fleeth aboute,
 His large styngere hangeth out;
 Ful soone he greweth wery.
 Then Venus saw her chaunce to helpe
 Poore Olifaunt, whos styngere welde
 The meenes to make his Fairye.

She blewe a stronge breeth down,
 Which sente the bee to the ground,--
 He landeth in a blosme;
 So softe and swete it was in ther,
 He drank the hony withouten care,
 And synke
 to
 the
 botme.

Biholde than a straunge sighte,
 For spryngeth up as fair a knyght
 As evere mighte be seen;
 And in his armes halt he tichte
 The lady loved by bothe knyghts,
 The goodlich elf-queene.

For now the curse broken was,
 And Olifaunt hadde good cause
 To love his Fairye dere,
 His lust hadde been satisfyed
 As in her hony-comb he dyed . . .
 But ther is mo to here!

Sire Thopas now mote fighte agayn
 To wynde the herte of thilke dame,--
 Alas, and welaway!
 But suddenlich his voys retourneth,
 He cride out with tonge that skorneth
 "Take the queene away
 Fro me!
 As soone as he her blosme took
 She namore was worthy of gentil look."
 And Sire Thopas rode away.

Now Olifaunt and queene were wed
 And loveth echon til bothe were dede;
 Betyde what Betyde.
 As wolde God that al man here
 Kunde be so swyved everich zere,--
 Lete goddis be your gyde!

* * *

Here is ended the Tale of Sir Thopas



Linda Honan



From Brickhouse Farm

Time
thou art but a cruel noise
in the night.
A swift and constant
reminder of our fate.
you offer small hope
For those of us who thrash about
 Madly in the night
Looking for candles.

Sue Farm

Three friends of mine suffered a happy death
only to be reborn in the coastal west
worrying parents called to pry my mind
they'll never see anything but the shell that
 was left behind
there are lots of shells on our beach
we walk on them and they teach
you and I will to shells again when the body slips
 the mind
Then perception will flood in limitless space
 and time

George Schiffer

red apple on a rainy day
red apple on a rainy day
red apple on a rainy day
gave my love a red apple on a rainy day
she won't let me stray from her bed all day
red apple on a rainy day
red apple on a rainy day
red apple on a rainy day

George Schiffer

Gascow

Gascow — the sun whispers slowly and fades to echoes;
The night bird spreads her wings over the eggshell snow
Then turns to worship the empyrean ridge.
The tailless cat purrs in unison to the curious wind
And stretches in front of the chuckling fire.

Sin's thousand fingers smear the cutter's vision
As he thumbs through yellowed letters
And drops his gaze to the floor below
Where a tattered green ribbon lies,
Companion to the dust and penciled sketches.

News from home one thousand miles away
Ten thousand years ago and loud this very moment;
Water death for white sails and lace,
Mouth and eyes of a pretty face, so timid,
So gentle were the simple cares once wet with hope.

Rising from the faded chair the cutter
Ploughs his feet across the wooden floor
And switches on a light which sets the room afire
With tiny blue and white reflections;
A starlite sky beneath a slated roof.

Here and about clear glass pieces sit upon brick shelves;
Figures dancing, dreaming, dying, hold their act in crystal,
Eternally deemed to remain as one or a hundred.
And in the center of the room, a leather covered figure,
Upon which the cutter ponders with Medusian regard.

The leather falls to the table and there amid the menagerie
Stands a sensitive lady; long, clear hair 'round her waist,
And a tattered green ribbon in her hand.
No eyes but hers are cast in the cutter's direction;
No sparkling reflection but his moves, and down his cheek.

The dozing fire throws out a coal where the tailless cat once slept;
The letters and ribbon still lay among the dust.
The tiny reflections still burn, now by the light of the sun,
Whose warmth is not enough to raise again the glow of the cutter
Who silently holds his act in one, and the lady's in a hundred.

Bill Thompson

A Thousand Days Removed from Image-Conscious Friends

A thousand days removed from image-conscious friends,
And drowsy, fuzzy, sleep-ridden hours we call 'high',
Apart from very frantic glory evenings in some vague city,
No sunshine eyes or gentle touches,
Absent are hot, moist, fluid love-movements at 3 in the
morning.

All are gone.

This afternoon alone in my parents' house with the haunting
sounds

of tires on drenched streets and squeaky windshield wipers as
nameless people carry on where I dropped out---in the rain.
Beside me my rainy day kitten, warm on my thigh, and my
rainy day

Cohen telling me about the absence of 'whys'.

K. Schroeder

For Christmas

There are gods still and poetry
is one of them. Before the moon
inspired space ships, lunacy
was on our lips. Diana and
that other celebrated loon,
our tainted Nature's solitary
boast, the Blessed Virgin Mary,
waxed in turn and in turn waned.

They were both huntresses, the one
in an abbreviated skirt,
amazing as an Amazon,
chased her quarry to the bone;
the other, more mediaevally girt,
feeling an unspeakable fever
mount inside, without a quiver,
spelled—in a word—the Unicorn.

Henry Tate

The Clairvoyant: Magellan Reading His Own Mind at Gerde's

Days 4 days
4 dawns belching red in the east
And spitting out the calm vomit
Of daylight on the mulatto sea:
4 days our ship slid through the slime,
To leave the strangeness
Of the visceral sea
Degutting our psyches.

Ours was a phantomship,
An unbelonging spectre to those silent waters:
We did not BELONG, I tell you---
Mottled men who did not belong
Along those alien island coasts.

But the dark, alien powers
Drew us like quiet ghosts
To the humming, vibrant rails
As we drifted past---
A ship: the leeward lined
With Europeans and mestizoes
Silenced in dark awe:
We were wraiths who saw
The forbidden of gehenna.

Our sweat wet sight crept
Up the towel of power,
Mesmerized by the strength of obeah:
The diamantine green waters sparkling;
The spread-white-levi sand burning sun white;
And the jungle banyan-banged foreheads
Of black elephant shadows butting out the light;
The maze of paisley papaya trees . . .
Limp we were,
Our brains singing with eerie silence,
Drawn by the sirens of od.

These were infernal regions even God
Did not intend or know---
It is a memory of gehenna.

Foreign lands to foreign eyes
Oppress the shadowed sanities, dispelling
Mens sana in corpore sano.

Jim Garvoille

We Have a Tenor In Our Troop

We have a tenor in our troop,
Irish of course.
And in the night, or really in the early night,
This tenor of our troop will turn to us, and
Ask us if we would like to hear him sing.

He knows, of course, that we would; so,
We always wait for him to ask us; because,
We know that if the tenor didn't want to sing
He wouldn't turn to us. It was a good agreement
that we had.

The tenor in our troop is young, surely
no more than twenty; but then,
A tenor voice is never old.
The songs that he knows are old:
Ballads, lyrics, ditties that most
likely were learned from an uncle or someone,
Who the tenor was close to, because
He sings them in a close manner.

And we, for an hour or until the night,
was fully arrived,
Listened, nodded and heard; Too quickly
Came that awful harmony. The other
voice which didn't blend.

We had a tenor in our troop,
Irish, of course.
And in the night, or really in the early night,
This tenor of our troop would turn to us; and
Ask us if we would like to hear him sing.

H. Jones Baker III

Silence is the
harbour of thought
mother of solitude
strength of imagination

Candi Brace

Pittsburg 1968

Their foothold and horizon merge across the street;
Steel and Asphalt obscure and protect;
Mesmerized by their electrical pictures
That now are gods. They see their creed.

Quantity is the key
Science prevails that natural does not suffice
Everything is definite
All is black and white

Some return to their boxes that are all the same
A journey amongst the dotted lines
Constricted thoughts framed by neighbors and dollars
The speedy current passes on
To its source amongst the tiny boxes all the same
It does not stop!
For this---all is lost
Gutted buildings---not Berlin

Toppled by the great steel ball
Walls make way for more dotted lines
This is the birthplace of black plots
No neon lights in a jungle
The creators are hidden and ugly
Scared by the Piranha that feed in the river
Thoughts converge amongst the confines
Rats, Pavement, the Club are the classroom and the teacher
Utopia is swallowed
Religion imbibed by the veins
Addicts are philosopher kings
Christ lies amongst the chemicals
The young reject
Black plots of revolution rise amongst the sirens and smoke

Watts Jerusalem
All is Black and White
The river goes on
The cities burn

Tomorrow is another day
Workers and politicians attend their machines
Prosperity flourishes
The bellies of the fish are full
The skeletons wash ashore.

Sam Martin

Glass Mountain

A rich man has come to perch his ass
Atop a solitary mountain of glass;
Pig slit eyes impervious to now
Immemorially lost in the question how,
Without a why to put meaning into universe
And his most worthy how in his purse,
He became a necessary predilection;
Lifelong pettifoggery reached a clearness of mound
In this structure two hundred feet above the ground.
Below a man approached, in his eyes he carried fear,
Below a man approached, in his eyes he carried fear,
He spoke the last words His Rotundity would ever hear;
"Magnificent Fatness impossible to beguile
I've come to crack lifelong illusion with a smile."

Michael Tucker

In a momentary mind, a miracle.
An unknown hawk is floating on unconscious air
While somewhere near, confused amorphous prey await,
Perhaps suspecting self, more often unaware.
Swiftly, seize! Now in this lightning certain state
Is the prey possessed, intense in life and symbol.

Debrah Waltz

Market Street

Laugh now, says the moonlite shadow,
To the orphans who dance till noon,
Then toss away their socks for better
Days and sights. The one-eyed dog sits
Beneath the porch, and gums the million
Fleas and hairs which show others where
He is. The song of the local blonde and brown
Rushes down the street like the rubber ball
That floated by the other day the storm
Cooled off the town. Senile pigeons patrol
The steps and punish the crumbs in gastric
Juice. Holy, holy, holy.
The bells and their echoes tell the time
Every half hour.

Bill Thompson

The lovely rosebush;
With piercing thorn
And wilted bud,
Grows in the mud

Dave Merritt

Elegy

In the finest hour of this star-shrouded night
When the wind wraps herself around my face
And floats with me among the crowds,
A clock rings lonely once or twice,
Then I wake into your dreams. Gently
Through the night-stilled alleys of your headless mind,
I twist and crawl with the abecedarian message
Writhing behind dead lips.

Jim Riddick

An angle of release I find
In the beauty of mankind
In momentary packages divine
Along the trudging way.
All the moments are enough
(if they're composed of pretty stuff)
To make this shattered pattern shine.

Brian Manson

The View

Fires burning,
In a human forest.
Each emitting a very practical light,
On a thousand concrete pathways,
Everyone going to its own no place.

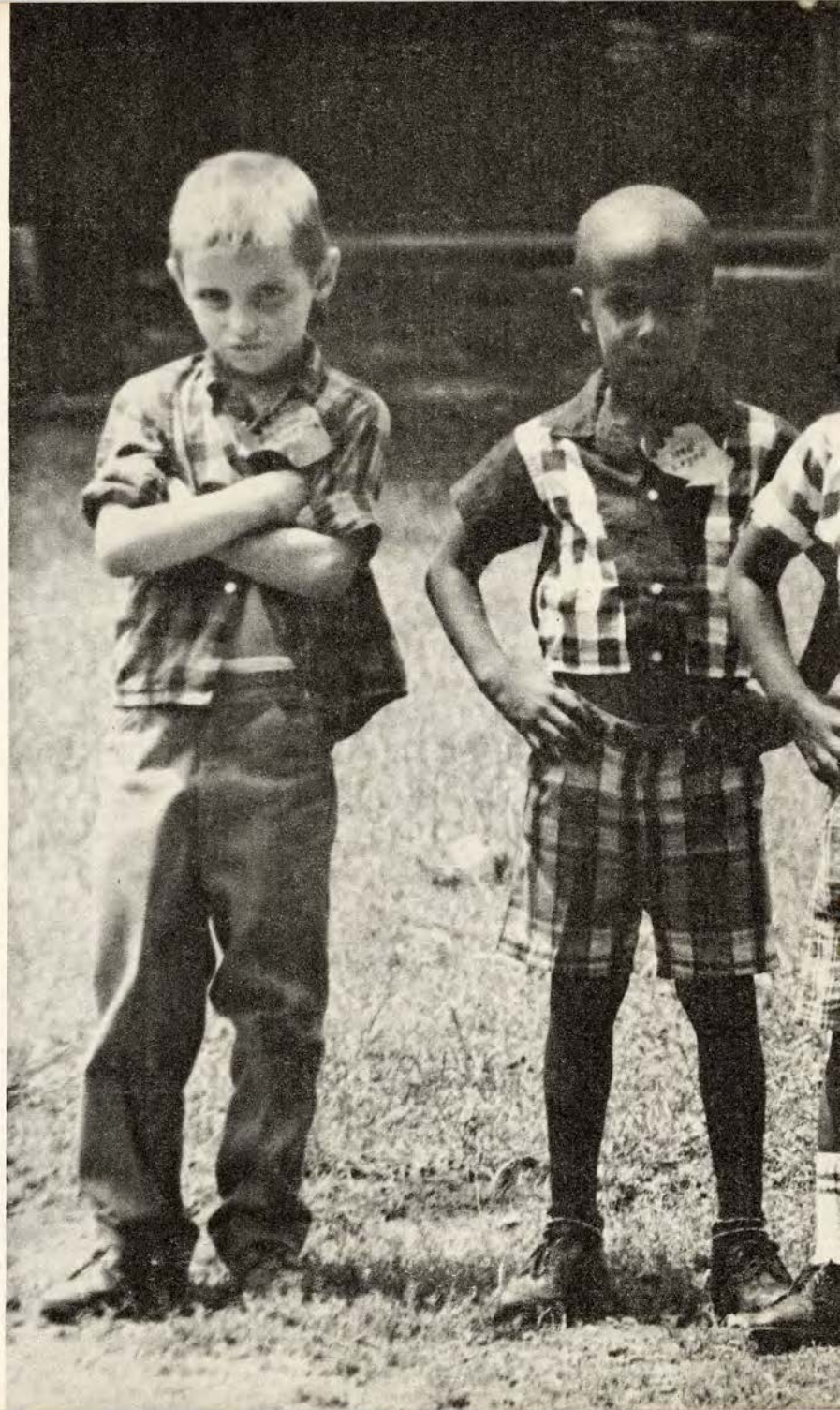
Scott Woolever

My parents built a house for me
to put my mind inside.
But it was floored with prejudice
and it was roofed with pride.

Now in those old foundations
the wood is rotting fast;
the shabby frame will soon collapse
and leave me free . . . at last.

Elyn Dye

father have you time today
between the heaves of your
laboring
and the dreams of your spending
to tell me why I was pressed
amidst these two damp pages
like mother's pressed wedding rose
and if to be a man is to be a man
like you without time,
silent in the language of your
profession bound in the sonic shrouds
of your confessions
of sacred education, data control,
am I simply a child
a creature of the monumental
metronome.
and yesterday *you* asked me
if there were any reason
for a sandbox
of if I would love the colliedog,
you said,
remember my story of Kittiwake Caliper
the song of the pacific gull
who hid during storms
turning away from the sky
and flew only alone in the lull



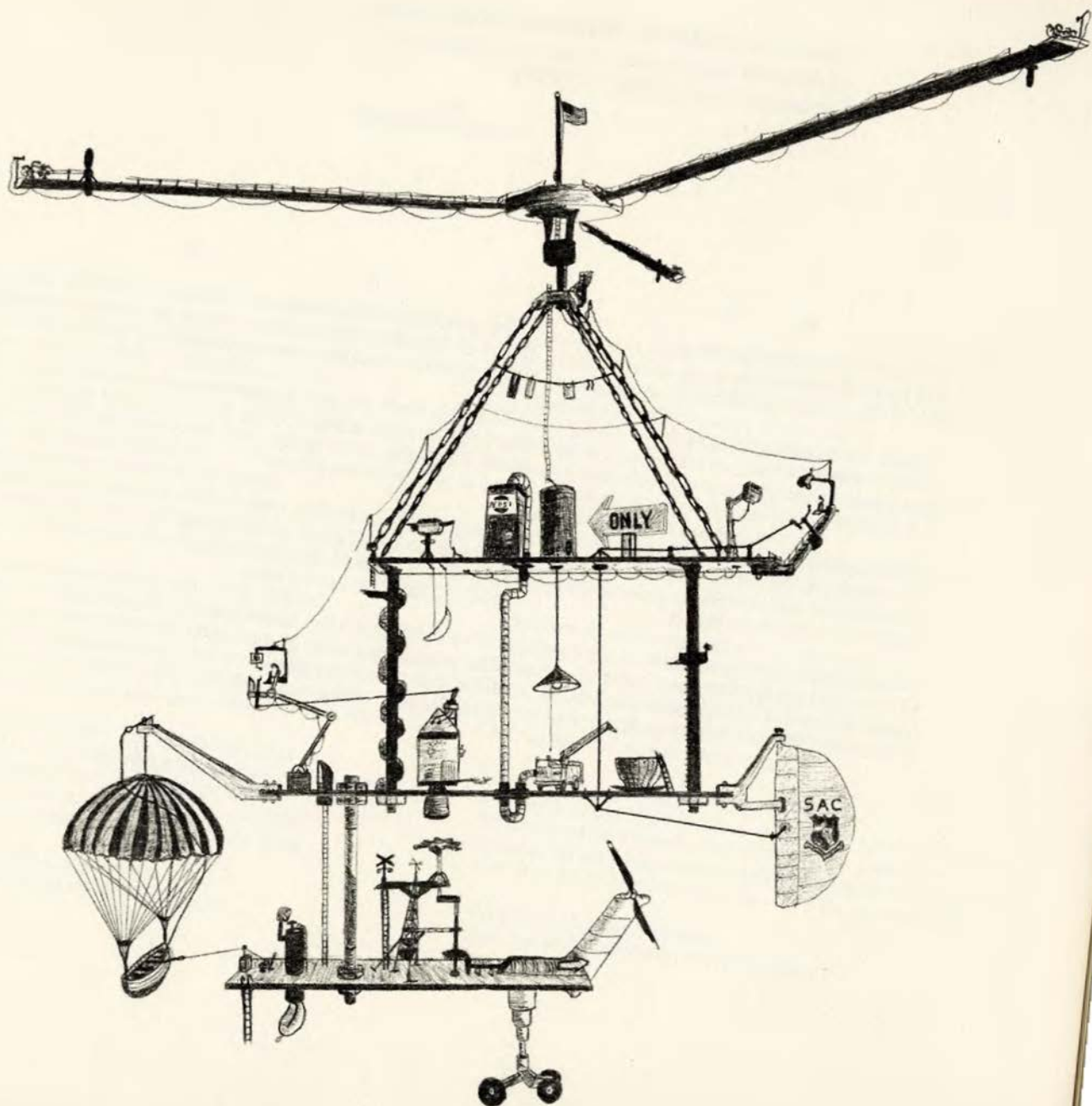


and o daddy how we snuk up on you
with our minds in one hand
and our diluted dreams in another
mush'm together and we woke up
together
living
like
the way we do
between installments
and how we saved up
enough love between us
to maybe help a starling on a winter night
or wind up a gramophone.
just look at us
o yes
we are grown in
a heart that loved Rin Tin Tin.

From the Basement

you

you little Bosch brain left handed
satire for an exhumation
toadstone of another nature
firth pollutor
sacred mushroom in the palms
of Jesus Mohammed
mud turtle in your own slime
wildcatter drilling for air
you Yin halfman
nepenthe mind
parsimony lipped Tamany teat
you and your ten penny nails
and a way of making ends meet
milking the villagers
of their paschal petered hackies
you fiddle for yourself
and clap your hands
to the bamboo guns green thuds
which aren't exactly putting them to sleep
in your own deathbed of timocracy
where they would have run an even chance
of becoming greenstamped or hung
on the cold metal meathooks of your memory
where once lay the key of your invagination
with a dream.
you tin horn hoky
experimental for a human
zoo on another planet—
I'm not glad you're dead
but I'm not crying
for the cocker spaniel I hit
on the way to your funeral.



Translations from the Portuguese of the poetry
of Alberto Caeiro (one of the heteronyms of
Fernando Pessoa, 1888 – 1935).

by
Martin O. Clearfield

X

“Olá, guardador de rebanhos
Ai ã beira dã estrada,
Que te diz o vento que passa?”

“Que e vento, e que passa,
E que já passou antes,
E que passará depois.
E a ti o que te diz?”

“Muita coisa mais do que isso,
Fala-me de muitas outras coisas.
De memórias e de saudades
E de coisas que nunca foram.”

“Nunca ouviste passar o vento.
O vento só fala do vento.
O que lhe ouviste foi mentira,
E a mentira está em ti.”

X

“Say, guardian of the sheep,
There at the edge of the path,
What does the wind say as it passes by?”

“That it is the wind, and it passes by,
And that it came before,
And that it will come again.
And to you what does it say?”

“Many things more than that,
It speaks to me of many other things.
Of memories and of nostalgic pasts
And of things that never were.”

“You never heard the wind blow.
The wind only speaks of the wind.
What you heard was a lie,
And the lie is within yourself.”

II

O meu olhar é nitido como um girassol.
Tenho o costume de andar pelas estradas
Olhando para a direita e para a esquerda,
E de vez em quando olhando para trás . . .
E o que vejo a cada momento
E aquilo que nunca antes eu tinha visto,
E eu sei dar por isso muito bem . . .
Sei ter o pasmo essencial
Que tem uma criança se, ao nascer,
Reparasse que nascera deveras . . .
Sinto-me nascido a cada momento
Para a eterna novidade do Mundo . . .

Creio no mundo como num malmequer,
Porque o vejo. Mas não penso nele
Porque pensar e não compreender . . .
O Mundo não se fez para pensarmos nele
(Pensar e estar doente dos olhos)
Mas para olharmos para ele e estarmos de acordo . . .

Eu não tenho filosofia: tenho sentidos . . .
Se falo na Natureza não é porque saiba o que ela é,
Mas porque a amo, e amo-a por isso,
Porque quem ama nunca sabe o que ama
Nem sabe porque ama, nem o que é amar . . .

Amar e a eterna inocência,
E a única inocência é não pensar . . .

II

My seeing is sharp like a sunflower.
I have the habit of strolling along the roads
Looking to the right and to the left,
And occasionally looking to the rear . . .
And what I see at each moment
Is that which I had never seen before,
And therefore I know how to respond very well . . .
I know how to have the essential sensation
That a child has if, on being born,
He were to reflect that he had in fact been born . . .
I feel myself being born at each moment
Into the eternal spontaneity of the World . . .

I believe in the world as I do in a marigold,
Because I see it. But I don't think about it
Because to think is not to comprehend . . .
The World was not made for us to think about
(Thinking is having diseased eyes)
But to look at it is to agree about it . . .

I don't have a philosophy: I have feelings . . .
If I speak about Nature it is not because I know what it is,
Rather because I love it, and that is why I love it,
Because he who loves never knows the nature of what he loves
Nor does he know why he loves, nor what it is to love . . .

To love is eternal innocence,
And the only innocence is not to think . . .

Translations from Spanish of a poem found among those comprising *Los Heraldos Negros* (The Black Heralds) by Cesar Vallejo, born in Peru in 1892 and died in Paris, France in 1938.

Jointly translated by the following:

Geoffrey Anderson
Nancy Daily
Maria Rampolla
Anne Tharp

Dale Trusheim
Sandra Tzomides
Lucille Sewell
Martin Clearfield

El Pan Nuestro

Se bebe el desayuno . . . Humeda tierra
de cementerio huele a sangre amada.
Ciudad de invierno . . . La mordaz cruzada
de una carreta que arrastrar parece
una emocion de ayuno encadenada!

Se quisiera tocar todas las puertas,
y preguntar por no se quien; y luego
ver a los pobres, y, llorando quedos,
dar pedacitos de pan fresco a todos.
Y saquear a los ricos sus vinedos
con las dos manos santas
que a un golpe de luz
volaron desclavadas de la Cruz!

Pestana matinal, no os levanteis!
El pan nuestro de cada dia danoslo,
Senor . . . !

Todos mis huesos son ajenos;
Yo tal vez los robe!
Yo vine a darme lo que acaso estuvo
assignado para otro;
y pienso que, si no hubiera nacido,
otro pobre tomara este cafe!
Yo soy un mal ladron . . . A donde ire!

Y en esta hora fria, en que la tierra
trasciende a polvo humano y es tan triste,
quisiera yo tocar todas las puertas,
y suplicar a no se quien, perdon,
y hacerle pedacitos de pan fresco
aqui, en el horno de mi corazon . . . !

Our Daily Bread

One takes in breakfast . . . Damp cemetery
earth has the smell of beloved blood.
Wintry city . . . the biting crusade
of a cart seems to drag along
an emotion ignorant of its relevance.

It would be wondrous to call at every door,
and ask for I know not whom; and then
see the poor, and, crying quietly,
give little bits of fresh bread to them all.
And plunder the vineyards of the rich
with the two holy hands
that in a flash of light
flew unnailed from the Cross!

Morning veil, do not rise!
Lord, give us this day our daily
bread . . . !

All my bones are alien;
Perhaps I stole them!
I came to possess myself what perchance was
meant for another;
and I think that had I not been born,
another poor soul would be drinking this coffee!
I am such a bad thief . . . Where shall I go!

And in this chilly hour, in which the earth
transcends human dust and is very sad,
I would like to call at every door,
and beg from I know not whom, forgiveness,
and give bits of fresh bread made
here, in the oven of my heart . . . !



The March

What are you striving for,
invisible embalmer?

"To pluck the eggs from Mother Earth
And drop them into the pan."

But surely they will fry.

"Precisely, they will lose their moisture.
Our crucible of heat and symmetry
Always makes them stick."

And so they will not hatch or germinate.

"And die. Plants and birds, my fool
Cannot build monuments of steel,
Or assume the functions
Of an ordered, necessary wheel."

But I have hatched, embalmer,
and stand aside . . .
I do not spin.

"Everything spins, in its own way,
All eggs spin in the nest, and
the nest spins,
Nothing stands aside."

I can try to hide
Away in the world of my moisture,
And slide through soft soil
to my empty sky and
private sun.

"But growth no longer springs from the land,
Only stuck there, dug, or dredged
By poised, dehydrated
Immortal, massive hand."

But I will try

"And like a plant, or bird,
Will die."

Brian Manson

Untitled III

The winter wind blows north cold.
I am chilled.
The window and boards rattle.
A gust shakes the cabin as
If to show the strength of the north.
The sky is blue.

The sharp ring of steel on wood.
The ring of steel on steel.
I button my coat and shudder a cold relief.

My mind is also cold and devoid,
Like the clear cold blue sky.
I know the fire it needs.
She walks somewhere.
A fire of logs, split wood. A fire of mind.
All I need to drive out the cold.
And be warm, forever
A bird chirps. The stove hisses and
I pull the blanket over my shoulder.

Jon Spear

My Suspenders

Today my suspenders are my only joy;
Nice blue with white stripes running down them,
And shiney gold clamps.
My adventurous suspenders; my imaginative suspenders.
When I close my eyes they become the harness of my parachute,
And I float safely down to some green abandoned field.
Or they hold me in my super-fast car
As I wind up the mountain roads, a pretty navigator beside me.
Then they are the straps to my knapsack,
Filled with supplies for a stranded hiker in the snow.
My suspenders have never let me down;
My marvelous suspenders;
My unconditional suspenders.

Bill Thompson



Charnel House Sketches
Circa 1970

they say our fathers died here in the streets
but I saw them slain in the households of their
imagination.

low through the pews
low through the spars
of the dying city of macadam and madrepare
the sun knelt home less up to the alter rail
in the clay aisles of the city
with its palms outstretched to the squadrons of
narrow hollow minded cystic steel wickiups
as puerile Christian Paulsy, old caliban,
swung on the gate hinges of the deasil season
wafery and wine in his eyes
old Paulsy, old gout, chideless, motherless, undone,
bore the cask of another season out,
pall faced guy, burlap mitre, crosier of oak,
he homeless even in the East
trode the steeleyed city trails, past the ghettos
past the grails,
the iron cactus rusts in the reign of Mammon,
and all the trails in the center of nothing
more than the heart of dying universe.
the shutters began to close again this November
choking the breath of the jugular season
winter in aunt like taffeta weave brushed her sleeves
but something more than leaves were burning in the
streets of grim battalious Pennsylvania Avenue,
cold heart of another Dresden —
scudding marchers marching peacers piecing
marigolds to the walls,
old Christian liked to feel his youth decide
what was wrong with the world we created
he beneficent poohbah of the Bowery. old head,
crows cirqued the Capital. Something was dead.
Silly game, mumble the peg,
Christian stuck the knife in his leg and bled.

“Come to the Charnel House Buffet, seven to ten,
Gehenna Place,” it read.

Out of Gehenna across the Lethe
past the wound skeins of philosophers
strung up in the chatelaines of their own religion
past the clay swaddling of historians
past the bent frenchman Marcel sipping from the river
Christian looked back and the world turned to salt,
to be an old man and begin again, intemperate pontifex,
almost two thousand years today his father was
buried at sea and we find ourselves slipping
out from under the flags of our own beliefs
to be buried

or Brahms had a hand that wrenched men's
souls

to be born

a baby's eyes see only light and form

"Janus god of doorways stand beside me

no, I will not look back again"

no the silence of a well shaped vowel

tie the pulsestrings of the past,

and all the voices of the past cry out

one unending cry

or song.

how shall we hear it

now that we have walked the holy hallway to its end

and opened every door.

back but with a lisp that round off meaning

back with a blindness that is all seeing

and a song

a holy holy holy song.

Silly game mumble the peg with unstill hands

when the knife is Thought

cutting through the dust of unstill lands.

James Dissette



Proposed Fragments of Book VI for William Carlos Williams'

Paterson

In Sympathy for William Carlos Williams

If his father were but president of a brickyard,
He could wish that he would be a pair of ragged claws
And scurry across the ocean floor,
Or sit among the red rocks or the cool, blue rocks.
But London Bridge has already fallen;
He must be content to watch the fall of Humpty Dumpty,
And catch two toads for the Pope's stew.

The fragments of Dr. Williams' own
unfinished Book VI have been dis-
regarded for imaginative and selfish
reasons.

Bill Thompson

In old age
the mind
accepts
graciously
a feather
from a deserted nest.

Paterson moans in the valley near the Passaic Fall
its spent waters eroding the outline of his back.
He lies face down, feet near the explosive thunder
of the waters interrupting his dreams.

Dear A,

You left town before I could say a word in your
defense. I can't understand how you could be angered
by a neighbor's knowledge of our relationship. This
disturbs me. By the way, should I mail your astronomy
books to your hotel, or will you be returning soon?

P.

When 'yes' is said
must it always mean the opposite of 'no'
Truth appears intermittently
some say the month must have a 'y' in its spelling

Dear P,

My actions won't be explained in words, only in other
actions. If you really don't understand why I left, per-
haps you should spend more time at the Sunday night church
discussions. Father Dana could tell you a lot if you'd listen!

Just return the books to the library. If they are overdue,
please pay the fine. You owe me some money anyway. Re-
member the time I gave you a dollar to buy me those new
plastic hair curlers? Well, I'm sure they only cost \$.59 and
you never gave me the change.

A.

God created alcohol
to release and engulf us
Mrs. R. ought to drink more
she can still make it to bed awake
and she already has seven children

That cold white scar still lives on her
stomach
she, who placed the leaves upon my head
and shielded the light
from my eyes

Long ago I pushed aside those leaves
and stared into the skies

—ironic

since then I have cursed and loved
more times when she has slipped
on the wet rocks near the falls
no one protects my legends
what was potential exists as seldom
as the eclipse of the sun

That cold white scar still breeds on her stomach
the flow has stopped,
or changed its course

The semaphore is a vertical post having two or more arms
attached that can be set at different angles with the
vertical.

draped across the wooden chair hang
brown shiney pants
waist and legs meet
two to one, moon to sun
sudden twitching, outstretched hand
the deed of two pairs of eyes, hands
seeps through the sheets
the wind screams across the lawn outside
clothesline, empty, naked, shakes to a tune
written by someone who started the movement
the leaves that split the sky in the day
are hard to see

.

Thousands of books were burned in Germany before the
Second World War.
have you ever tried to burn a book?
let alone, a pile of books

Suicide of males decreases faster during prosperity and increases faster during depression than suicide of females. The fact that cycles of males are more closely related to business cycles than are cycles of female suicide is illustrated by this table:

Years in which Business Index was Rising	.	Years in which Business Index was Falling
% of Years in which Suicide was Rising	.	% of Years in which Suicide was Falling
Males	.36	.04
Females	.52	.40

Indians would wash their clothing
in the river

but they took their clothes off
before washing them

Primitive ways often work better than progressive ways
there's a guardrail on the cliffs overlooking the fall
now.

Brothers—social whores
boasting, breathing conquered valleys to their brethren
brothers do what sisters shouldn't

At the foot of the falls
metallic threads waving in the wind
fastened to their telos

A white rock rises now and then
not enough time to dry
the sun warms only the banks

All about, riotous bubbles swarm
like old bees around a wilted flower
the past is for those who lived in the past

.....

Keep liquid in a solid container
or it will separate
many veins will flow
carrying its source
from the focal point
different directions are assumed
color, body, birthmarks are characteristic
until each path is clear of its debris
and each stream
is different from the others

someone knows you're not virgin
you're near the last step you took, and you'll keep
moving ahead
the old whore wonders what it's like to be a virgin
as the virgin wonders what it's like not to be
what do you wonder?

.....

In a museum near the falls
are two new paintings (or rather reproductions)
The Syndics of the Clothe Guild
and a smaller one of a Chinese snake
crawling through a hole in a rock,
bending around, laughing at his slow tail
or at the Syndics

.....

I sleep at night
under plaid blankets
which remind me of
greenstamps

My neighbor once exchanged her stamps
for a new two-slice toaster
it was silver and black
but the toast was never silver

.....

The results of summer droughts disappear in the night
mud and water, black, sleep

drunken mates
motionless in the night

Dawn is a five minute walk away
take the first right after Gemini's smile
who smiles?

terror
fear

surprise
a bleeding wound
the librarian receiving an overdue book
fathers on Christmas morning

.

no one escaped the Alamo
no one escaped the Deerfield Massacre
no one escapes the electric awe, awl, all
of psycho-cybernetics

The tragic foot has left its print
up and down my tapestry
cardiac burping replaces the alarm clock
whose ticking was its own alarm

winter's fingers close windows
in the upper floors of the hotel in town

. . .

should any thought arise and obtrude itself
between you and the water
asking what you are thinking
answer that it is too remote to scrutinize
but get down on it
get down
on it

Washington was a six foot-four man who had two sets
of false teeth. An iron set was too heavy and made
his jaw sore and tired. The wooden set was filled
with juices from previous meals.

shrugging one's responsibilities makes it difficult
for others
but sometimes it can be very relaxing

The rain breeds worms on the streets
of Paterson
city worms are more sophisticated than river worms,
who waste away time watching logs float down the river

III

he parts his hair on the left side
with a
black plastic comb
father,
am I too young to worry about
going bald?

.

It may not be essential to live for the moment
but it is impossible to live outside the moment
all there is exists now
now

now
or in a shady recollection of ago
I remember there was a last night
I recall her and the last night
but the living moment I held escapes
and I only remember

Be it in the silent music of the Grecian spheres
be it something more real but more difficult to express
there is a physical, mental -ing which fills the now
it is one, forever, and only
not till I placed my head upon the pillow
did I near that sense I knew last night
smell of hair and perfume flowed through
and the I that stands frozen a day ago
stirred

.

(and when the next morning arrived, the rose
remained unopened, and I cried)

our crest and guerdon
 shall be drawn and struggling
 through unplowed fields of Victorian
 charm and fashion

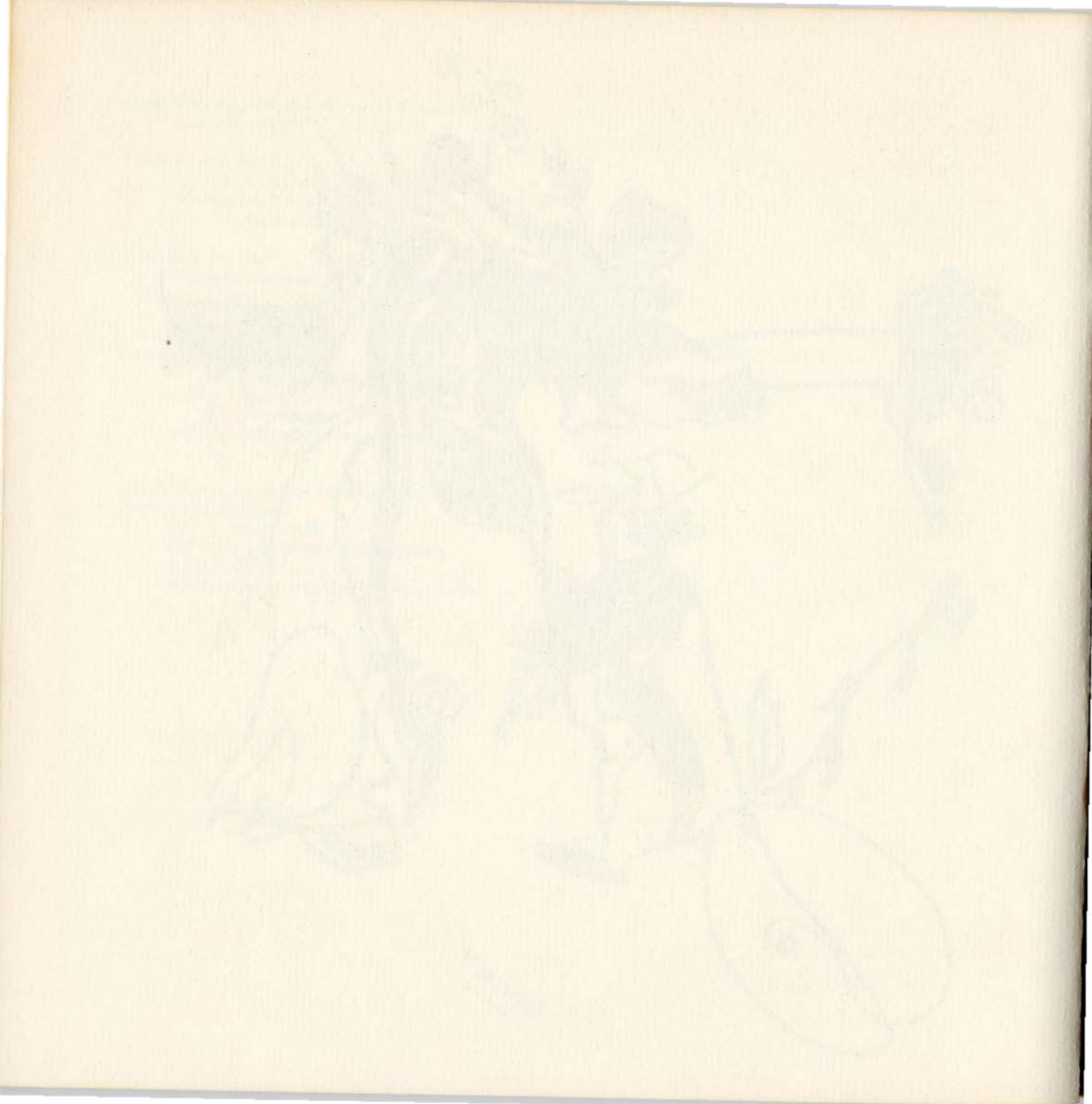
flowers of the rose
 flower of the peach
 flower of the broom
 flower of the clove

Zooks:

— a gray beginning is my ending
the aged dogs have treed the leaves
 (so they think)
and bark furiously at every movement
 above

the mother cardinal flies into the woods and brush
the window shatters
 — mother falls
and a young frightened face appears
through the broken pane
wondering why a bird would want to die

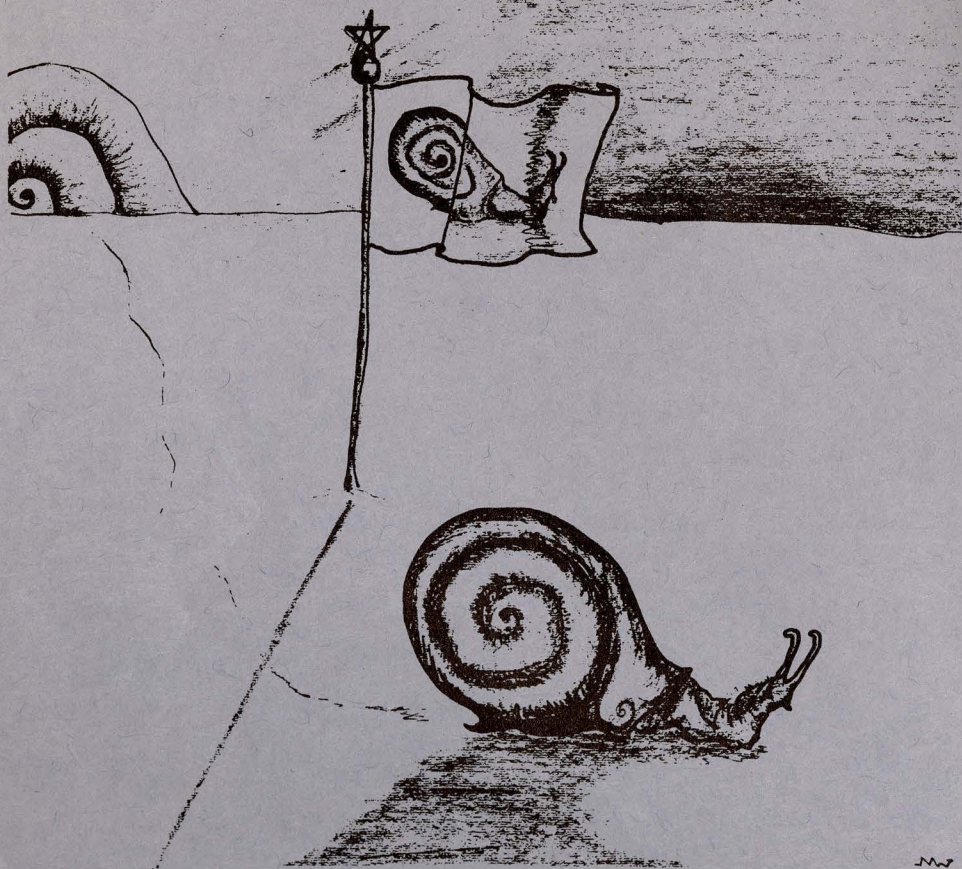




Washington College
Chestertown, Md.

Once again, the generosity of the Sophie
Kerr Underwood Committee has made possible this
publication. and we humbly invite them to
share a place in our orphans' attic.





Dedicated to William McConkey's Ferry

MISCELLANY 189

EDITOR

James Dissette

ASSISTANT EDITORS

David Beaudouin

Scott Woolever

FACULTY ADVISOR

Robert Day

GRAPHICS

Nancy Walsh	-	-	-	-	-	inside front cover
Wendy Woolever	-	-	-	-	-	portrait page 33
Chuck Engstrom	-	-	-	-	-	center photo
Bill Ennett	-	-	-	-	-	photos page 13, 27
George Anderson	-	-	-	-	-	inside back cover

SPRING 1971

WASHINGTON COLLEGE

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

Copyright Robert Day's poem, Fairlee Creek

Pete an' me, we're pals —
i sweep an' he watches
peerin' through the broken stems
o' mama's ole white wicker rocker,
pink tongue lolling 'warm an' soft
his head tiltin' sideways
as he pecks an' waits
an' all o' sudden JUMPS!
my splinter'd broom's his victim
an' so 'm i,
captur'd by his bandy legs
an' trustin' eyes,
his courage
an' his stolid li'l love.

LINDA HONAN

he was six then
pandalegging down corduroy trails
Peterpanning off fence rails
fingerpainting tomorrow
yellowredorangebluegreen
unforeseen, in his own never-owned neverland
he was six then,
and i five. Tonto-like i tagged behind
mudpied alongside
capped guns
made donut runs while he held fort,
even then the days too short to hold us;
stubbornly we conquered hillsides—
through the pebbled muck
my pride alone helped me up
the crumbling walls to his side
(later, alone, i cried)
he was six then, brave and wise
and i . . . an indestructable five.
hours change, rearrange the one-time always.
Santaclausepause.
now his withered body stumbling
down the ancient hillside crumbling
makes a mockery of youthful foolish pride;
should i let my eyes discover
this defeated one-time lover
who was all-time for my young-time at my side?

LINDA HONAN

TO GOLDMUND

You see Earth Mother,
Eternal Eve, all wrong.
Because she has no stars in her hair,
Just streaks of gray. Can't you see them?
The mouth's plain 'tired, not beautifully cruel.
You may have known her that way once,
But she has no time for flower-tossing now.
The once strong limbs are sagging, varicose.
It's hard to find the witch — and yet, you said:
"Without a mother, you cannot love;
Without a mother, you cannot die."

Can you see her as I see her?
Goldmund, is your heart on fire?

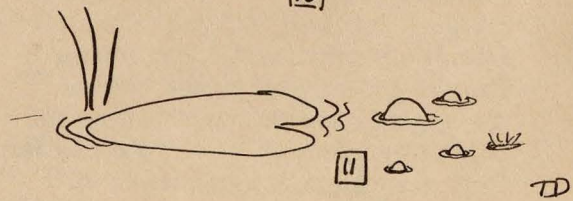
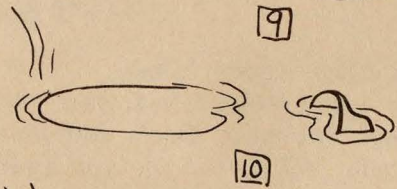
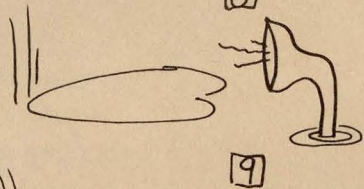
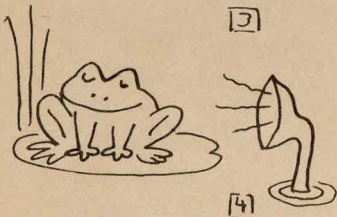
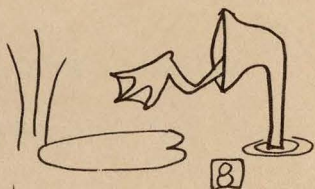
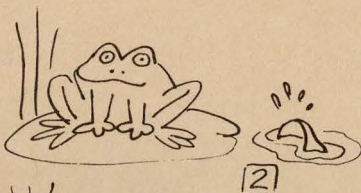
MARY RUTH YOE

I CAN'T MAKE IT, ALICE

Dear Alice, (poor Alice),
Alice in my mind, I hear your footsteps running
through tunnels. Don't run away.
I wonder if I'll ever see you again.
I looked but only saw my own reflection.
I can't get past myself, the mirror is too small
Faintly I hear your voice calling
me begging me to come, telling me to step through,
climb down, crawl, and run along into your land.
Help me, Alice, I can't make it.

DANNY WILLIAMS

THE POND



A ZEN TALE

Once upon a time there was a man in a strange town. He went into a store to buy a very common object. The clerk was shocked and asked him to leave the store. He walked on very puzzled and tried again. The same thing happened. Finally in the third store, the manager called the police and he was taken to court. Because he was a stranger the judge was lenient and ordered him to leave town. He very slowly walked out of town along the seashore, very, very confused. He came upon an old fisherman. He told the fisherman his story. The old man sat him down on the beach, kissed him on the forehead, and walked away.

ANN & DON

AND

MEG & JOHN

MOODUS, CONN.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

We train pigeons to fly to the statues
On stone damp days that devour decisions
And steal off pieces of stiff, fleshless daydreams
While stifling the streetsweeper; stares of the timekeeper.
From stagnating hour to still passing day,
They stealthily melt the stern structures away.
My youngest, named Agnes, returned the flag
That must have been mocked as a message for Mother.
Those disdainful dark eyes indigesting my pain,
The tongue locked between her beak burning to wag at me . . .
Will you cease your incessant silence, my swan?
The flag you received is a present, no less.
As the mockingbird flies, are you weak in the eyes?
Ah, this is no bird. It's my wife in disguise.
My three children are sleeping in adjacent beds.
It would be a waste to keep them thrilled
With the heavens in their heads. Better they rest.
My oldest, named Betty, has bouncing blond hair.
She sleeps unfettered in the hasty air,
Her future of femininity unkempt on the pillow.
If only she had been born a penguin,
Tittering and tottering forlorn in the snow.
I could teach her to win the tiny tots' grins
By exhibiting somersaults, tumbles, and spins.
I shake with fear at this time of year
That I will mistake myself for an angel,
Ambushing the four corners of the earth,
Shouting, "Let's call the whole thing off", in their ears.
Is it worth it to be ignored, anyway?
So who believes in their own Judgement Day?
But don't get me wrong. I love trees, songs, and colors.
Ah, yes! Colors! From nowhere night—spaghetti sparkle!

REED HESSLER

ON AIR WINGS

Your lips curving upward, closed
And eyes throwing light
Tugged inside like wind.
I am weak
Under your look
Like falling from a great height
Frightened and trying to glide
On air wings.

LISA TURNER

WAVES

In this house
Always in this house . . .
I struggle, and feel
 my rough surfaces
Wondering and feeling the new
Deepness
I cannot know
Now
How it goes, and it
Is disturbing.

LISA TURNER

SORRY

How can
its course be frozen
still
unless
I leave?
I cannot say
I am
sorry
forever.

LISA TURNER

BY HER GRAVE

12" by 24"
cold grey hardness
laying deep set in the ground,
carefully sanded, and polished to flawless glass,
artfully engraved on top
natural, uncut everywhere else.
There, a little smooth rock, to tell you who's visited.
grass grows greener there,
flowers live longer,
an oasis of life in desert land of endings.
Morning shines the re . . .
even in the rain,
her favorite time.
Evening reds and blues,
caress the stone.
Limbo

"I feel the only purpose in life is having lived
and having people think of you
as a good person.

BBW
1953-1969

The granite stone lays deep in the ground,

Like you.

JUDI KATZ



OBSERVATIONS ON VISITING A HOSPITAL

You pass by injured rooms,
endless sterile corridors
notching your side.
Hours of travelling, weary, each vault the same,
You
 Stop
 Knock
 And enter
God—He looks good angel face of youth,
halo slightly cracked.
Smile gently waning now,
crystal eyes slightly dissolved.
Then—you notice:
No longer able to stand on his own.
Slowly . . . cautiously . . . fearing . . . ; Ask——
At 17?
His parents —— to make a man.
Your heart, The Times Square ball, drops.
But, . . . halo again, crystals reform, comprehension at last.
Life is his, never to be taken away or . . .
Amputated

DAVID RIPLEY

LOOKING BACK ON A SUMMER

Love
 the word used to come without question
 (to you)
But you took it the last time
 and slept on it
I was beside you when you woke
 looking for it
You asked if I had a good time
 watching you sleep
There was nothing so I left

I want to go back one midnight
 and look for it
Perhaps I could find it
 in your sleepy words
 or hiding between your toes
It was there once when I looked before
Love
 the word used to come without question
 (from you)
But this time I lost

CAROLE DENTON

THOUGHTS

As I walk through the world in its shining glory
Just a spectator now who no one can see
I skim through the pages of this tragic story
How life once was — the way it ought to be.
When people lived — and not just existed
When life was more than only time
But now it seems as though all is twisted
And though man has sight he's really blind.

HOWARD B. KRACKE

THEY TRIED

They tried.
They worked laboriously,
While in and out of firelight
a kitten pranced black shadows
in lilting, perfect meter.
They talked.
They spoke repeatedly
of warming fears through language,
while one sharp claw incautiously
tore an autumn leaf to dust.
They made it seem so hard
That I felt quite superior,
At least I knew it was too hard to try.
And then you came — in shadow-graceful language.
You weren't a kitten dancing
for you saw the gold light fading
and simply, carefully,
added a piece of firewood.

MARY RUTH YOE

FAIRLEE CREEK

Exploring, we have driven our open jeep
Along the bank, following Fairlee Creek to the Bay.
It is cold for April. Ahead,
A knot of fishermen are hunkering
Among their shacks, fixing lines.
Nets hang like winter vines from trees. Bateaux,
Like Winslow Homer boats, sit still on the water.
It is deep here.
We stop. Like spooked cats the fishermen stare.
We should film them, paint them, catch
Silhouettes with quaint techniques, trap
Mood with lighting. They stare.
We hear our engine idling.
We should have come by water.

ROBERT DAY



WHEREVER WANDERING FREE

I

The country is yours. Western Run, from up by the broken flood gate over the four layer rapids to down around the honey bee tree. A whole river-soaked valley to know and be a part of: a hayloft as an afternoon bed, green fields holding evening's dusk as your playground, that old chestnut gelding as your morning companion. That horse was yours and you were his: you and Lucky were both free. Both knew every mystery of that valley. Both of you knew each other. Who could have found you—Behind the wild rose bushes over the fence? On the run's bank, wading in the cool water under one of the willows? Lying next to Lucky in the shadowed clover patch?

Decayed loafers, baggy bluejeans and your father's workshirt off into the morning sunny hayfield in front of your long blond hair. What do you do besides roll a straw from one side of your mouth to the opposite cheek and feel the air? Who was there besides Lucky? Molly was off in the woods, like a retriever scaring rabbits. Remember that spring when she faithfully brought home a different turtle every night? No, probably not. All the yesterdays are the same when you're free.

You had a way with the colts; a way of calming them down and pampering their halters back on. It seemed as if they purposely lost those halters each night, knowing you would spend a few hours the next morning searching, and anxiously waiting for you to softly swear in their ears while slipping the halters on with love, again. All those horses know your smell of imperfumed femininity. They knew that you, too, were free. They tasted more than sugar lumps when you flattened your palm to their noses.

The night and the crickets you never saw. The pond and the ducks you never caught. The grapes and the bees that never stung. The two donkeys that ripped your shirts.

II

Hope, yes once there was a strong hope, brave enough to cause us to forget ourselves and life. Well there was a fight somewhere through the night and men were reduced to weeping children. A child with a mind is a dangerous thing, for it makes his soul grow old and pass by sheets of sweat and love. That's how old I am and if you stand at a distance and study without listening you'll see that I'm so old that I'm dead.

You're a brave young girl. An older person could see that as you walked; your shoulders flowing in your trail and your chest moving forward saying: I am your mother but not your home. Your eyes gave reason to believe our humanity and your nervous fingers made our thoughts real. But if we had walked in the night, the eyes would have been shut and the fingers perfectly still.

Sit down awhile and write with me, we'll see who's the more creative; I'm not a poet, but a wandering minstrel, alone and contemplative. I sang a song to a pretty young girl and found an echo chasing me and my hope and fantasies down a ladder of brave plastic matting.

To search is all there is left now; the bottle of wine twice emptied. It was good and spicy and light and wet, but there's no one to buy another bottle. I drank a toast to myself, alone, and swallowed my pride with the cork crumbs.

Ah, perhaps it's all so much bunk. But there is a life that is pretty and dark; dusty- singing blue tunes to masturbate one's mind.

The pleasure is perverted . . . isn't life, though? Well, we want the answers because with them there's a quiet drink in our hands and soft music like brook rapids lulling us to love: A trout jumps and flips his tail in fright for I've hooked him and sunlight screams "color, beautiful color".

I didn't ask for this. I wanted it and got it. There's this train, though, speeding through the drizzling night, that whispers clickety clack, clickety clack and gets louder with each new challenge. My problem is to get off the train . . . bags and all, only to land alone in some empty field with long furrows to pace back and forth through until there's nowhere to hide anymore.

We've made this breakfast together, though, unconsciously preparing for a long day. The last supper? No—just the beginning of the many leading to the last. I'll break your bread and you drink my wine——let's pretend to share and love. When I was a very young kid, I would pretend there was a werewolf waiting outside my window to wrench me from my bed, if my head wasn't under the covers. Pretending got me to sleep very quickly under the warm sheets. Now pretending doesn't do me any good. I wake more tired than before and that's after pretending about a real werewolf: love. So I tried committing suicide, but when I jumped out the window I saw myself reflected in the wet pavement and forgot I was dying. You can't win or lose . . . just suspended above wet pavement laughing like an insane person at the night. Only the womb can muffle the laughing. The womb—the coffin, we are born astride the grave. And while we are dying we practice love. That's such an incredible force!

We're getting somewhere, however. Bringing it all home, if you will, we've got this chalice of creamy lips kissing our hands and begging to be sipped. Imagery in our fantastic minds makes the ruby chalice ornate, and we are a bacchanalian statue of Greek beauty. Pluck a grape from the vine and wash it in your tongue wet mouth, then crunch the gritty seeds between your teeth to remind yourself that tomorrow morning you won't be asleep with passion but awake with memories: It doesn't matter if they're good or bad for you can always smile at a memory.

"Straight pins stuck in a concrete cushion". No —— Cupid's arrows don't stick that shallowly; we're only human, pin cushions of emotion. Waves lap against the beach of our mind reminding us of what life was like before we were born into this beautiful mess. Well I can't take all this emotion any longer . . . Here, take my hand and come. I've got something to tell you.

I'm far too selfish to be able to give you more than a temporarily superficial happiness. I wish but . . . no, I can't. If you ever need me just call or please come over and I'll be very happy to see you. Anything I have is yours——except for myself. I can't give you that.

III

Although definitely strange for a February to offer spells of warm, wet streets, the strange, almost mystic, feeling of spring grew on him as once snow raced toward rushing gutters. That one big storm hadn't hit yet, but rather, embracing sunshine tattled of winter's impotence: unusual for Boston. He felt the sea in the air.

That damn train yard sounded alive, full of busy goings on. The loudly ticking clock suddenly tingled his spine with the motherly presence of time. Just two weeks earlier it had reminded him in the

night of time and depressed him. Now there was no night. Everything smelt of spring: green and unobnoxious.

When in love he never needed the answer; there was no anxiety. Just to live and give was cool . . . sort of birth green, yellow, red and dogwood pure white. While a whole culture, Aristotle's children, beat out their brains to get the answers to the answer before some expected last judgement, it was so easy to laugh and accept living, to accept life as some pre-given answer and grow from it with spring, to see how green rich in color his willingness to exist could become.

It wasn't the Sargeant Pepperish summer. It wasn't the James Taylorish fall. It wasn't the Bob Dylanish winter. He put on Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66 and felt the air of his room clear out.

Funny how that lousy seagull didn't fight the wind past his window but glided by on the breeze; white now, not grey. Funny, too, how he wanted to run now, fill his lungs with air, have two eggs and fresh orange juice for breakfast and truck on down the grassy sides of the sidewalk singing.

Funny how in green spring he forgot yesterday.

BY B.S. JOE OR

NOBODY KNOWS

SOLITARY THOUGHTS

Sand on sand
Wind on sea
Day withdraws
Me with me

Dark above
Dark below
Time to seek
Time to know

Time to think
Of other lands
Other summers
Other sands

Time has passed
Time will come
Me with me
'Til time is done

RANDY CORNELL

A PRETTY SHORT LITTLE LOVE POEM FOR YOU

I was floating on the concrete canal
Near the inlet exit to your island
Rolling down my window,
Easing my foot off the gas,
I yelled just as loud as I could
"I love you!"

The only response received
Was a subtle wink
From the green Keep Awake buoy
But I think you know that I love you
Anyway.

JOHN DIXON

STUD

John Wayne is a real fucking man,
he smokes his cigarettes down to the bare filter, holding
the butt between his teeth.
Naturally he smokes Marlboros except
When he's got a heavy date,
Then he switches to English Ovals.

DANNY WILLIAMS

FRAGMENTO

Una espada,
Una espada de hierro forjada en el frío del alba,
Una espada con runas
Que nadie podrá desoir ni descifrar del todo,
Una espada del Báltico que será cantada en Nortumbria,
Una espada que los poetas
Igualarán al hielo y al fuego,
Una espada que un rey dará a otro rey
Y este rey a un sueño,
Una espada que será leal
Hasta una hora que ya sabe el Destino,
Una espada que iluminará la batalla.
Una espada para la mano
Que regirá la hermosa batalla, el tejido de hombres,
Una espada para la mano
Que enrojecerá los dientes del lobo
Y el despiadado pico del cuervo,
Una espada para la mano
Que prodigará el oro rojo,
Una espada para la mano
Que dará muerte a la serpiente en su lecho de oro,
Una espada para la mano
Que ganará un reino y perderá un reino,
Una espada para la mano
Que derribará la selva de lanzas.
Una espada para la mano de Beowulf.

From: Jorge Luis Borges
Obra poetica

DALE TRUSHEIM

FRAGMENT

A sword
A sword of iron forged in the iciness of dawn,
A sword with runes
that no one will be able not to heed, or decipher at all,
A sword from the Baltic that will be sung in Northumbria,
A sword that the poets
Will balance between ice and fire,
A sword that one king will give to another king
And this king to a dream,
A sword that will be loyal
Until that hour which Destiny already knows,
A sword that will illuminate the battle.
A sword for the hand
that will govern the beautiful battle, the fabric of men,
A sword for the hand
that will redden the teeth of the wolf
And the merciless beak of the crow
A sword for the hand
that will lavish the red gold,
A sword for the hand
that will annihilate the serpent in its golden bed,
A sword for the hand
that will win a kingdom and will lose a kingdom,
A sword for the hand
that will destroy the maze of lances.
A sword for the hand of Beowulf.

From: Jorge Luis Borges
Obra poetica

DALE TRUSHEIM

XXXVIII

Los suspiros son aire y van al aire.
Las lagrimas son agua y van al mar.
Dime, mujer, cuando el amor se olvida,
c sabes tu adonde va?

Sighs are air, and they go to the air.
Tears are water, and they go to the sea,
Tell me woman: when love forgets you,
do you know where you'll go?

LXXX

Es el alba una sombra
de tu sonrisa,
y un rayo de tus ojos
la luz del día;
pero tu alma
es la noche de invierno
negra y helada.

Dawn is a shadow
of your smile,
and a ray from your eyes
the light of day;
but your soul
is a winter night
dark and icy.

All from:

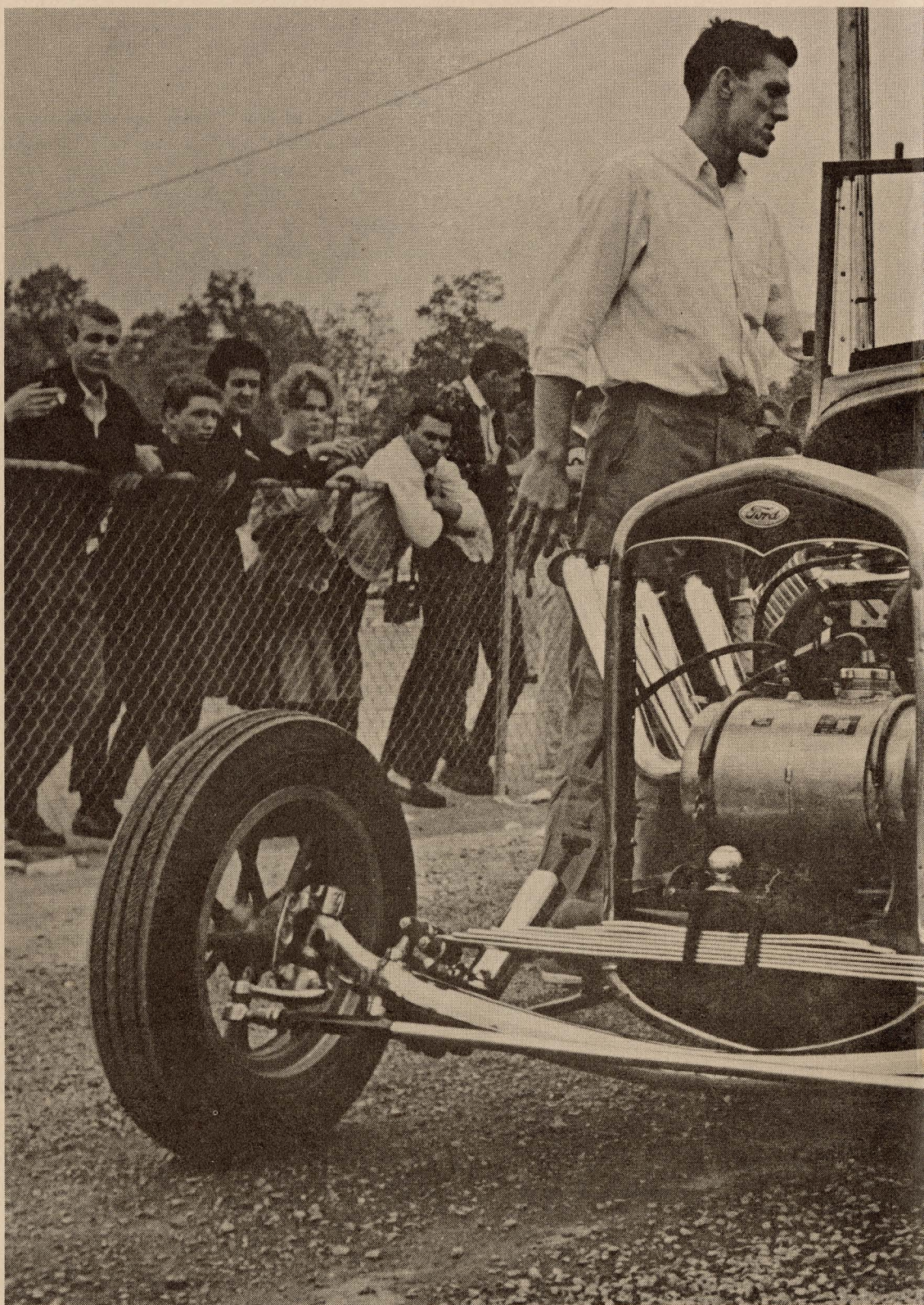
Gustavo Adolfo Becquer
Rimas y Leyendas

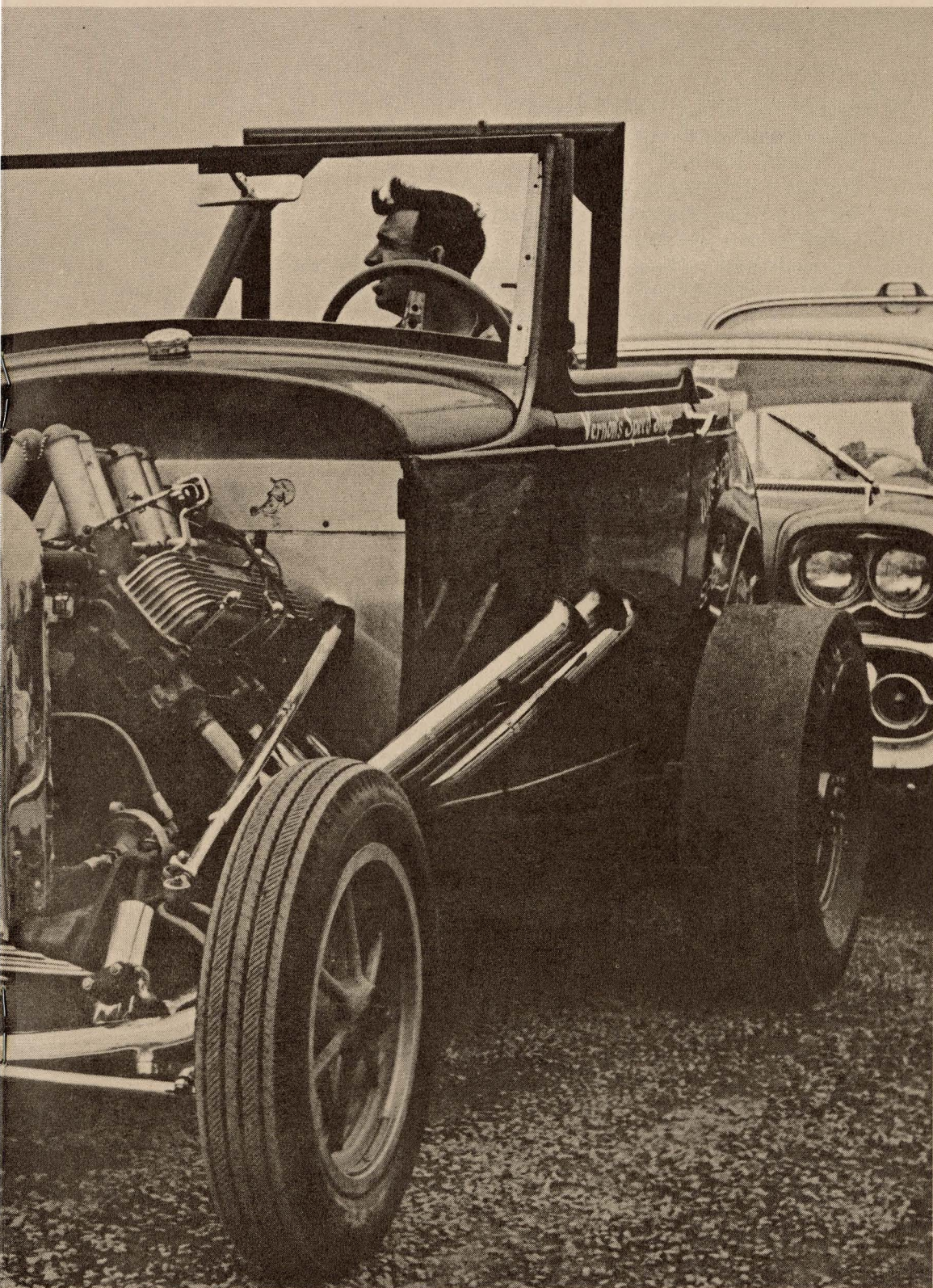
DALE TRUSHEIM

CLASS

The words are heard,
 Then forgotten, not felt;
And the summary of their purpose
 Is not within my power.
 It will only last an hour.
I'm out of here.
 Sitting, dreaming; still seeming
That I perceive all words
 As they grow into sentences,
But nothing is heard, or felt.
The hour is only minutes old;
 The pen that in my hand I hold
 Has failed me.
Droplets on the window.
 Snow? No. Maybe . . .
Heat in the pipes.
 Banging metal draws me back;
A joke, a laugh,
 More words without meaning;
 Back to my dreaming.
Hands of my watch—
 Visual time devouring the minutes;
The hour almost gone;
 Where was I?
And that I returned
What haven't I learned?
Concluding remarks.
A bell.
A return to the world
 That I dreamed for myself
 Moments ago.

JON ROBINS





BORDER

In the woods last week I found
a fence that went nowhere.
It twisted like a tear down
The face of the land, splintered stitches
sewn into the features of the earth.
I clearly saw the stakes,
the posts and rotting board, as huge fingernails chewed
off by nervous histories and spat into the ground,
leaving a path-no, an incision of reminder
that this is yours and that is mine, but
time gets in the way . . .

It's just a local scar, roughly running two hundred
feet through a lot of wooded acreage.
Though my grandfather could have straddled it as a boy,
I only came upon it more recently, as a man.
This fencing that was made to cut the land in two,
now joins it together by a natural weave.
But I still suspect the trees on either side touched
branches long ago.

DAVE BEAUDOUIN

I AM THE RESURRECTION

I see most everything these days with your eyes,
and color the hours electric.
I hear every creak and snap of growing
by my ancestors in the earth and stony silence
(flowers are flowers are flowers).
This is fine but you have stolen my eyes
in return and I cannot see to find
my wallet or turn off the clock-radio
in the morning. It hurts to be alone with you,
alone. I am the resurrection.
Who are you?

DAVE BEAUDOUIN

Heart Failure

'I STAYED UP
ALL NIGHT IN
A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR
LAUNDROMAT,
TRYING DESPERATELY
TO COME CLEAN . . . '

i woke up today to read that
lassie had passed away over
the weekend. and even though three more collies were being
trained for the part,
it somehow didn't seem the same.
it's always a shock to fall
through solid ground, waiting
for a stranger to remind you
how hard it is to land feet first
to press ninety pounds of dreams with
your soul, to
accept your body.

DAVE BEAUDOUIN

ELEGY FOR FRIDAY

James CASH

Penney died today, his New
York hotel room throbbing with artificial
Organs, his 5 & 10 head pumping with last
Thoughts:

of tea-towels/
retail

where to buy a casket wholesale.

(I weep for J. C. Penney—he is dead!

O weep for J. C. Penney! though our bills

Were the dollars that filled his empty head!)

Resting

(A fulltime floorwalker at Christmas rush)

On a bier of fullcolor

Catalogues, the annunciatin' light

Of dripless tapers

(2

for

49)

Yellowing his waxy lips, smiling like a franchise

Manager, his departments enshrouded

In 89/98 red plaid dry goods, spreading

Numbness with a philharmonic

Of artificial organs.

(posthumously)

R. E. BURKHOLDER

FEAR IN THE HALF-LIGHT

Reeling, he bit through the morning's

Half-light, concentrating on a black

Hat and the white horse of Tom Mix.

Contemplating the shot-gun mouth

Of his best baby he hid his head

In his armpit and waited for dried

Grease-paint to flake off his soul.

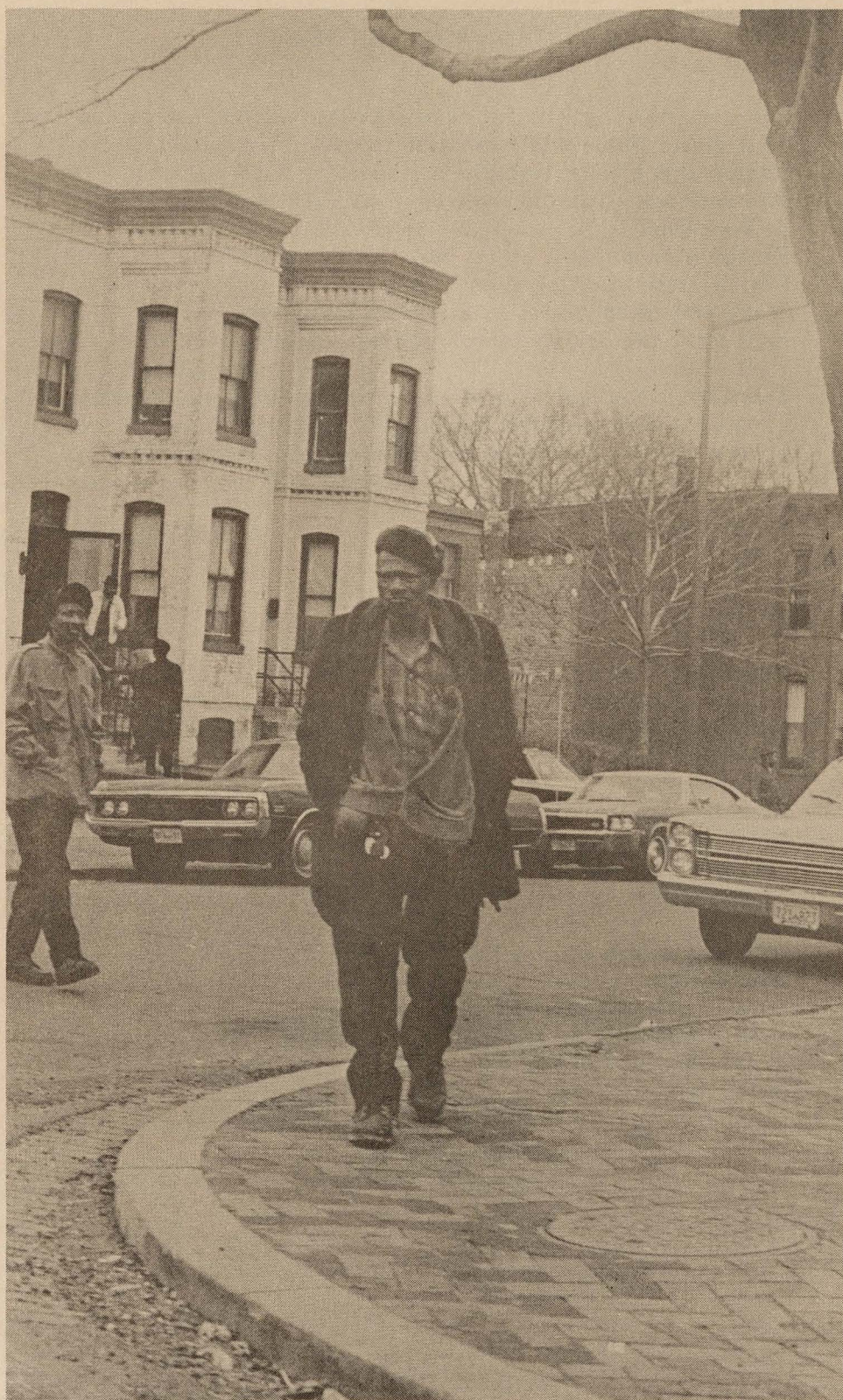
His name in lights was less satisfying

Than a grease spot rainbow on macadam.

His failure was the sound of rain and neon

Flashing in a mud puddle.

R. E. BURKHOLDER



THE MOON AT MINSKY'S

February moonlight is 100 watt through old blankets, spiralling
To a grand finale while the band plays
Bumps and grinds, trying
The patience of an old man
In Row One.

February moonlight drops into the eye
Like a mesh stocking from a runway
Stage and often settles in a lap with crossed
Legs until the drinks come (but hold on to
Your wallet).

February moonlight is a dancer's shadow at noon, teasing
Eyes up a blue gartered leg Always
To the opaque curtain of old blankets.

R. E. BURKHOLDER

You know—love can be obscured
by simple things
Simple things grown to encompass all
A time of loss
and grief
Of hate and despair
It leaves you to yourself
—if you had become half
Then you are left thus
To mend.
Sunshine comes from within
then the gap is closed
Love is as a clearing sky
—soon to show the depths
of the moon—and the joy
of the sun.

H. L. 1-18-71

GRANDMA'S MORNING

Before her toes pull the light
through the pane between the field
and her room that sits over the earth
like a moth upon a light,
she wakes and slides her tongue
about the shallow tombs
where midnight milk has dried,
and then, at last, always past
two flesh filled sacks of dole
her morning patrol moves
with increasing delight.
Her feet shell the sheet
while dawn pulls her thighs
smoothly across the horizon.

BILL THOMPSON

Charged, I from my bed, filled with dream
When but a wink in sleep, too drawn
For one born through a springmount,
Fast to the night with an alder pike.

By the pearl's delay
the day is caught on webs
of keening grace,
tracing from the air
a tinker's face.

Prey boy in prisoner's collar
Drinking sweet draughts of the Holy Hour
To canyon his tongue and eyes,
Writing his name in the ogham skies.

By the pearl's delay
the day is caught on webs
of keening grace,
tracing from the air
a tinker's face.

The sand has taken sea
while dreams have taken me
to you.

BILL THOMPSON

LETTER TO A NAZARENE

Say you sent yourself just right
in a precision more blissfully precise than micrometers,
a seed less than a speck
on the cornerstone of an atom.
The wind it takes to turn one leaf
could be your breath;
Tucked under flesh you would find your way
to a place in back of our eyes,
then hold up a magnifying glass,
or lean against the inside of our ears.
You would see
we think little of rust, rot
or moth. Your cross
would be formed of clear plastic
and after a laser incision
find aluminum bolts to fit the holes
in your palms and feet.
You might joke that we havn't taxed the trees.
So come if you will,
But be warned, some love silver,
still deal in the little murders of the heart.
They would ask a stone to walk on water.
A few will be waiting under fleece
and the fire of each new day.

JIM DISSETTE

ILIAD

winged missile
spawnly craven
you that which no man may see
fleeting forward darting sunlight
thundering like the sea it strikes
hotter than the fiery hellwalls
melting while it leaps and withers
Achilles thou art not forgot

i am naked feel my veins
i am clean as i am new
sheathed in armor, i am naked
see the blood run to my heartplace
feel the pain with which my soul aches
touch the horror of the mortal
wound our soul has ripped asunder:
know that i was not a god then
know that i was not a god
know that i am not a god now
but as a god must face the end;

ah, Achilles ill-foreseen
it was you that laughed like rain
gently splashing, as my heelplate
softly slit and slid away
know that i was lost into you
know that i was all that you were
know that in the holy armor,
was a flaw that tore the sky
i was you but for the water
and in that water will we die . . .

JOHN RASKIN

WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE

She walks out to feed her dog, locked
inside the concrete covered yard.

This is her plot of ground, measured
from back fence to front stoop.

She opens her back gate
and takes a timid step outside:

Walk down the alley?

Around the corner? Away?

No.

She'll stay there,
foot in the alley, hand on her gate, waiting
for something:

the fantastic carriage, coming

through the looking-glass, rolling

down the narrow concrete alley and stopping.

The door will open she'll step inside

to meet her last man, come

to take her home.

DAVID ROACH

TRIPPING INTO NIGHTS VISIBLE LIGHT

Wait for the sunshine
Look for the rain, thinking
of the last time you got high
and flew over the storm into the fire:
time has gone by.

Don't worry about the morning.

Don't worry about the evening.

Saturday's hero is Sunday's dream.

Time has been losing.

Moments sifting away

Try to remember who that was.

DANNY WILLIAMS



LOCKED IN A GLASS CREVASSE

"You know," said one extending his stomach, "if hypocrisy were a marketable commodity, blatant hypocrisy that is, I would invest in you sir and make a fortune overnight. But, you know, to sell it there must be a certain amount of subtlety involved that you seem to lack, and I suppose you're doomed to the miserable existence of the mediocre." He put a big cucumber cigar in his mouth and lit the end of it with a silver lighter, blowing casual smoke in the other's direction.

"Oh well yes," said the other batting at the smoke like a swarm of swamp gnats. He looked at the first like a Cadillac looks at the debris left in the road by a passing trailer truck that takes the form of a dog. "I've heard it said that accusations resting on hot air don't rest very long. If you please, a little clarification on that last qualification."

"Do you think I don't anticipate a question such as that from you? Do you think I'm a fool?"

Bartizan looked into the bright circular hall at the two men on the other side of the showcase. They were like great pompous pears swathed elaborately with top hats on their stems. The showcase they stood near surrounded the grand hall in a flawless circle. The foyer was dark by comparison to the hall and rectangular. Bartizan placed stone hands to the rear edge of the showcase that passed along with the circular perimeter, continuing across the opening of the foyer, looked over his shoulder and seeing nothing but two immense doors, leaned forward, listening and unseen.

"I'll tell you a story," said the first, "although you have already heard it. Invention had a little heard of baby brother who went by the name of Shit Baby. It seems growing up was tough not being heard of and the little shit didn't take this so well. The reason for his relative obscurity is on account of people like yourself who go around moaning, accosting strangers saying: This is deplorable, deplorable. It would have been better had Invention been an only child. Something must be done, be done! and then you proceed to do nothing. Why there isn't even a shred of pretence at action, at doing on your part. You're fooling yourself into believing that something should not be so because it is so, and when you see that it still is so despite your constipation, you talk and talk and talk. You never act, and when you react it is sluggish, fooled torpid action like a great mess. But, I suppose that is tough Shit Baby."

"You **must** be a fool if you think for a moment that I'd listen to excrement of that sort!" He stuck out his stomach now as well, "I'd be better off buying hypocrisy. And as for action . . ."

Bartizan, losing interest, gazed out into the rest of the museum. White marble was the sole compositional element forming the ceiling, floor, walls, and pillars into mirrors for the sounds of the museum's occupants. A cluster of pillars spreading concentrically from an octagonal pool in the hall's center engendered a colonade where most of the relaxation so much a part of a day at the museum took place. Tables were set about between the pillars packed with people's bodies, faces laughing, chatting, drinking, and eating far below the intricately carved capitals of the shafts springing up about them. You could also sink into comfortably cushioned couches and succumb to the dreamy fragrances of exotic florals while relaxing your eardrums on soft music and the spattering of fountains, that is of course, if you weren't at the showcase looking at the exhibition (and most people were).

Bartizan watched four old people walk from the edge of the central colonade toward the showcase. Attired in folds of clothing that covered much of their age with lively young colors, they blocked the view of two men arguing in their passage. Halting at the showcase for a moment, they viewed the exhibitions. This container was about

breast high, a brass affixture, resembling a continuous bathtub with its concave depression and the involute curves of the upper edges. Glass was set over the top of this trough to protect the exhibits, and pillasters sprouted from behind it regularly along the wall. The old people engaged in a conversation of wispy nods and echoed smiles and then rolled away slowly like retreads gathering more and more dust. A family meandered into Bartizan's line of vision now, a father, mother and small daughter with hair like yellow yarn. She talked to them and pointed so the father held her up so she could see. She wanted to get down though and trailed behind her mother's skirt like a small leaf growing out of a seed. Great declamations obstructed this vision as the airy debate continued.

"Actually, you're so foolish that if a house were crumbling about you and great cinder blocks were bouncing off your head, chances are, you wouldn't even run for the door. At least I can act seeing the situation clearly! Whereas you're blind and immovable walking around in a locked coffin most of the time." He said this with smugness that was stored in his pockets as that's where his hands were almost always. They scrutinized each other sneakily.

Bartizan gazed down into the showcase where the exhibits glided by encased in clear plastic capsules suspended in a blue glimmering liquid. 'The echo of fool and hypocrite returns to either of your mouths!' thought Bartizan, mildly disgusted, lost in the gaze for a moment.

The two were bowing to each other now, one presenting a hat to the other's mouth saying into it, "Quite an orgasmic argument, thank you."

'Hats!' thought Bartizan, 'As though their proposed intelligence is absorbed into the brain through the skull from the hat. As though they wouldn't be able to think without them!' Bartizan smirked noting the rest of the stove-piped student group as the obese educators returned to them. They were violently checking the names on each itemized exhibit passing by against the Museum Information and Directory Listings to make sure that the two corresponded. They all went for coffee after a while.

"Academic grease globes!" said Bartizan turning into the dark foyer. All of the echoes from the bright circular hall found their diminished way to this dark lightless rectangle and passed through unseen. Bartizan closed a side door on them staring down a funnel to another door the size of a finger nail. Echoes from the closed door bounded down the hallway and were lost in the off-white distance leaving only the clump of regular footsteps. Walls slid past Bartizan's perifocal vision like sleet as the door ahead was growing to the point of a good sized toenail. A long stretched shadow from the figure soaked the floor with its crawling walk, touched the door's threshold, rose up, and danced there until Bartizan had passed through it also, so that nothing remained now in the hallway save the shadow of a choking echo scampering in the opposite direction.

A short time after Bartizan's exit from the foyer, all of the lights in the museum suddenly expired, and the echoes of tables, chairs, and peoples' shoes nearing the colonade blended in with the oily blackness. (There were no windows in the museum.) When the lights had returned all of the bodies of people were jammed around a platform set just off the pool in the colonade.

On the platform behind a podium stood Bartizan like a cast iron silo. (Bartizan's hip came to the average collar bone.) The musculature in the shoulders, arms and legs bulged into nodular ranges that cast shadows into a crimson mail suit. The face though shared no continuity with the rest of the body below it. Flaccid flesh sagged

down from the apex of the cranium of the huge skull like a drapery of moldering protoplasm. There were some "features" on this sack: punctures out of which gazed eyeballs devoid of iris or pupil, and an immense dangling oral cavity surrounded by a decisive lack of lips, camouflaged by a full white beard.

The leathery flesh on the stone hands slowly toyed with a minute delicately molded blue glass (souvenir bust.) It turned over and over while the calous fingers explored every recess behind the podium. The fingers creaked open letting the small face fall to the platform shattering to a powder. Bartizan owned the house and museum.

"Greetings all. Friends and fellow exhibitives, welcome to the museum and my house!" Bartizan's voice gurgled congenially with deep resonance as from a cavern that spread dark granite arms, palms up.

"And please, please, I want you to keep that kindly in mind, that you are guests in my home, you realize . . ." Bartizan went on, mouth flapping and smiling now and then,

. . . but Ho Ho Ho I trust that you all have taken full advantage of our exhibit today. Have you taken full advantage and really viewed our processional attractions? Have you taken full advantage of the snackbars and bars? Or if you're a parent, have you taken full advantage of our nursery facilities. How about full advantage for students by reduced group ratings? And what about the easy arm chairs and musical fountains? Have you taken full advantage of these things too, set about for your aesthetic appreciation? Maybe you found yourself in a souvenir shop this afternoon. Did you take full advantage of the souvenirs of sale there?

Well, if not, take full advantage of your periodical museum Information and Directory Listing for the correct information on how to get the fullest, thickest, firmest advantage out of this place, my home. After all . . . that's what it's here for and so am I. So feel at home as a guest in my home, friends, feel at liberty."

Bartizan spread his arms once more and the red corslet about his body jangled softly like pennies in a leather pouch submerged in water at night. The majority of the crowd crackled their approval like the wrappings on a Christmas present. However, the students and educators stood about with folded arms and disgruntled expressions that tended to suck half of the lips into either side of the skull's oral cavity. They nodded sarcastically like old helium balloons. Bartizan apparently did not choose to notice this as he continued speaking in this manner—that of an ebullient earthquake.

"Thank you for being here!" he roared, then pausing, "Again thank you! Ho Ho Ho. My friends and my stanchions!"

A moiety of the group's faces beamed ribbon-like smiles and some fathers set eager youngsters upon their shoulders. Bartizan grasped the pitcher of water that had thus far rested on his podium and thrust high in a toasting gesture to the crowd. He then proceeded to down the whole thing in a single gulp. The crowd went wild. Amidst this clamor he held out his arms perpendicularly, palms out, rotating on his torso in a new gesture for silence. The applause dwindled into the spattering fountains.

"Decision . . ." spoke Bartizan, now with a sober rumble, the demeanor sober as well, eyeballs protruding as far as possible without becoming dislodged in their apparent quest for a truth. He let the weight of the word settle onto the mass like tar. He went on slowly.

"Decision is a somber word, preponderous in its implications. I know, as we all know, that decision is a process of arbitration, a collective process in its proportions, that as had been usual is invested in a single characterization that incorporates as its appendages, the said collection.

We are all quite positive that a head cannot exist without the collection of conjunctive appendages that allow it that existence. The circulatory system, the respiratory system, the skeletal system, musculature, the moving bulk of the body in general, are all integral components forming a single, total working entity functioning correctly from the head. The control of the head allows for the freedom of movement and action to the rest of the body. Just so, the museum is such a collection of working units embellished in such a moving system, and that is also why I have called you as part of our living body.

I as director of the museum activities and owner of the house am therefore the head that works simultaneously with the body to move it in the right direction, to speak figuratively. This point is being made transparent for you that I may describe my function as the museum head moving with the said body, to speak figuratively again. All of my decisions therefore must take into consideration the rest of the body. It cannot grow too large for the room it lives in as it cannot dwindle to nothingness from lack of nourishment. I must account for the health of the entire organism from such a position. Position, maintenance of power, wealth have nothing to do with it! The immense integrity and responsible respect of the right decision in the position is far more important than the position itself. I would rather give it up than make the wrong decision! Would you care to be cheated of the right decision? This is how I stand on my position. I would give it up rather than brazenly abuse it! Yes! I would give it up!"

Bartizan stood with arms spread like a trestle of some miraculous alloy supporting twenty freight trains. Most everybody was clapping approval of Bartizan's position on position. Everybody but the students and educators.

They had moved by now to the couches in the colonade with rather bored wincing expressions, like their eardrums hurt. The young men would light the young ladies' cigarettes. Butts fertilized the plush carpet in open displays of disapproval. Teachers rose the topic of complaint. They all slouched on the couches in seemingly uncomfortable positions intentionally. They flicked pennies into the wishing pond as Bartizan spoke.

Quite an unconventional bunch to say the least, but in reality, despite their discursive abilities, they were similar to everybody else in the museum. For instance, while preparing for sleep in their bedrooms, they also had the usual habit of halting movement instantaneously as though it had been predesignated, at a given point in the room, (they, however, would beg to differ on that first point), then, inspecting carefully the position of their feet and general stance as well, in relation to the room, they would meticulously remove their feet from the shoes. Special attention is always given to the hands during this operation to make sure that they hold the emptying shoe firmly in its place on the floor. Upon completion of both feet, the occupant immediately hops to bed. In the morning he will repeat the entire movement, assembling his feet with the same care for the immobile nature of the shoe, get in his room position, and then be off to where he left it off.

Despite their outward actions of lounging disapproval Bartizan continued to the entire mass.

"So it is my pleasure to inform you, friends, fellow exhibitives, my supports, that there will be a new exhibition. The new exhibition listing has been drafted and will go into effect tomorrow. This will change the museum Information and Directory Listing in that they will now be reversed in order of priorities, I thank everybody for coming."

The legs of advisors immediately surrounded the body of Bartizan who towered above them simply and was ushered to his exist along the brazen showcase like a bust on the legs on spiders. People stood about dazed, with drooping clavicles and the expressions of shadows.

Around this moment came the first pop into the chiseled milieu. It dwindled like a meteorite entering the atmosphere. The poppings soon populated the entire museum, growing proportionally with the amount of stove pipe hats being crushed to the chest. The hats were raised over the head and popped by pressing upward the thumbs. Ricocheting echoes multiplied more rapidly than they could decompose.

The house rests in a depression or canyon that could conceivably be given to description in the physical terms of a crater. A hard resilient streaked stone forms the wall of the crater. The house is a coal bullseye in a black target. This edifice is arranged as a series of ascending circular levels that shrink consecutively with the additional altitude. There is a perfect conformity to the rules of architectural geometry as each level is centered on the one beneath, like the final burial stages of a birthday cake. The above levels, where everyone resides, are spotted by windows whose sills contain a translucent glass. Finally, out of the uppermost level, a minaret jabs at the clouds. A tiny house by comparison, rests at the top of this with a strong blue thread of light emitting from its window.

From the foyer leading out of the museum is a portal holding two colossal carved doors: the entrance of the museum. The facade of the museum level is the sole story sporting ornamentation. It is surrounded totally by pillars with corinthian capitals supporting the entablature; a slight overhang. A long stairway descends from the the foyer out under the columns in the direction of the bare plane. At the bottom of these stairs stands a small sheet metal structure. Facing the stairs a few feet in front of this is a billboard dripping white light from the spots plastered all about it. There were blocked letters reading:

HALT WHO GOES THERE FRIEND?
AS
IF
I
DIDN'T
KNOW,
YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
NOW
BY YOUR
OWN KIND
HERE
SAY YOUR PRAYERS BUSTER
THANK GOD YOU'RE NOT A FOE.

Corbel was quickly climbing the spiral staircase within the minaret. He could not run and to save distance stayed near the center of the spiral as though climbing the stairs of a rope. Corbel stroked perspiration from the slab of flesh that dangled from his chin. His goiter was like a living sirloin transplant done over neatly in plastic surgery. Corbel's goiter vibrated when he was frisky nervous. Right now, it was flapping like Old Glory in the monsoon.

He stroked again with his paunchy right hand rushing on. This running was not up his lard sculpture's alley and his feet and knees ached under the waddling load. 'Fool Corbel!' he thought to himself, 'You know that this isn't up your alley! His indisposition at having

to tire himself thusly compounded by acute nervousness was on his face like the Grand Canyon. Anyone would rather look at the Grand Canyon, though, because Corbel's face ~~was~~ in reality more like a pumpkin with a carrot nose on a pile of watermelons. Corbel had learned his insignificance too, as he muttered. 'Yes, you know, of course, Corbel, that your hard feelings won't be acknowledged and certainly not appreciated. Why it doesn't even matter as much as a grain of sand whether you've been angry or not. You'll manage the brunt, you stooge!' It made things twice as bad.

Corbel scratched his hair that was like grass also growing in sand: sparse, and gave a reluctant sigh to the door coming his way around the last bend. Reaching the door he pulled his sweat clad clothing up about his watermelons under the heavy cloak, let his breathing reduce to nomalacy, rubbed his overcast eyeballs, scratched again, and then, bit his lip.

Looking up at the great dark door towering above his grain of sand standing in the dank lightless stairwell, Corbel wondered why the latch was above his head. He scratched his pink clavicle buried under the sweetly odorous folds of grey-brown clothing as he pondered the sign high up on the door's face.

FRIENDS,
BEFORE YOU KNOCK UPON THIS DOOR
MAKE SURE
YOU KNOW
WHAT'S
IN
STORE.

After mumbling a few undiscernable syllables of self-righteous pity Corbel did three knocks of anxious timidity.

"Feel free," came the muffled reply of a steamroller.

"You look cadaverous, Corbel. Nervous?" queried Bartizan without much interest. The blue waves of light in the circular room glittered around the crimson metal ringlets of Bartizan's mail engendering an elusive color. Corbel gazed up Bartizan's impregnable stance to his bald-headed face. The white eyes were trained on his and Bartizan's beard seemed to be made of alabastrine fibers tinged blue. Corbel felt uncomfortable, but aside from Bartizan nothing was in the blue room save a cluster of pillars at the room's center, a huge fireplace filled with kindling, a monstrous chair by the window, and a table with a long tray on it next to which Bartizan stood, so Corbel looked down to the recent polishing job his shoes had acquired. He had been polishing his shoes for thirty years before entering the Head Chamber. Corbel spoke to the floor.

"You would have been nervous t-SNAP!"

Bartizan had picked one of the yardsticks out of the tray on the table and with a quick motion in the wrist had cracked it over Corbel's fat head. The remnant looked like a toothpick in the hand as Bartizan flicked it into the fireplace, which was rapidly filling. Bartizan always had a full tray. Corbel was rubbing his cranium with a gooshy palm, grumbling something to himself about stooges.

"You cause my bluing, Corbel." Bartizan's pun fell out of his mouth and dropped on the floor so Corbel could see it.

"What I mean to say, Corbel, is be specific, be exact, and then leave, Corbel. You see at the moment I can't entertain your visitation for long, not that I don't recognize your intentions or doubt your sincere friendship for a moment. What is it that I should know?"

Cor started slowly, "Well, I was nervous, extremely so."

"About what, may I ask? What could have caused this unusual state of affairs?"

"Oh non, no, this was not usual nervousness. First I was nervous, then I got angry, and now I'm frightened."

"I see. Corbel, where was this unusual nervousness conceived?"

"Conceived. Oh yes, yes, conceived. The correct term and most appropriately chosen so one and only, embryonic nervousness. "Yes."

Bartizan looked down at this twittering sycophant below, thinking how simple it would be to pop his little pumpkin colored balloon.

"Corbel?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Corbel, do remember what I said earlier about specifics."

"Yes. Yes."

"Have you been specific, Corbel?"

Corbel's goiter was vibrating.

"Corbel, I may soon vent the value of my time immediately on your miserable skull so that there may be no need at all for a shoulder to dribble on. Now, please continue, without any double talk."

Bartizan's pleases were like carvings in the arctic. Corbel looked up into two balls of seemingly that same matter.

"I was in the colonade, on schedule, after your bountiful oratory, exacting a replica of one of the exhibits, a small bust for my collection. At any rate, on your exit those weird people with the hats, you know, the supposed scholars or students or whatever they are—"

"Don't patronize me Corbel, spare me," interrupted Bartizan.

"Anyway a lot of those and older people as well began to demonstrate against your decis-SNAP!nn everybody's decision to reverse the Information and Directory Listings."

"They were popping their hats and generally in the mood for the soapboxes on the platform. A leader, a speaker, yes, that's what they wanted, their altruistic dream to walk on stage in full glory of change. But, the only change they had was that in the Listings. They were ripe! Complaining, conjuring, you know, the usual. Then," said Corbel with the same smug smile of stealth on his lips, "I made myself inconspicuous."

"That should have proved difficultless," Bartizan commented on Corbel's ersatz guile. Corbel took it as a compliment and went on all the sneakier.

"And I listened. Yes, I listened to their complaints. O my, they complained they had come to see the other end of the list on exhibition as had been so far this year. They were angry at having been summoned to the museum as a group this evening, felt inconvenienced, why some felt uh alienated? They they got bristling pissed, complained that there would be nothing to discuss over coffee anymore. Oh god what a shame I thought to myself. Ha Ha! Then on came the speaker."

Corbel had now become so enveloped with being sneaky that all you could see of him were his kneading hands, crooked grin, and two glazed balls of reminiscent sneakiness. The rest of him seemed to have shriveled all away. Bartizan grew impatient and broke another yardstick over his head.

"Corbel. I wonder if there is anything else you have to say, about what happened after all this time, which is to say there'd better be."

"O yes, yes, of course there is," said Corbel removing a splinter, "what was said."

This is what was said.

"All of you people know that this affects everybody. And if **you** say 'What does?' to **me** I will say 'the Bartizan's speech of course' to **you**. You know damned tootin' that this has got to be shaking up every head in the place.

Hey you people over there at the showcase! This affects you all! I suggest you listen!" The speaker gazed at the uplifted faces for a second.

"All of that contrived talk about a head's dependence on the body to function properly. BUUUNK! I say that you've got to allow for the possibility of the head going insane, DEMENTED, and biting off one of its own fingers! ah?!"

A blaring transient YES! was roared by the mass of bodies packed around the platform.

"Well I'll tell you what I've taken it upon myself to do. And if **you** say to **me** 'Who are you?' I'll say that 'it doesn't matter aside from what I've done' to **you**.

Many of you are talking about organizing a movement; having a meeting and forming a committee. I know, I've heard everybody talking about this doing something; complaining. In the time it has taken you to rehash this, I have taken my complaint around with me. Namely, that this new decision pertaining to the collective service was a completely arbitrary surprise!

Here's the whole story. I went to the Complaint Department with my complaint in a briefcase. I asked to see the Complaint Man.

Well, the Complaint Man said, 'that's no briefcase, it's a mirror! So I went to the Mirror Man and he said, 'that's no mirror, that's a hammer.' So I went to the Hammer Man who is a huge fellow and he told me, 'that's no hammer, that's a spelling B.' So I went to the spelling B and they said, 'that no spelling B, that's a v-e-g-e-t-a-b-l-e.' I went to the vegetable Man! Do you know what he said? Nothing! But his secretary said, 'that's no Vegetable, that's a piano.' 'NOOO!' I yelled, 'That's no piano!' 'Then it's a Complaint,' she said. So I went back to the Complaint Man! Without my briefcase this time! He said, 'that's no Complaint, that's a Mandate.' The Mandate Man said, 'That's no mandate, it's a Christmas Card, you'd better find Christ.'

The Hell if I could find Christ or Santa Claus!!!"

People were yahooping with wide mouths and popping hats at the ceiling. The speaker, who had turned slightly, spun about at the crowd pointing a paunchy right index finger to them. Their faces froze.

"I went to see the Bartizan in person and the reply was this: 'People complain all year 'round about receiving so little mail. Then, at Christmas time they complain because there are too many letters to rea-SNAP!'"

"Corbel, you know I should not have been brought into this personally. You knew that! I told you!"

Corbel stood like a dazed statue struck in an eternal position, pointing at the window. He had forgotten what he was doing. Corbel bit his lip. He felt the edge of his front insisor penetrating into the flesh like a tombstone wedged into the back of a nightcrawler. It had been crawling across a hot asphalt parking lot around some department store. He felt a certain amount of pain from the top of his head. The addition of pain was beginning in Corbel's skull. The statue suddenly went lank as though it had turned to soft rubber.

"I got carried away if you'll excuse the expression, your Friendship. It was nothing intentional, believe me. I SAY THE TRUTH!"

The chair by the window. Corbel could have been sitting in it twice at the same time. Bartizan picks the chair off the floor raising it in one hand, then grabs it fast with the other and shatters it down over his knee. At the same time he's screaming at Corbel.

"And what happened next after you used my name! Did something go wrong?! Was there an unusual disturbance!? Is that why you came to see me and is that why you look so green?! What next, you infamous blunder, what next!"

Corbel draws back as though a pile of watermelons had collapsed all over the floor raising their hands.

"Ho no! Wait one moment, your Leniency, the uh, **was** a certain error in plan. Yes, a grave mistake was made, I propose, but the boy responsible has been permanently reprimanded. I made an example of him, an exhibit for all those forgetful!"

Bartizan is tearing a leg from the chair. Corbel, getting frantic, begins to beseech dramatically. His voice is like aluminum foil.

"It was your guards, Leniency! Yes, the guards, they weren't alerted in time. But as I said, the boy had been told to alert them to leave at the moment I entered the museum. Well, he said that he'd forgotten, that 'it'd slipped my mind.' This was afterwards, of course, before I came to see you. Why, he was intoxicated or something or other, incoherent. I took him with me to my office and told all those present that I was going to make an exhibit of him for shirking obligations."

"Corbel, do you think I care about a piddling boy! What happened to the guards?!"

Bartizan was strapping on a pair of cestus over his leather hands.

"Speak!"

"It was really horrendous. The mass went insane! Oh, I confess that it was because of the usage of your name. Please try to have pit—"

"The guards"

"They began screaming Something! Something! We've got to do Something!"

"The guards, Corbel, so help me!!" Bartizan picks up the leg and slams it onto the table. Water is seeping from Corbel's eyes as though he has scraped his knees badly, his voice is sporadic heaves.

"They surged through the foyer and out the entrance! I—I followed behind watching their exit and then saw that the guards had not been alerted! Their heads! The guards heads! Eyelids still fluttering! Yellow teeth clamping down on the dead tissues of their tongues sending a spray all over the mob like an expanding colony of crimson spirochetes! Oh God, they **tore** the shrieking heads right from the guards bodies! **Tore** them! It was just horrid, the method they used, they were **primitive**! A number would grab the torso while two or three more would lock arms around the neck. They'd pull and yank until CRACK! RIP! CRACK! RIP! aha! ha! yes the whole thing was done without one damned surgical implement. I wonder," Corbel paused for a split second, giving split second thought, "but, oh yes, then those miserable filths clasped the heads like sticky melons! Slimy clay busts! Their hands were just filthy! They shook and shook them until the dark, thick, warm fluids had been discharged. Then they threw them into the guard house like a pile of beer cans and began to rip the house to pieces dislodging the structural braces and smashing the flimsy sheet metal over the pile! They started to dance on the sickening mound! They danced, and danced, and danced, no surgical tools! They learned their lessons well. AAhhA! HAHAAAAHA-HAHAAAAHA! SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!"

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

"You imbecile! Have you the slightest inkling what it costs to me to train, cloth, feed, and put together a guard in general! Of course you don't! And I won't tell you either!"

"I uh—"

"All you can think about are your damned surgical instruments and methods! DAMN! DAMN! I think less about your work than I do about you! Do you know that!?"

Corbel nodded.

"Don't you realize that you're a miniscule cog in the collective service and that it will go on just as smoothly without you and your

alleged skill?! I lose guards and you think about your damned implements! You bonehead, do you think that guards are the disposeable?! ARGH!"

Bartizan whips the long tray into the fireplace where it and most of the yardsticks dissolve to dust. He puts his fist through the table top a few times. Splinters fly into the blue atmosphere and land on Corbel who is stuttering like an ice cube in a furnace—"i-f- yo-ou tw-wo st-tooges and a-a-a-DDED o-o-one bonehead, d-does it matter?" Bartizan is now brandishing the chair leg that he had recently and bare-handedly wittled. It is as long as Corbel.

"MINION!!"

Instantly a queer little man rolls out into the room like a tennis ball. He comes from the cluster of columns at the circular room's center. The lines of his face are like brackish pen and ink and his eyes seem functionless except to direct him to the raucous voice as he comes on Bartizan and Corbel. Just as suddenly as his appearance, he is hoisted dangling up into the blue air by the left arm, and clubbed with the chair leg on the head before he can make a sound. Bartizan rolls down the window and throws him out like a crushed package of cigarettes. The night outside is a deep deep trough.

Corbel's flaccid spectator's body hangs limp and it would seem that strings from above are holding all his appendages in place.

A look comes onto Bartizan's face; dreamlike, euphoric satiation. He could have been crooning to himself in his iron shell. Restful, groggy, like the body had been his mattress all night, Bartizan comes towering close, reaches down, and puts his hand on Corbel's shoulder. It covers it completely.

"My friend, Corbel, come over to the window, Corbel."

Corbel squirms and turns his head to look at the hand where his shoulder had been. He looks up sheepishly at Bartizan, who walks him over to the window for a moment, a lancet type window with a rolling handle under it. Bartizan then looks down to little Corbel who looks like the nodding nephew and lights a cigarette speaking amiably.

"Corbel, if it weren't for your ability of preparing the exhibits, that would have been you. Do you know that, Corbel?"

Corbel nods . . .

"I'm glad, Corbel. Glad that you understand this, glad that we may be friends again. You are my friend, aren't you, Corbel?"

Corbel nods with his mouth gaping and his eye on Bartizan.

Bartizan reset his palm in a friendly gesture.

"Look out, Corbel. Gaze down into the darkness, over the museum and plane. A showcase, isn't it? Quite a view."

Corbel nods . . .

"Soft darkness, one can almost find oneself swimming in it, floating in it, can't one Corbel? A tub of warm wet darkness."

Corbel is starring far down from the top of the minaret into the dark. He can vaguely make out the circular outlines of the house and museum. Moving away from the front of the circular building he can barely discern a traveling mass, changing shapes like a moving ant colony at night. Far ahead of them on the plane, he can see the perimeter of a much larger circle, its circumference fifty times that of the museum. It lay like a black thread ring, a concentric ripple in the pool of the plane. He could look straight out and see the walls of the crater. A shivering giggle begins to flutter away from Corbel's lips.

"That's right! The mote! I'd forgotten the mote! Then things can still go as planned, can't they? Of course, all this other trouble made it slip my mind."

I know, Corbel. Despite your blunder things will go as planned. You had better get ready for tonight so that things can go as planned for tomorrow.

BLACK THREAD RING

That's right, a mote. From the columned facade of the museum out over the plain there is nothing in all directions until you run into the mote. It's as wide as the average body is tall and its deep sunken edges are lined with a slippery metal making escape impossible. Jumping across is also futile because of the stanchions set directly into the other side like pilasters along the high sheet metal wall they support.

The fleeing strata of bodies discovered the mote in the easiest way to discover one, that is, the first layer fell into it with a colorless splash. They could be heard yelling and flailing deep down as they floated 'round stream. The ensuing layers of bodies drew back from the brink exuding wide-eyed gasps of fear into the night as a sorrell liquid in the form of opaque clouds overcasting whatever stars could have been seen anyway. Apparently in the dark no one had noticed the mote until taking another look. They now starred into the dark wetness.

Suddenly layers of bodies in the rear began pushing and shoving the dim rows in front with a frenzied emotional contagion. People tripped over the edge, grabbing other for support but unfortunately taking them along. In all likelihood this crazed behavior was due to the bullets from the M16s of Bartizan's approaching men. Bartizan, it seemed, had more than a few museum guards at his disposal.

Layer after layer tumbled turbulently into the mote until finally the last layer was literally shot in. Some of their faces were chipped by the flying projectiles like ancient marble busts.

This mote surrounding the museum was actually a tributary to a cannal branching from it and it led into the rear of the museum and Corbel's office like a bicycle wheel with a single spoke. All its contents flowed to this point.

The following day, there was a new sign in the museum by the octagonal pool in the center of the colonade. It read:

NEW EXHIBITION

(Consult Museum Information and Directory Listings)

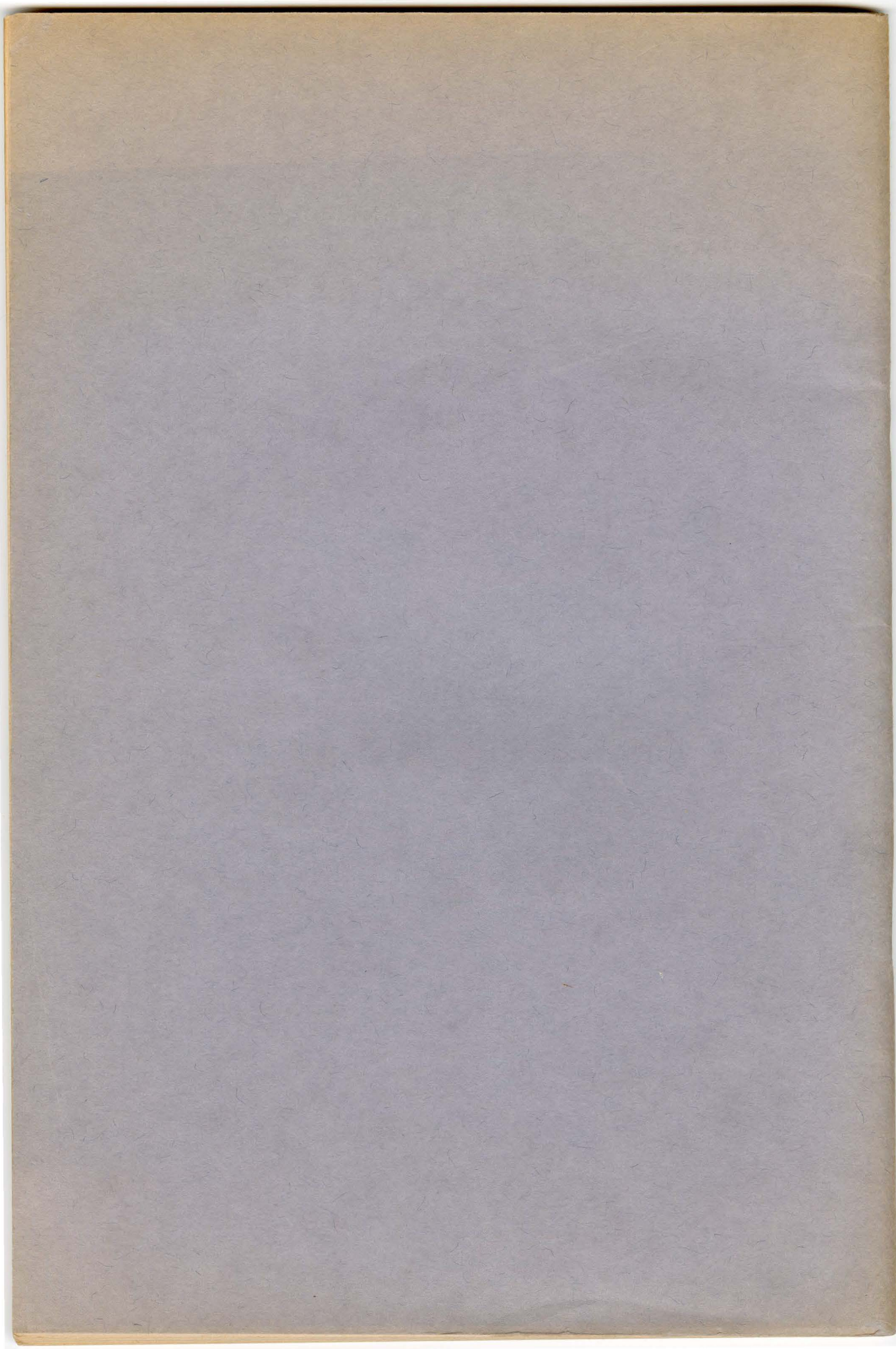
A father with his small daughter who had yellow hair walked out across the bare floor to the showcase. They stopped in front of the showcase and she pointed. He gave her a piece of candy and then hoisted her up so that she could look into the showcase.

"Look Daddy, some of the noses are chipped. Why are they chipped Daddy?"

Someone foolish must have chipped them." he said softly.

Is someone foolish?"





Miscellany #190

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EDITORS: Daniel Williams & David Beaudouin & Numerous Friends

SATURDAY NIGHTS

My hands reason with steel.
I charge into the room--turmoil; but
the order that might be dwells there,
calm as the ceiling, and I see it.
"Reach!" The crowd sees the two
dark eyes of the guns, unblinking.
If anything happens, the left
hand speaks first. The right,
in reserve, holds the veto.

The quiet I love descends.

Outside, my horse whistles.
The crowd yells, "Bill! Clowning
again!" We all belly up to the bar.
Inside, it's warm, and my old horse
out there can just stamp all he wants
and whistle and creak in the wind.

-- Wm. Stafford

LIFESTYLE

Not wishing to scorch her skin
Or soil her clothes,
She sat as far as she dared from the fire,
Which,
She'd read somewhere,
Would keep wild animals at bay.

The flames were hungry,
Jagged toothed.
It was hard to keep them fed.
They'd gnaw, lick with red tongues,
Growling for more,
Spitting back,
Undigested charry lumps.

The fuel was neatly stacked.
She had put everything she could find
On the pile.
Without moving she could throw offerings,
Sparingly,
So they would last her lifetime.

As a result,
She was never really warm,
Yet always she could hear
The lashing tails.

-- Mary Wood

SECONDS

I. Seconds, Seconds, Seconds...

You sit in your chair and stare for hours on end at a ceiling. For, gentle one, the ceiling hides the sky, which is, of course, what you seek. After you have finished thinking for several years, you rise to face your audience. The audience cheers on cue. You vomit all over your new suede jacket. You sit back down on your very own padded seat and begin to shiver uncontrollably. You strain and twist your neck to look at the brown clock on the white wall behind you. It speaks: "I am the perfect embodiment of all that is four o'clock, kid." But that is irrelevant. All it means is that you are sinking. The wallpaper in front of you also speaks. It tells stories of the Revolutionary War. You are intensely interested and stop shivering. Instead, as the light beats through you and you are hearing of Cornflake's victory at Lettuceburg, you begin to die. It is all quite fitting. The bright brown clock screams over the background noise: "There is no limit, my son, seconds, seconds, seconds...." The audience cheers again. You feel very ill indeed. As the haze falls, you disappear.

II. A year After; Two Months Later, It's Gone

I sat slumped in my seat on the bus, slowly but surely succumbing to the silky-soft stillness of celestial sleep.

Pow!! Zam!! Bowzowwie!!! "Oh, my god," thought I, "I have been fisticuffed in the jaw.

As the bus pulls away, I now see (for we have reached the present, dear Reader) a young Black on the sidewalk, laughing and shaking his fist. "Up yours," I mutter, thus shocking the audience. There I go again, making up an audience. ("Yes, Reader, I married him." So writes Charlotte Brontë in Jane Eyre.) But, once again, this is irrelevant. My paranoia increases as the pain from the blow in the jaw decreases. They are inversely proportional. I am getting older now, however, and have no time to waste writing children's tales or preaching to myself on the subject of illness.

III. Good Sam Meets Cornflake

Good Sam walked away quickly.

Cornflake, still a bit exhausted after his marriage at Thornfield Hall, shook his head and, rubbing his still throbbing jaw, pulled out his phaser gun and disintegrated Good Sam. Alas!

IV. Little Diana's Bedtime Story

"Get up to bed right now!"

"But Daddy said I could stay up.... Tell mommy, Daddy." The little girl began to cry.

"Susan, let her stay up another half-hour. It won't hurt anything, and I promised her."

"No, Tom, we've got to discipline Diana some time, or she'll never learn. We said eight o'clock and we'll stick to it."

"You said eight. C'mon, Die, Daddy'll take you up to bed."

Diana began to cry harder now, as she ran over to her father. He picked her up, smoothing her light blond hair. "Let's go up to bed. I'll tell you some stories. Up to bed, c'mon, stop crying and say goodnight to Mommy."

Diana stopped crying and turned in her father's arms to face her mother. Her blue eyes flashed. "I hate you, I hate you," she yelled, and she began to cry again.

Her father carried her from the room, through the study, and out into the front hallway. Neither Daddy nor Diana noticed the figure sitting in the chair against the white wall in the study.

As they mounted the stairs, Diana said, "Daddy, tell me the story of the Cornflake t'night, please?"

"Okay, lover-girl."

Downstairs in the study, the clock ticked away.

V. The Radicalization of Tommy Harrison

The boy in the study heard the clock ticking. He knew that spring would not wait for him. Perhaps he had heard that in a song; no, he had read it on a bathroom wall once. What the hell, it didn't really matter anyway. He got up and walked over to the record player. From the shelf below it, he took out an album. It was Volunteers by Jefferson Airplane. Tommy put it on the turntable.

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of America."

Hmm, thought the boy, (His name was Tommy Harrison) this is true. Why, just yesterday someone called me a "dirty hippie" because my hair is long. And then she didn't say "thank you" after I held the door open. But I am thinking tritely.

He felt intensely happy for some reason. The clock interrupted his thoughts. He stuck out his tongue and turned away.

"All your private property

Is target for your enemy

And your enemy

Is me." So went the record.

Hot jets! thought Tom, that's for me! He picked up a paperweight from Mr. Martin's desk (that was Diana's father's name, gentle Reader) and hurled it through the window. Already, his hair was longer.

VI. The End, Part I

"...and so, Cornflake lived happily ever after," said Daddy.

Diana thought she heard a noise downstairs--like when she knocked her glass off the table and it broke. "What's that?" she asked.

Daddy replied soothingly, "Nothing, honey, go sleep now for Daddy." He was thinking of his next day at the office. Golly geewhiz, he was tired. He died that night.

VII. Many Maniacal Conclusions

You still sit in your chair, exhausted. A young girl comes toward you. She is quite beautiful. Her bright blue eyes flash. She says, "All right, friends, our time is short in this world. We must make the maniacal manipulations while we can."

You, with your breath coming in short gasps, look around you nervously for any friends. You see none, not even the young Black, who apparently was arrested for the murder of a certain "Good" Samuel D. Sock.

Once again, you twist yourself around to look at the clock. It is not there. So you glance casually at your watch. It speaks only in small metallic whispers which you cannot distinguish. You turn your head slowly toward the window. The haze is clearing; the light is entering, surrounding you, blinding you. In the midst of this light, you see the glowing face of the beautiful girl. She speaks in a voice strangely like the ticking of a wristwatch, which you can now understand: "I am the goddess Diana. We are all outlaws in the eyes of you-know-who. I will protect you. All I ask is your body. I am not interested in the mind. Let your body be burned by the light. Let it penetrate and cleanse you. Believe me, it's a new dawn."

You will be found dead tomorrow. Strangely enough, so will Tommy Harrison. Don't worry, your friends won't be at the funeral, but the audience will. They'll cheer, too!

-- Christopher Miller

PROSTITUTE

Extra high quality!
Lies flat, withstands abuse.
Ideal for professional,
 industrial
And work-a-day folk.
And students everywhere,
Twenty dollars, please.

-- Robert King

IN THE SUICIDE PARLOR WHERE THEY LOCKED BILLY

(Song lyrics)

Something and
Nothing and
Billy (the goon)
Stood in
The center of nowhere
Talking at noon.

"That was something,"
said Nothing
Who came from somewhere,
"I'll wager you couldn't do that again soon."
"It was nothing,"
Said Something
To Nothing,
"To accomplish that move."
He had a twisted wry smile
And leaned on the moon.
"All you need is some
kind of a decision
just one moment to choose."
"Yes, I suppose you're right
On that much for sure."

Said Nothing
From something
To Nothing,
"I'm sure."

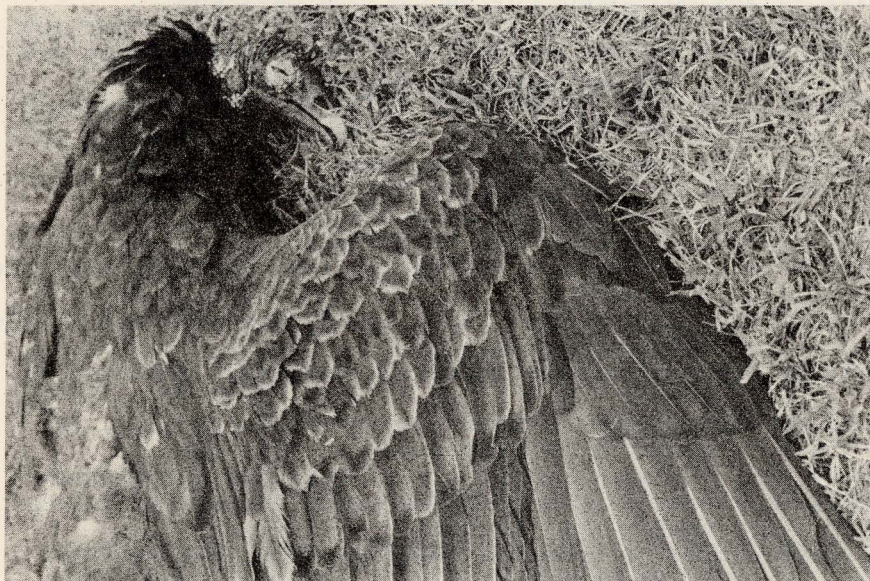
Said Something
To Nothing,
Who stood on his ground,
"I just figured I'd stop in
For a little relief,
See what it's like
and then maybe leave."
Something smirked as he said this
And smoked at the nose,
Clouds of yellow sulfur.

"Why that's something I've heard Nothing about."
Said Billy (the goon)
And fell over backwards off of the moon
Into the ocean's
Swirling black tar.

"Alright!" said Something to Nothing, "Let's see what
you say."
"I'll say nothing until I see something," said Nothing,
"I mean when I see something done,
And I really quite doubt it because of your gun;
it smokes."

"Well there's nothing that can stop me!" yelled
Something,
And kicked the dark halls and scratched at the ceiling
And bit at the floor
And all of a sudden began hard to shout, and withered
away,
'Cause he couldn't get out.

-- Scott Woolever



NINTH GRADE

She LICKED me,
goddamn
I mean she licked my cheek
and said "Peace."
That's all I need...
a Dumbarton Junior High bell-bottomed whore.

I talk,
you talk too
Christ
she licked ME.
MY cheek.

you know?
but

-- John Moag, Jr.

POEM

Across the heavy roll
And flaming fields
Of a landscape by Vincent,
Trudge archetypical
Hobo saints
Heading for the shadows.

-- Sunshine

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE BUSH COUNTRY

Halloa, sir John Drench I presume.
Righto, and you must be lord Blustry.
Didn't expect to see you here old boy.
Nor I you, not in a month of sundays.
You're a bit sandy old fellow. I say, have you come from
the beach.
Right again, nasty spot that, bloody hot sun, and little
crawling things.
Bloody coconuts in the trees too you know, just out of
reach.
And up spoke Tommy, I need a drink of water boys, my
mouth is dry you see.
Here you go Drench, eat a bit of this chocolate chap.
What ho Blustry, look at those ruddy flowers, a lovely
garden spot this.
Indeed indeed, a tropical paradise, will you have a
gingersnap.
Thank you yes, now tell me where we fit into this
business.
Well, we could colonize the place and exploit it I
suppose.
Oh bully Blustry, a splendid idea, but what about the
natives.
We can convert them to Christianity. That should keep
them on their toes.
And Tommy said, Give me a drink of water please, for my
mouth is dry you see
We must return to Britain posthaste, and fetch the things
we need.
Yes yes, bloody good peaches plums and pears sealed in
tins.
My boots and breeches and riding crop, and some honey-
meade.
To be sure, we'll want some money, and motor cars, and
more Englishmen.
Good God old boy, licorice whips and a bumbershoot, yes,
and my wife.
And my valet, a burlesque show, a munitions works, and a
thousand coolly slaves.

A fleet of ships of course, the royal marines, a flock
of geese and a carving knife.
And Tommy cried, I cannot move for lack of water, my
mouth is dry you see.
Oh bully, jolly good Blustry, when do we leave.
But wait, What are we to do with this bloke Tom what
appears to be quite dead here.
For God's sake Drench, act like a white man and stop
hanging on my sleeve.
Why we'll bury him of course, here, do have a banana
old chap.
Not today, as I happen to have a bit of brandy, and it's
the king's birthday you know, the thirty first.
But why did the blighter die. I say, cover his head.
You're splendidly stupid Drench, his mouth is dry you
see, he died of thirst.
Righto Blustry, remind me when we get back to find some
bloody monuments for the war dead.

-- Peter Read

FISH

To the sea, to the sea, to the wonderful sea
To catch a bunch of fish
But the sea ran away, and the fish today
Were biting at my knee.

To the beach, to the beach, to the beautiful beach
To find but an ocean of sand
Not a wave in sight, how terrible my plight
For the fish had invaded land

To the hills, to the hills, to the beckoning hills
To save my life at least
Tuna is nice, but don't think twice
That I'd be eaten by the beast

-- Christopher Ahalt

HEY, MARIJUANA ASHES ON THE CHESS BOARD

Quiet

with minds clicking loudly
Oriental knights and rooks charging bravely,
blindly across the plain
I, abstracted observer groping to see
the forgotten sense
of protecting a king,
musing on infinity.

Quiet

with soft quick whooshings
of inhaled breath and smoke
Exhale freely for there's more to burn
Vibrations of concentration hover about a queen,
the bitch.

My ears strain to let music in
as a purity
And the brief moment of success touches
shimmer of my infinity.

Time stretches into same
and the king falls
only to be encased with his conquerors.

Hey...

-- Carole Denton



POEM

we sat
library still
library safe
and clawed at each other.
so subtly
so sacredly.
i loved your mouth,
hating your words
your venom.
you toyed--
probed with your tongue
and i squirmed,
winced.

i turned
too quickly,
seeing your face melt.
i wept between stacks
in our library.
i wept at the hard
secrets written on the
pages of eyes
and between
the creases in your hands.

i was salt
you were wounded
i cried sea...
more salt.

you stalked out
leaving your books
bloodied.
i mopped up.
aching
to hold your pain.
bitter
at throwing a past
into your eyes again.

i sat
library still
watching the holy dance
of death, as winds
tore at the outside
world.
you returned to
our library.
i refused to laugh,
to recognize
your old, wilting mask.
you read.

-- Kim Stierstorfer

MOUNTAINTOP CASINO

Loveless
 procession of the
 recession of an enormous
lump sum.
 Funny money in the
 ultimate recluse of
 the boisterous cloister
of the lovely day.
Run
run
run
fairly fast young animal
from barren barrel
 of frosty root beer.
Here
here
young furry
 of nine fine leaves.
Can do all
 you can or
even more
of a bore than you
 thought before
or even previous to that.
Come
 let us love
 for those in
 the
 gala affair.

-- Howard B. Kracke

INCARNATION

The streets wind their way through dampening night air;
the houses wink invisibly in the fog
glistening lights illuminate the path of the rain as it
falls in sheets
down streets
where feet meet pavement of wet cobblestone and remind
you of ducks and children with melting chocolate bars,
peering through dropleated windows as you pass by.
One summer long ago here the sun was shining;
thoughts run through you; like the fog that spreads in
the early evening, they mist your senses
and are scattered
like the wet leaves on the cobblestones
that the street cleaner left to dry by lamplight.

-- Ellen Harrison

POEM

Last night I dreamed of the sparkling green Gunpowder,
it was over its banks, flooding the farmlands and
railroad towns.

Gunpowder.

mother of the runs and creeks throughout the county,
shaded by the green rain forest in summer.
a long path of smooth green velvet.
willows reaching out from the banks,
current slithering slowly downstream,
like milkweed carried by a breeze,
until around the bend,
rapids come.

indian river, with its rapids and bedrock,
gardens of grey bedrock,
rugged banks, steep hills, the Shawans in their canoes
jolting and scraping the rocks,
like the sound of paper bags being popped

the banks widen, to majestic size,
towns went up, mills ran smoothly

railroad on the Gunpowder,
North Central barreling through the rain forest,
and into the cotton mills and iron works,
Corbett, Phoenix, Monkton,
Warren Ashland, Parkton,
railroad, days of energy

The Shawans are gone,
weeds grow on the tracks;
silent millrace;
still towns;
and still the slithering current drifts
like milkweed carried by a breeze.

-- Paul Rodney Schlitz, Jr.

DEPARTURE

Her way of leaving any room,
is to leave the door half-closed,
as though she forgot something,
and is soon to return. Tonight,

the door is neither open or closed to the night air.
It is open enough where I hear her departing footsteps,
shuffling down the driveway.
I cannot see her get into the car.
Engine breaks up any silence as headlights go on.
She starts down the road. I

imagine her car piercing through darkness
around the corner towards the freeway.
Night wind swings the door open.

-- John Lord

another night...

The wine was slowly warming and
I touched her as we danced with
the sun.

making love to a one legged girl
why can't i stay the same
for all the times i've told you
still it isn't me

So now you know the open truth
and there's no where else to go.

-- zachariah stone

WHAT THE GRINNING STRANGER WITH THE SAD EYES
WROTE ON A NAPKIN TO THE TRUCK-STOP WAITRESS
BEFORE RIDING OFF INTO THE GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI, SUNSET

I never recognize that stranger's grin,
Met suddenly in plate-glass, or your eyes:
I know my face, but only from within.

Though I have watched him age, grow fat and thin,
And though there's something there I recognize,
I never recognize that stranger's grin.

In doorknobs, coffee-cups, and spoons, that grin
Reports a distorted, splintered life. It lies.
I know my face, if only from within.

Still, you call him by my name, and pin
His labels to my chest. You recognize,
Whether or not I do, that stranger's grin,

So let it be: I know where I have been,
The information that no map supplies,
And I have earned the scars inside my skin,

And learned a tune or two to whistle when
The lights go out in livingrooms, or skies.
-- And can you, stranger, postulate that grin
A man might grant the night he travels in?

-- Jack Butler

CONDOLENCES

No, you would not,
If you could.
I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry, too.
You do not understand.
This is so terrible.
It is terrible.
You can not understand.
You probably don't know which way to turn.
I don't know which way to turn.
You will not.
What can I do; I feel so helpless.
I am helpless.
You would not.
My goodness, it was such a shock.
I am in shock.
Even if you could,
You would not know.

-- Barbara Simmonds

MOON

I suppose
the sky
is really the interior of a
big
blue
bubble
which Beautiful at night
becomes bright because
someone
has punched a hole
to allow a lovely allusion
of light.
Let us love.

-- Linda Brettschneider

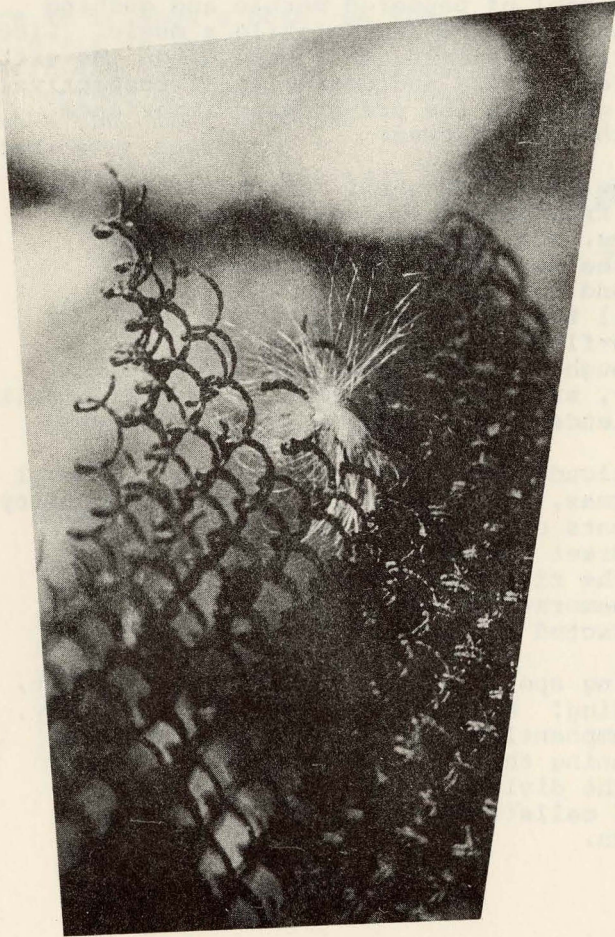
POEM

they told him that extreme emotion
should be controlled.

so he worked
and he slaved

and he no longer struck out in fits of anger
nor loved passionately

-- Susan Pippin



ANOME

Within an inner gallery, sits the two
part picture of arrogance and insecurity:
painted by a man with no hands,
who sought dexterity; judged
by a man with no mind,
who sought wisdom; and a child
who conducted a choir of formed figures
in the song of burning candles,
sang September's faults away.

The inherent amputee and desperate half
wit raced after elaborately projected fantasy,
and discovered themselves, sitting,
by a pool of peppered marble and gushing
waters erupting in the child's music. Like two
wearied gentlemen, they were given the gift
of rationality and dexterity (irrespectively)
and glimpsed the pre-ordered importance
of the wind-flower:

Anome, and they shall follow faithfully,
the fragrance which never fades.
Anome, and freedom shall pursue them
as the warm March breeze ties itself
around an infant's hair.
Shall they find you there,
wind-flower? So long forgotten
through trampled grass and marching
army, still waiting? From your pollen falls
patience, but they live only by moments

of clouded balls of sunlight and nocturnal
enigmas, which lead us. In our fragmentary
moments of dawns and midnights,
we greet the shock of ourselves.
To the ritual of a moving sun, we
commemorate the tolls of trails,
extracted at the cost of fragments,

gazing spellbound at the splintered heart,
surging! And in its moment of ascendancy,
triumphantly fusing with an untraceable
spinning through time, the echos
of the divided
self calls itself
a sun.

Were we to become educated
into an indivisible union:
through an obstinancy of strength
we would learn the miracle of ascending
descendancy and contain in ourselves
the silver lining of harmony in autumn
bells and joyous melancholy. To sing
the time which never ends and progresses,
sacred unto itself, like the running
of school boys after the image of what
will be, when now has never been.

Were we to know a note, we too
would sit in heaven and never know
weariness, never forget solidity,
and capture an unvanquished hour
with a sun, in a universe
which never spins.

-- Robert Murphy

SUMMER EQUINOX

Gypsy moth, dancing by bulb
fire, ignores me:
decaying floor boards resonants.
Something's humming in the hall.
Flashing lights hit headless
hats, unseated chairs.
The fan is sucking,
gently, lilacs in, bringing
the chatter of friends in,
in on a breeze.

-- David Ripley

TO MY FATHER

- WHO FELL AND BROKE HIS ANKLE -

I know of those crushed cigarettes lying
Bent and nearly forgotten in a hospital ash tray.
The ashes sterilized with the dying
Air and you bedded to their right: lonely

And afraid your twisted foot will fall
Into that empty space beyond
The restrictions of vision onto the white tile
Of the floor you haven't used.

Out on the road dusty men
Pity you in the lost light of a gauge-lit
Engine. Your useless knees stiffen
In the coal dark dialogue. You are lost

In the sweat stained rings of dirt
That will fade from your hat.
You don't need the heavy plaster
They've administered to my shaking nights,

Your broken days, so we will cut
It away like the loosely fit feeling
That was tied around us, that caught
Us and held us from falling.

Rip off that white gown and wipe
It in the oil and dirt
Under your bed. Stand
Naked before your nurse.

-- R. E. Burkholder

DREAM OF AN ADDICT

Before I went insane,
Big Runny came
and eased my
aching pain.

He shot the dope
into my main vein
that soon spread
throughout my brain.

Yes,
it
eased my pain--
but will I ever be the same?
I mean with all the dope
stuck between my vein
and my brain,
swelling my vein
destroying my brain.

Is this what
you want to call
"doing your own thing?"

Yes, ma'am,
here I stand,
one little lonely man.

Sometimes I feel as if I was
a new breed,
from a different kind of seed.

Needle marks up and down my arm
I feel as if I'd just been born.

See, I want to touch the sky
Without saying "good-bye"
I feel the only way I can do it
is just to stay high
until it's my turn
to die.

-- Leroy Smith

THE LONE AND LEVEL

SANDS OF OZ

Ruby-red shoes
scuffed at both heels,
Dorothy kept trying
but couldn't go home.

-- Mary Ruth Yoe

FOOL TO THE LADY

In raw and croaking motley strains
His heart's red song he tries to sing,
But even in love the clown remains
A comic thing.

His passion plays young pelican,
And the paternal skeleton
Is not sublime

Lying in red and yellow leaves
So many a Weltschmerz poet grieves
In radiant rime.

Leaves die aristocratic death,
Dancing gracefully; a breath
Of wind is their last minuet.

But bones obtrude, inverted ruts,
And, far from magic Helicon,
The meat meanders in the guts
Of young ungainly pelican.

-- Norman James
(1945)

POEM

Inspiration dissipates in the salt-laden air,
Hope disappears in fragile foam.
Youth is carried away by the outgoing tide;
Age sets in with the rolling fog.

Memories sail like tiny ships upon the sea
And fade away with the setting sun.
We are becalmed, so we set our sails
And wait for a fresh breeze to carry us away.

-- Pamela Stastny

NO HAPPY GIRL

the radio played while
a no happy girl sat on a chair
knees against her stomach
arms holding her legs
she looks like an armadillo
trying to protect herself from...

there is no romance she thinks
and broods over past lovers
like a half wit movie critic
reviewing some old nostalgic film

she watches the sun shine
cast shadows on the floor

a radio announcer says
and now for the weather
cloudy tomorrow with
a seventy percent chance
of rain

she moves a little the
way a fetus would exercise
and thinks tomorrow
will not be good maybe
the next day will be better

-- William Maxwell

POEM

Stiff necked and muddled head
A showered warm before to bed,
I slunked into the bathroom.

Feeted above the cat I towered
Body be and had been soured,
Snifted, turned her nose away.

Watered on and clothes a'piled
Hoped I'd not be crocodiled
I camed beneath the flow.

Kneaded softened, flowed and draining,
Subtled, lulled, feelled unstaining,
Brushing gentle awful niceness,
Breathing steeping sweet un-iceness,
I bent to towel toes.

Weighted futures waits before me,
Now the cat will not ignore me.
I'd bedded for to sleep.

Born, reborned, and yet reborning,
I'll another in the morning.
Snore will snoring having snored
Amphibiously landed lord.

-- David Merritt

POEM

August is December now.
Washing machine #6
has stolen the last of the sand
from my jean pockets.
Supra is gone.
My dog, and Neil Young,
scratched by every forgotten laugh,
skips too often.

-- Pat Trams

THE SELF-TORTURER

Heautontimorumenos

Nothing hurts so wonderfully as forbidden pain.
The nerves are feathered in fiery response to will;
all veins pulse slower when blood is meant for air.
Blood will bud and streak--these patterns
are traced out of the nacreous, selfish heart.
Let there be pins, taut flesh, and no other:
white linen to bleed in.
Death is the end of color.

-- Leroy Johnson

CYCLE...6

Come into the light;
for I have danced alone,
within the dark,
for your eyes only.

Come stay with me now,
or until the morning air
embraces us,
through last night's wine.

And if you leave me then,
I'll blame each morning's star,
that sought us
from our disguise.

-- Sharon Lee Stumpf

FOR BERRIO

Whenever there is a thunderstorm
I remember that afternoon in the tower.
You were so high
the storm was a movie to you,
moving south along the picture windows
getting closer and closer;
lightning striking the beach
twenty-five feet from the tower;
dark clouds so low they could have scraped
our lightning rod.
When the rain began
we stood on the balcony,
its coolness refreshing us
after the morning's heat.
As the storm moved eastward,
lightning now over the waves, and
rain rain patterning the ocean's surface,
you grew more and more euphoric,
till you slept on the floor
covered by a stray beach towel,
your parka for a pillow.

-- Susan Luster

EMBRACE

The meeting was by halves and chances,
With looks we traded secrets, not with words.
What grew into a love began with glances,
She had a certainty, a grace of sorts.
And so I came to know her facial dances
Before I ever heard her voice's chords.
What passed between us first was never spoken,
Our silent understanding never broken.

-- Sarah Gearhart

RIVER

It's been rivers all my life.
Growing up on the river's
Seaweed and sand,
I'd play in her company
till the sun would sink to sleep
on a bed of red clouds.
Then I'd trudge home
to that smaller river
mothers insist upon,
and scrubbing away at hours of dirt
count mosquito bites.

Tried to leave the river once.
But lakes
were silent as light.
Oceans
were too big to be trusted.
You can't see their other side.
It takes a river to make things right.
It will be rivers
all my life.

-- Laura Pritchett

COLD WATER

When I awoke that morning, the first thing I did was turn to look at the far side of the bed; but I knew she couldn't be there. I turned slowly onto my back and gazed pensively at the motorcycle poster with the nude blond body painted blue and gold sprawled upon the leather seat, leaning toward me, yet not too far. The motif, aside from the raw sex and "Take me--you're man enough" attitude, was how to make a difficult position seem natural; in other words, the perfect blend of machine and animal. My eyes stretched to visualize the white Harley with the blue lightning stripes lining the tank, and then I quickly peered around the room, observing the debris, amounting to two changes of clothes. I have to get her to take them home and wash them, I reflected, and then turned toward the window again to observe Sus-tindido grazing apart from the other geldings, as was his custom.

I thought about what I was supposed to be doing on this warm summer day. I climbed onto the bed again and craned my neck onto the sill, pressing my face against the screen. "No rain today," I mumbled, and then suddenly I was wide awake, but yawned slowly anyway, and then it occurred to me what day it was. Today we were to go to Fisherman's Falls--God, I hope no one has been as

absent-minded as me. I listened for the others, but apparently they were still asleep, except for Haskins, who had asked his boss for Saturday work so that he could drive out west in a few days. Everyone else should be around though. They're probably still asleep.

I went out into the living room of the tenant house as soon as I had dressed, thinking about how it was really fine the way Haskins' mother had gotten us this place for nothing, and figured it was warm enough to open the front door. I stepped outside, my bare feet stiffening on the icy cement porch. I walked around the house, unconsciously moving toward the sun, and reached the front right hand corner from which I could see its hesitant glow--God, it's already muggy, and this made me think of the water again, and how its chill would soothe me. I judged the time to be about nine, and then hurried inside again, turning right after entering the living room and moved quietly through the black room, which had never been used in the six weeks we'd been there, though it was an interesting room, with Alice in her wonderland portrayed on the wall, surrounded by mushrooms. Above the fireplace stood a poster of some guy fucking a bright green tree, which Haskins told us looked great under black light, but for what it was worth we didn't own one, so it didn't make much difference.

What appeared to be a closet door faced me across the room, and as I opened it slowly and walked up the stairs which it concealed, I listened for any sounds from the room above. The room itself had the lowest ceiling I'd ever seen, and it always surprised me that I had to duck a little in order to avoid a blow. It was no different this time, and as I surveyed the room, I found them camouflaged in separate corners, sleeping soundly. I walked over to Al, to whom I felt closer, and called to him softly. I realized immediately that I should have made my voice more forceful, but he rolled over anyway and said, "Yeah" through slitted eyes. He opened them wide then for a moment, and I replied, Come on, Al. Laurie will be here in a little while, and I thought you'd want to be ready to go when she got here. He said yeah again and rolled back on his side, so I went over to the other side of the room to get Josh out of bed. He looked up quickly and said, "What's up, man," and I was relieved that I didn't have to listen to his grumbling this morning. I went down to the kitchen, certain that they were both awake, and began to take the food out for the morning meal. Eggs, butter and bread I found easily enough, but I had to dig past Haskins' turkey to get to the jelly. I turned around towards the cabinet where the cereal was. I started to walk across the room, noticing the mess our provider had left for us before he went to work.

Josh was always bleary eyed in the morning, and this morning was no exception. When he spoke, he usually

laughed esoterically, but it was rare that I, at least, understood what was funny. His body was blunt and strong, a medieval sword which, if it struck, could split an adversary down the middle instantly. He was in the best condition of all of us, though Haskins and Al were also short and blunt; we all found our bodies important, so of course we envied him. None of us would admit this, and I'm sure that, if asked, we would calmly deny it.

As was customary, I had placed the glasses on the table, brimming with dark, thawed orange juice; Al scrambled a dozen eggs, with another carton ready for seconds. Josh sat at the far side of the room, with the red refrigerator to his right and the kitchen door to his back; the sun light was already creeping over his shoulder. The room was filled with the sounds and smells of breakfast, and flies swarmed greedily in endless copulation, knowing their feast was near.

I spoke first:

-- I think I've decided to go to school next semester...

-- Where, man, Josh interrupted. Not at Gibson College?

-- Yeah, it's too bad you won't be there, Al.

-- Why do you want to do that, Brian? It's really a fucked-up place.

-- Well, we'll just have to change it then, huh?

-- Oh, man, the only thing that place is doing is changing for the worse! At this he swallowed his juice contemptuously and slammed the glass on the table.

-- Laurie and I were talking about it yesterday, and I've already mailed away for an application. You don't think that the new president will stop us from making necessary changes, do you?

-- No, it doesn't matter what he does, man. The faculty will take care of him. At least that's what the faculty members that I talked with told me. No, it's the students at Gibson College--they're the problem.

-- But don't you think that there are a lot of people who are dissatisfied with the way things are, who want to change the system which is only preparing them for a job, if that? Just yesterday I was reading Farber's book....

Look, Brian, I don't care what's being done at other schools. The point is, man, the people at the college are only interested in that piece of paper--

they'd never think of standing up to authority! Do you know what they are? They're a bunch of spoiled under-achievers, who went to Gibson College because they couldn't go to Harvard, where they were told by their parents they had to go; in fact, were entitled to go. You're wasting your time if you get to that school with the idea that you're going to change anything. It's been tried before.

-- But I thought that with all the dissatisfaction over the president's appointment, and with Gordon Clay as the new editor, and with all that's being done on other campuses, well, I thought that the students could be awakened to what's happening....

-- All you're doing, man, is setting yourself up for a big disappointment.

Alex brought the eggs over and sat down. Josh immediately forgot our discussion and eagerly plunged his fork into the bright country eggs, which steamed in the sunlight. The water for the coffee began to boil. We hadn't gone to the store the day before, so we would have to drink it black. If only Laurie lived here all the time, I mused.

I swallowed the words that were collecting themselves by ramming the eggs in to overpower them. After a month of this type of argument I had learned to ignore Josh's cynicisms and thought that perhaps if he weren't pushed too far, he might join me in this crusade I was determined to launch in a situation that I only vaguely understood. But the plate, too quickly emptied, had nothing more to add, and I wanted to escape any further loss of dignity by looking at the horses--up close.

-- Are you riding the bike over to the falls, Brian?

-- Yeah, Al, it looks like the perfect day for it, don't you think?

-- I guess so. I heard over the radio yesterday that it might rain later, though.

-- Shit, I hope not. But even if it does, it might be fun.

Al laughed benignly. Just then we heard a car pull up to the house. I was finished eating anyway, so I got up to see who it was. On the way through I turned the heat off under the water, and already I was smiling. It always amused me to see Laurie drive that old green Ford.

When I saw her, there was no surprise. She was dressed in sunlight which gave her brown hair a rich glow and lightened its color even more. Her granny glasses, tinted dark blue, sat like a bird upon her thin

nose. Her mouth, also thin, was sliced in a smile. She wore a blue dashiki with red squares and green flowers and yellow forks and starfish. It was open at the neck, but though the shirt was the right size, it opened demurely, shyly, as though it was ashamed of the tiny breasts which submitted beneath. I leaned in and kissed her happily and held her head uncomfortably for a moment through the open window. I saw that she had on her faded blue jeans and brown suede boots.

-- Did you bring your bathing suit?

-- No, Brian, I thought you said we were going skinny-dipping.

- I did; I guess I just meant in case there was a change in plans.

-- You just don't want Josh and Al to see me without my clothes on.

-- No, but I bet you do. She frowned at this.

-- I'm just joking. I love you, you know. No, what I meant was, if that maniac Boyle comes out with a shot gun, I just want us to be prepared, and maybe it would be a better idea not to provoke him.

-- Well, if you're that worried about it, why didn't you tell me last night?

-- Because I wasn't thinking about it last night. I smiled reminiscently, and she responded with a coy look of her own.

-- It doesn't really matter anyway. I mean, what can he do. It's not even his god-damn property.

-- Are you sure? Apparently he thinks it is.

-- Yeah, well, Haskins told us that it isn't, and he should know. Come on, it's getting hot out here, and I guess we'll get stoned before we go.

It was mid-day before we started out. The air was muggy, and our clothes seem to grip and hold us back the moment we emerged from the shack; but a cool breeze seems reassuring, and finally we got away. Laurie and I rode the Sportster, which creaked and hammered through the ruts in the dirt road. Al and Josh drove on ahead in Josh's beat-up foreign car. We caught them once we were out on the main road.

The Maryland horse country rolled by us. The corn fields spread around us, naked and dependent. Several times we pointed to the horses which grazed undisturbed a mile from the hillside which we'd skirr over. Wood-

lands covered the hills off to the left like toy mercenaries. Then there were no more horses, and we left the paved road and entered the forest, which seemed to welcome us with bowed branches clawing at us, always threatening to rip our sunglasses from our faces. But we felt safe here, and these things were done only to help us to slow down and enjoy their gifts more openly.

Then there was no longer even a dirt road, but only a path, which began with dogs warning of our approach. But the children waved at us from behind the jalopies and the battered wire fence in front of their crumbling motor home. The trees benevolently protected us from the sun, until finally we came to another road which was only a few hundred yards from the spot where we were to park.

-- Is that Boyle's place, Al?

-- Yep.

I gazed up at it for a minute, and wondered whether or not he really did own the falls. It was placed on a knoll, to the left of which through the trees one could see part of a golf course. The house itself looked to be fairly expensive, but I was really no judge of that sort of thing. Haskins had told us that he was connected with the golf course in some way--caddy master or something, but the way his lawn was manicured, he may have been at least the manager.

-- He claims to be a lawyer, doesn't he?

-- Yeah, but Frank says it's nothing to worry about. He says this guy's quite a character in this area.

-- Yeah, Brian, said Josh, I'm sure there's nothing to worry about. I'm sure this dude won't give us any trouble. When he said this, he laughed contemptuously and then began walking down the narrow footpath which led away from the old man's house and down into the woods again. We all dropped in behind him. I kept looking back over my shoulder apprehensively, wondering whether we could park someplace which wouldn't be quite so blatant, but realized that this idea would never be agreed to. Besides, we didn't come down here to worry about an old man.

Alex lit another joint, and after a hundred yards or so we could hear the water plunging over the falls. We came to the edge of the stream which ran from it, picking our way carefully along on the rocks which barely rose over the brimming surface. We could now see a steep cliff loom before us, and we all sat down and joyously removed our shoes and rolled up our jeans. We then waded across the stream and, having reached the other side, doffed our clothes and slowly waded into the water again.

-- God-damn, this water's cold! I shouted.

-- Nooo shit, man, answered Al. He stood still momentarily, and then dove gracefully into the brisk water. Then he sprang to the surface again triumphantly and, of course, teased the rest of us to join him. Josh was the next to go under, and Laurie no longer hesitated either.

-- Come on, you coward! A little cold water won't hurt you.

By this time I was up to my waist anyway, so it wasn't too difficult to coax myself to flail my body with the stinging water. I don't know exactly what it was that made me afraid. Perhaps it was the thought of missing something on the surface or that, when I drove my body deep within the green, clear water I would smash my head into one of the many rocks which littered the bottom of the basin. But finally I was cajoled into recklessness. I looked around me. Laura smiled, and I found as I looked at the others that we were all temporarily warm together. Even Josh, who always smiled when I looked at him--a menacing smile, it seemed, which ordered me to search no further--now seemed more open than before, and I found myself wishing that I had always turned to him as a friend. His white, wrestler's body was now exposed for some time, the slight nipples drawn taut by the cold below: they seemed now to fit properly onto his strong, hairless chest. His frizzled, brown, fashionably long hair seemed now bolder somehow. He looked good in the nude--too good.

We swam for a short time together when we all felt surrounded by something. None of us could tell what it was immediately, but we looked around us anyway. Sheer walls slithered up to the crest of the falls, indicating that they were once much larger than now. Small trees and bushes grew here, hanging daringly over the side. Then the falls themselves to the left, roaring before and during their climactic drop of some thirty feet. Further over as we scanned the walls were great rocks and thick vegetation, which were not so timid here but hung loosely down to the basin. It was here that we discovered the reason for our fears. Several men, and one or two younger boys, preyed upon us cunningly from behind the bushes. We watched them too for awhile and noticed that they were harmless fishermen, their poles climbing like dead trunks over the top of their hiding place.

-- Well, Al, what do we do now? I asked.

-- Nothing, I suppose. I don't think they'll bother us.

For a time, then, we ignored them, but they remained in their hiding place, and finally, one by one we came out of the water and dressed. Josh was the last one to emerge, and he dressed slowly, almost contemptuously in front of them, but they now seemed uninterested and even waved to us from above.

The sky had been darkening for some time so that now we were certain it would rain before we could return to the house. This thought no longer pleased me, and I asked Laurie to ride back in the car. She refused. I knew she'd regret her stubbornness, but then I didn't like the idea of going back above either. In any case, she'd never admit she'd made a mistake later, and she'd never change her mind now.

I began the retreat back across the stream, with Laurie close behind. Just then a strange voice said:

-- All right, hold it right there, son.

I froze, and I knew instantly that it was Boyle. I don't know why--I wasn't even satisfied that I had been right when he told us who he was. We had just left the thick green bushes which flanked the stream, and now it was in the tall bleached grass that he confronted us. He did something I didn't expect, however. On one side of him a diminutive, obviously unhostile shepherd stood; that didn't worry me. What did was that he had a shot gun in his right hand, and its barrel pointed halfway up, to above my thigh.

I stared at him for a few moments, hoping to intimidate him. But I could see that he was determined. His graying hair gave way to a thing, rustic face, with a two or three days' growth of beard. His cold, blue eyes stared back into mine for a few moments.

-- You people know you're trespassing?

-- No, I told him. We were told by a friend....

-- What friend?

-- I don't see how that's any of your business!

-- Frank Haskins, sir, I heard Josh say as he stepped up in front of me.

-- Frank who? Never heard of him. What are you young people doing cavorting around up here like this? And you, young lady, must come from a fine home....

-- What she does isn't any of your business either.

-- What she does on my property is my business.

-- That's true, I replied, if it is yours.

-- I've taken enough guff from you, young fellow. My name's Boyle, and I own all this property around here. His free hand swept the area.

-- And I suppose you own the golf course too--right?

The gun came a bit higher at this, and involuntarily I began to back away. I looked quickly at the dog, but she just sat there, and even seemed a little afraid also. I looked then at Josh, but he gave no sign of noticing me. Instead he launched an apology which I could see coming but couldn't prevent.

-- Sir, we had no idea that this was your property.

-- No idea, he raged. Everyone in these parts knows that this is my property.

-- Well, you see, sir, our friend is from Monkton....

-- Where?

-- Monkton, sir, and I'm sure he didn't realize....

-- Oh, he knew all right. He's probably been chased out of here by me more than once. Now I want you all to clear out a here. I'm tired of you hippies coming up here and nudie swimming on my property. Now move!

-- Yes, sir, you see, sir, none of us are from this area, and we didn't realize....

-- No more talking now. All you people want to do is talk. In my profession--I'm a lawyer, you know--you see that Cadillac up there in my driveway. You don't think this is my property? Anyway, I get paid for talking. But you young bums are just a bunch of con artists. I have to chase two or three of you rotten kids out'a here a week. And I see a lot of drugs lying around. I had the police up here to arrest three of them just last month. It's a good thing I didn't see you carrying any of that marijuana....

-- Yeah, I'll bet you had a good long look!

I could feel Al pulling me by the arm. He didn't have to hold me back or anything--I'm sure he realized that. He just thought Josh was handling the problem better than I was. Maybe he was right.

-- You're damn right I did, sonny. What do you aim to do about it?

-- Just calm down for a minute, sir. You're a lawyer so I know you're willing to listen to....

-- I'm tired of listening to you hippies, I told you. Now I want you off my land immediately, and if I ever catch any of you up here, I'll fill you with buckshot. I guess that'll prove it's my property, now won't it?

-- Whatever you say, sir.

-- You seem like a nice bunch of kids. And if I thought you could come here and act decently, there'd be no reason why you couldn't come. I'm not the mean old man that you think I am. But I'll be damned if I'll allow such cavorting and drug taking to go on here.

-- Oh, we weren't taking any drugs, or anything like that, sir.

-- I know you weren't. But that other stuff wasn't very nice, now was it? You wouldn't do that in front of your own parents, would you?

-- No, sir, of course not.

-- Well, then, why do you come up here and do it on my property? Now move! Come on, Candy.

I was already walking away so I could barely hear them bullshitting behind me. Josh was acting more friendly, and so was the old man, for that matter. But I hurried on. I could see that another Maryland storm was soon going to drench me and culminate this wonderful afternoon. I started my bike and would have left at that moment if Josh hadn't moved anxiously towards me. He was almost strutting and seemed obviously proud of the cool he'd displayed. It was obvious that I had nothing to say to him. But it was also certain that I had to say something.

-- Hey, don't worry about us riding in this rain--okay? I think we're used to it by now.

-- Sure, man; hey, you should have been more careful.

-- Why's that, Josh?

-- Because that old bone could have killed you!

-- Naw.

-- Well, he was mad enough to.

-- Thanks, Josh. You coming with me, Laurie?

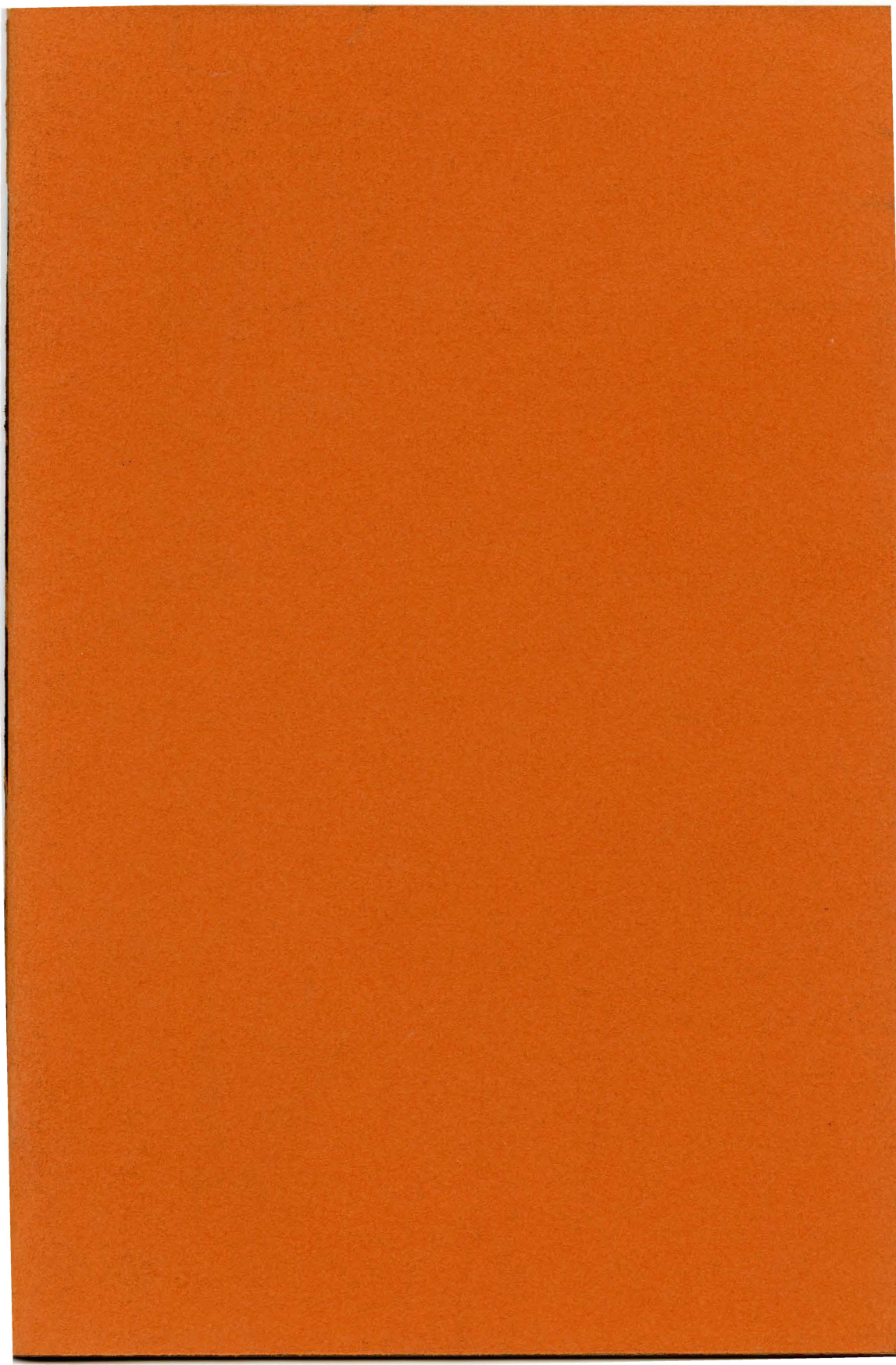
She didn't say anything. She just grabbed her helmet and got on the back of the motorcycle. We rode off then, but we didn't escape the rain, which pelted us mercilessly the fifteen miles back to the house.

-- Angelo

TELEGRAM

EVERYBODY'S TALKING SHOP STOP

-- R. Reynolds



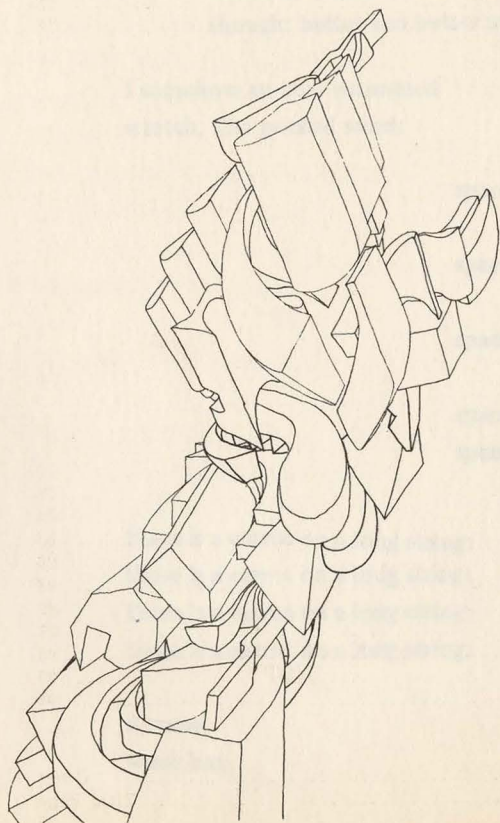


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CHILD

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EDITORIAL BOARD:

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This year's MISCELLANY
is dedicated to
Leroy Smith.

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Sharon Stumpt and
Karen Smith for
their green fingers.

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POEM

Up at 11:35

O,

today I am and continue in it,

O,

The thought seems to rest here with me
thought what am I doing,

the word pleasure occurs.

Better and better at not laughing

though: better and better and better.

I somehow an now consumed

wretch. The printed word:

space

space

space

space

space

there is a carrot on a long string:

there is a carrot on a long string:

there is a carrot on a long string:

there is a carrot on a long string:

a horse,

some hay.

Geoffrey Royce

ANOME

Within an inner gallery, sits the two
part picture of arrogance and insecurity:
painted by a man with no hands,
who sought dexterity; judged
by a man with no mind,
who sought wisdom; and a child
who conducted a choir of formed figures
in the song of burning candles,
sang September's faults away.

The inherent amputee and desperate ball
wet raced after elaborately projected fantasy,
and discovered themselves, sitting,
by a pool of peppered marble and gushing
waters erupting in the child's music. Like two
wearied gentlemen, they were given the gift
of rationality and dexterity (irrespectively)
and glimpsed the pre-ordered importance
of the wind-flower:

Anome, and they shall follow faithfully,
the fragrance which never fades.

Anome, and freedom shall pursue them
as the warm March breeze ties itself
around an infant's hair.
Shall they find you there,
wind-flower? So long forgotten
through trampelled grass and marching
army, still waiting? From your pollen falls
patience, but they live only by moments

SATURDAY NIGHTS

My hands reason with steel.

I charge into the room -- turmoil; but
the order that might be dwells there,
calm as the ceiling, and I see it.

"Reach!" The crowd sees the two
dark eyes of the guns, unblinking.

If anything happens, the left
hand speaks first. The right,
in reserve, holds the veto.

The quiet I love descends.

Outside, my horse whistles.

The crowd yells, "Bill! Clowning
again!" We all belly up to the bar.

Inside, it's warm, and my old horse
out there can just stamp all he wants
and whistle and creak in the wind.

Wm. Stafford

YOUR LIFE

There had to be people troubling you. Often,
for days, you were to doubt. You had to lose
many times, be wrong. But back of it all,
you had to know all of those things.
The part of you that knew, could be fooled,
would sleep, often fumbled. But it deserved
care, never to endure willingly any derangement.
It had a steady, unbroken life,
the part that knows.

Once, miles into the cold, you remembered
warm rooms. By then, they had forgotten
you. Your way passed a scene it had passed
before, but the people did not look out their
windows. You had this feeling that if you
turned back, something would be spilled. No one was
to try to be different. When you walked on
and brushed under a certain snowy cedar
everything was content to stay the same:
what is, happens to be true. You went
on into the cold, being yourself going
on into the cold.

The air was so high and cold that even the trees
became more truly themselves. One by one they
picked their way over the hills. When you
went over the last ridge you looked back, but not
for long. You listened. The way you lived
was like a day in the valley. It made a sound
like yesterday, like a train a long way off,
like being alone.

of clouded balls of sunlight and nocturnal
enigmas, which lead us. In our fragmentary
moments of dawns and midnights,
we greet the shock of ourselves.
To theritual of a moving sun, we
commemorate the tolls of trails,
extracted at the cost of fragments,
gazing spellbound at the splintered heart,
surging! And in its moment of ascendancy,
triumphantly fusing with an untraceable
spinning through time, the echos
of the divided
self calls itself
a sun.

Were we to become educated
into an indivisible union:
through an obstinancy of strength
we would learn the miracle of ascending
descendancy and contain in ourselves
the silver lining of harmony in autumn
bells and joyous melancholy. To sing
the time which never ends and progresses,
sacred unto itself, like the running
of school boys after the image of what
will be, when now has never been.

Were we toknow a note, we too
would sit in heaven and never know
weariness, never forget solidity,
and capture an unvanguished hour
with a sun, in a universe
which never spins.

Robert Murphy

THE LONE AND LEVEL SANDS OF OZ

Ruby-red shoes
scuffed at both heels,
Dorothy kept trying
but couldn't go home.

Mary Ruth Yoe

POEM

I'd perch upon your knee
winter mornings after church,
confident you loved me best
because I had your color hair.
Only now
your auburn was bordered in white.

"Leave your grandfather alone.
You're too big for him to hold!"
But you would shake your head
and I'd huddle deeper
into your black Sunday sweater,
dusty with wool,
old flesh, and dry tobacco.

I always thought about your dying--
about how much I would have to cry.
And I used to skim your paper hands.
"Are age spots just old freckles?"
You laughed, and yet I understood.

Mary Ruth Yoe

I. Seconds, Seconds, Seconds...

You sit in your chair and stare for hours on end at a ceiling. For, gentle one, the ceiling hides the sky, which is, of course, what you seek. After you have finished thinking for several years, you rise to face your audience. The audience cheers on cue. You vomit all over your new suede jacket. You sit back down on your very own padded seat and begin to shiver uncontrollably. You strain and twist your neck to look at the brown clock on the white wall behind you. It speaks: "I am the perfect embodiment of all that is four o'clock, kid." But that is irrelevant. All it means is that you are sinking. The wallpaper in front of you also speaks. It tells stories of the Revolutionary War. You are intensely interested and stop shivering. Instead, as the light beats through you and you are hearing of Cornflake's victory at Lettuceburg, you begin to die. It is all quite fitting. The bright brown clock screams over the background noise: "There is no limit, my son, seconds, seconds, seconds..." The audience cheers again. You feel very ill indeed. As the haze falls, you disappear.

II. A Year After; Two Months Later, It's Gone

I sat slumped in my seat on the bus, slowly but surely succumbing to the silky-soft stillness of celestial sleep.

Pow!! Zam!! Bowzowie!!! "Oh, my god," thought I, "I have been fisticuffed in the jaw.

As the bus pulls away, I now see (for we have reached the present, dear Reader) a young Black on the sidewalk, laughing and shaking his fist. "Up yours," I mutter, thus shocking the audience. There I go again, making up an audience. ("Yes, Reader, I married him." So writes Charlotte Bronte in JANE EYRE.) But, once again, this is irrelevant. My paranoia increases as the pain from the blow in the jaw decreases. They are inversely proportional. I am getting older now, however, and have no time to waste writing childrens' tales or preaching to myself of illness.

III. Good Sam Meets Cornflake

Good Sam walked away quickly.

Cornflake, still a bit exhausted after his marriage at Thornfield Hall, shook his head and, rubbing his still throbbing jaw, pulled out his phaser gun and disintegrated Good Sam. Alas!

IV. Little Diana's Bedtime Story

"Get up to bed right now!"

"But Daddy said I could stay up... Tell mommy, Daddy." The little girl began to cry.

"Susan, let her stay up another half-hour. It won't hurt anything, and I promised her."

"No, Tom, we've got to discipline Diana some time, or she'll never learn. We said eight o'clock and we'll stick to it."

"YOU said eight. C'mon, Die, Daddy'll take you up to bed."

Diana began to cry harder now, as she ran over to her father. He picked her up, smoothing her light blond hair. "Let's go up to bed. I'll tell you some stories. Up to bed, c'mon, stop crying and say goodnight to Mommy."

Diana stopped crying and turned in her father's arms to face her mother. Her blue eyes flashed. "I hate you, I hate you," she yelled, and she began to cry again.

Her father carried her from the room, through the study, and out into the front hallway. Neither Daddy nor Diana noticed the figure sitting in the chair against the white wall in the study.

As they mounted the stairs, Diana said, "Daddy, tell me the story of the Cornflake t'night, please?"

"Okay, lover-girl."

Downstairs in the study, the clock ticked away.

V. The Radicalization of Tommy Harrison

The boy in the study heard the clock ticking. He knew that spring would not wait for him. Perhaps he had heard that in a song; no, he had read it on a bathroom wall once. What the hell, it didn't really matter anyway. He got up and walked over to the record player. From the shelf below it, he took out an album. It was *Volunteers* by Jefferson Airplane. Tommy put it on the turntable.

"We are all outlaws in the eyes of America."

Hmm, though the boy, (His name was Tommy Harrison) this is true. Why, just yesterday someone called me a "dirty hippie" because my hair is long. And then she didn't say "thank you" after I held the door open. But I am thinking tritely.

He felt intensely happy for some reason. The clock interrupted his thoughts. He stuck out his tongue and turned away.

"All your private property

Is target for your enemy

And your enemy

Is me." So went the record.

Hot jets! thought Tom, that's for me! He picked up a paperweight from Mr. Martin's desk (that was Diana's Father's name, gentle Reader) and hurled it through the window. Already, his hair was longer.

VI. The End, Part I

"...and so, Cornflake lived happily ever after," said Daddy.

Diana thought she heard a noise downstairs - like when she knocked her glass off the table and it broke. "What's that?" she asked.

Daddy replied soothingly, "Nothing, honey, go sleep now for Daddy." He was thinking of his next day at the office. Golly gee whiz, he was tired. He died that night.

VII. Many Maniacal Conclusions

You still sit in your chair, exhausted. A young girl comes toward you. She is quite beautiful. Her bright blue eyes flash. She says, "All right, friends, our time is short in this world. We must make the maniacal manipulations while we can."

You, with your breath coming in short gasps, look around you nervously for any friends. You see none, not even the young Black, who apparently was arrested for the murder of a certain "Good" Samuel D. Sock.

Once again, you twist yourself around to look at the clock. It is not there. So you glance casually at your watch. It speaks only in small metallic whispers which you cannot distinguish. You turn your head slowly toward the window. The haze is clearing; the light is entering, surrounding you, blinding you. In the midst of this light, you see the glowing face of the beautiful girl. She speaks in a voice strangely like the ticking of a wristwatch, which you can now understand: "I am the goddess Diana. We are all outlaws in the eyes of you-know-who. I will protect you. All I ask is your body. I am not interested in the mind. Let your body be burned by the light. Let it penetrate and cleanse you. Believe me, it's a new dawn."

You will be found dead tomorrow. Strangely enough, so will Tommy Harrison. Don't worry, your friends won't be at the funeral, but the audience will. They'll cheer, too!

Christopher Miller

POEM

handfuls of child's tremble, I am
flushed with anger
at the first chance lost years ago,
a circus chance,
shining with tears
from Sunday mornings when communion didn't work,
or just missed.
Caught in the clutch of things left undone,
still with that grinnign snapshot consciousness
I hold myself.

Sarah Gearhart

EMBRACE

The meeting was by halves and chances,
With looks we traded secrets, not with words.
What grew into a love began with glances,
She had a certainty, a grace of sorts.
And so I came to know her facial dances
Before I ever heard her voice's chords.
What passed between us first was never spoken,
Our silent understanding never broken.

Sarah Gearhart

FOR BERRIO

Whenever there is a thunderstorm
I remember that afternoon in the tower.
You were so high
the storm was a movie to you,
moving south along the picture windows
getting closer and closer;
lightning striking the beach
twenty-five feet from the tower;
dark clouds so low they could have scraped
our lightening rod.
When the rain began
we stood on the balcony,
its coolness refreshing us
after the morning's heat.
As the storm moved eastward,
lightning now over the waves, and
rain rain patterning the ocean's surface,
you grew more and more euphoric,
till you slept on the floor
covered by a stray beach towel,
your parka for a pillow.

Susan Luster

EPIGRAM

Though poetry is a teasing, jealous goddess
Woody by many at her entropic thrones,
To tumble with her is an easy grace
If one but knows all the erogenous zones.

Larry Johnson

THE SELF-TORTURER

Heautontimorumenos

Nothing hurts so wonderfully as forbidden pain.
The nerves are feathered in fiery response to will;
all veins pulse slower when blood is meant for air.
Blood will bud and streak--these patterns
are traced out of the nacreous, selfish heart.
Let there be pins, taut flesh, and no other:
white linen to bleed in.
Death is the end of color.

Larry Johnson

WE'RE ALL HERE

"Is 10:00 alright?"

"That's fine. We may be a little late."

"OK. See you there!" I hung up the phone and got my jacket. I had come to Boston the day before, after hearing that a family whom I was very close to had all woken up in the middle of the night to find their house on fire. All escaped safely, but the house was badly burned when at last the fire was put out at 6 in the morning. It was now one week after the fire, and I was planning to meet the Gallaghers at their house to help clean up and remove possessions. They lived in the country, so I took a bus from Boston.

I arrived early and walked from the village center. It was late April, and newly Spring. A warm airy sunlight filtered through new greening foliage and wavered in patches upon the sidewalk. The air was lukewarm, but contained the subtle warmth of the morning spring sun, which would get warmer and brigher as the day progressed. The air moved lightly against bare arms, making skin tingle, and its fragrance was that of the sprouting foliage and warming grass. I felt light in this new day, and even like running down the walk as a happy child, but I was held back. As I approached the Gallagher's house the apprehension in the back of my mind came forward, despite the spring day. In fact, the day was one potential with memory, as I had visited the Gallaghers often in the Spring. I almost felt their house was mine too. Now the weight of hurt that had come to me upon hearing about the fire came leaking back in an apprehensive dread. I tried to lessen it, realizing that there was such a thing as rebuilding.

I turned into the driveway. There was the house, looking the same except for blackened windows and roof and adjacent trees that were scorched. Returning, suddenly adrift in an old flavor, an old eyesight, the experience of the same sun and air. When moments would shine purely as themselves for a few seconds, and the atmosphere imprinting until the right key unfolds them again momentarily. Can it be the air moving just so over trees with a certain light warmth to it, or perhaps the same spasmodic bird singing or those light streaks moving on the terrace under vaulted trees? Perhaps there was a voice somewhere...

A car came up behind me and stopped. I turned and went to the car door, opening it with a wide smile and "Hi!" Chris' smile was not effortless, but she was glad to see me. She got out. She was a small, slender woman of 38 with delicate, expressive features. I knew her to be an unusually warm person, but also of an emotional nature that had once put her in a mental hospital.

"The others are coming a little later. They wanted to get the station wagon so we would be able to carry more things back to the other house. What a horrible business! Having to keep coming back here only to

find water-soaked things downstairs and few unburnt or recognizable things upstairs...I...

She stopped talking entirely. I felt awkward and out of place. There was nothing I could do. Her facial expression of fatigue and grief went beyond her words.

She started forward abruptly and walked to the house. On the terrace she stopped and unlocked the door. Then she turned to me in hesitation. Her eyes held an appeal that I could not quite decipher. I realized then that this might be only the second time she had entered the house since the fire. I felt a need to sympathize, and yet this moment of entering a changed and scarred home required a coldness and detachment that I tried desperately to summon. I couldn't say this to Chris.

We walked through the door onto a buckled floor under a water-soaked rug smelling of smoke. The fire had not reached the downstairs. Into the hallway, up the split-level stairs, into a blackened living room smelling pungently of smoke, must, and burnt timber. Windows were a smudgy brown. The spring day and its flood of sun was far away now, outside a chilly and dark cave. I felt anesthetized. Chris silently began packing wet and partially burnt books into boxes, and I started on the other side of the room. I crossed in front of the kitchen, where the fire had started. The sink was a grotesque lump of metal with drooping faucets on the ash-covered floor, and the other mounds were not even recognizable. And as I loaded the books into a box I noticed a twisting length of melted plastic and metal with a small clouded tube, distortedly numbered, curving along the middle extending some few inches beyond. The thermostat!

I felt that there was something I had to say, but it was vague and unformed and I felt confused. I looked over at one of the floor to ceiling windows. Through the less clouded areas came sunlight filtered through a mass of surviving green leaves. It made a slowly intertwining pattern on a patch of floor just inside the window. For a moment I was oblivious to the cold room and its damp smoky odor.

We heard a car pull up. The others. I stepped to the window where the sunlight came through. Outside Herb Gallagher got out of the car with some boxes. The three children, 9, 11, and 14, piled out from the back seat. The third, a boy, carried a large broom. The other two, a boy and a girl, ran laughing onto the lawn with its new beginning grass, and fell down on it, arms outstretched. Their joy-smiles were catching, and Herb slowly smiled a gentle eye smile. Lauren jumped up from the lawn with a handful of young grass, and peering up at her father against the sun, opened up her fingers and let the blades fall into one of the boxes.

I turned around to Chris. Her eyes came up from the boxes.

"WE're all here." I said.

Lisa Turner

SO MUCH FOR THE SOUL OF DEARLY DEPARTED

what's the name of this man?

what man?

this man they're burying today she was fighting a zipper

on her back

oh just some guy who was in accounting downstairs do

you think i can wear this shirt one more time?

oh yeah, i'll wash it when we get home

they really should do something about this sidewalk

yeah but they put all their money into air conditioning

last august

what's the name of this man?

macintosh or monroe or something

oh i hope it's short the kids'll be home by four

i am the resurrection and the life the man of god was
talking now

i have a splitting headache she looked at her husband

what WAS his name? his twitching hands shrieked oh

it'll come back tomorrow

macintosh monroe madison mueller monson matthews moore oh

it'll come back tomorrow

it's half past three

i told you we should've gotten seats nearer the back

if we left now no one would notice

ok

and the waven waxed face of macintosh monroe madison mueller

mohnson matthews moore

betray not a giggle of its mirth

the name of theman who was in accounting downstairs was

Zinster

Hugh Silcox

POEM

they told him that extreme emotion
should be controlled.
and he no longer struck out in fits of anger
so he worked
and he slaved

and he no longer struck out in fits of anger

nor loved passionately

Susan Pippin

POEM

August is December now.
Washing machine No. 6
has stolen the last of the sand
from my jean pockets.
Supra is gone.
My dog,

and Neil Young,

scratched by every forgotten laugh,
skips too often.

Pat Trams

WHAT THE GRINNING STRANGER WITH THE SAD EYES WROTE ON A NAPKIN TO THE
TRUCK-STOP WAITRESS BEFORE RIDING OFF INTO THE GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI SUNSET

I never recognize that stranger's grin,
Met suddenly in plate-glass, or your eyes:
I know my face, but only from within.

Though I have watched him age, grow fat and thin,
And though there's something there I recognize,
I never recognize that stranger's grin.

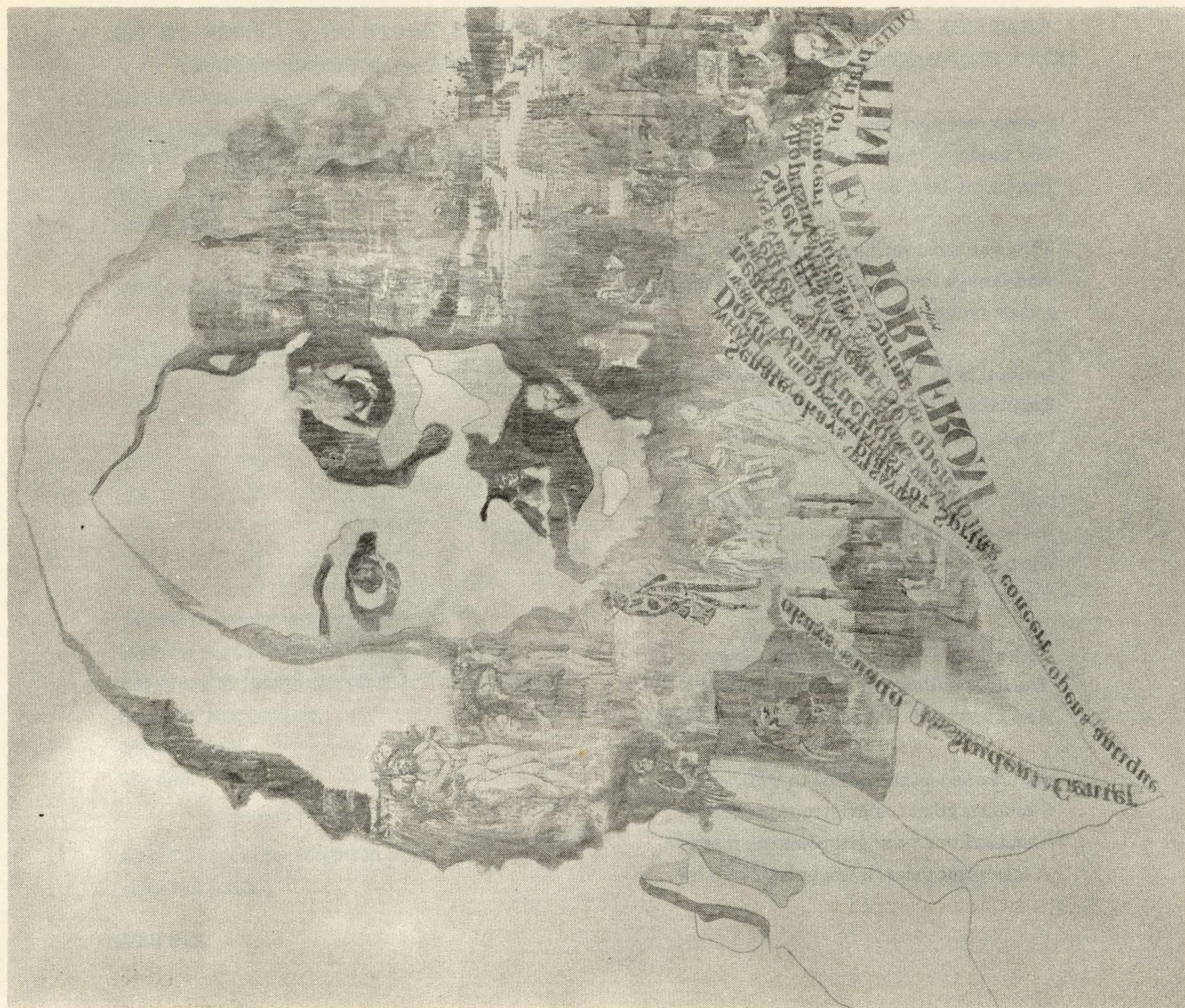
In doorknobs, coffee-cups, and spoons, that grin
Reports a distorted, splintered life. It lies.
I know my face, if only from within.

Still, you call him by my name, and pin
His labels to my chest. You recognize,
Whether or not I do, that stranger's grin,

So let it be: I know where I have been,
The information that no map supplies,
And I have earned the scars inside my skin,

And learned a tune or two to whistle when
The lights go out in livingrooms, or skies,
--And can you, stranger, postulate that grin
A man might grant the night he travels in?

Jack Butler



FOOL TO THE LADY

In raw and croaking motley strains
His heart's red song he tries to sing,
But even in love the clown remains
A comic thing.

His passion plays young pelican,
And the paternal skeleton
Is not sublime

Lying in red and yellow leaves
So many a WELTSCHMERZ poet grieves

In radiant rime.

Leaves die aristocratic death,
Dancing gracefully; a breath
Of wind is their last minuet.

But bones obtrude, inverted ruts,
And, far from magic Helicon,
The meat meanders in the guts
Of young ungainly pelican.

(1945)

Norman James

MAXIMS FOR THE MISEDUCATED, OR, UNINTENTIONS

It is not wisdom that comes with age, but passion.

That is why life's a comedy.

If you can express what you feel, nobody will believe
that you feel it.

The one truth no mother teaches her son is that women
understand men no better than men understand women.

What one admires in nature is tedious in art.

It is part of life's exasperation that uncongenial women
are usually more fascinating than congenial ones.

There are some things that you can only give to people
whom you leave dissatisfied.

Ture extravagance is the realization that you have only
one life to waste, and that if you don't waste that,
you will never get a chance to waste anything.

Regret can only cheapen folly.

Norman James

TO MY FATHER
WHO FELL AND BROKE HIS ANKLE

I know of those crushed cigarettes lying
Bent and nearly forgotten in a hospital ash tray.
The ashes sterilized with the dying
Air and you bedded to their right: lonely

And afraid your twisted foot will fall
Into that empty space beyond
The restrictions of vision onto the white tile
Of the floor you haven't used.

Out on the road dusty men
Pity you in the lost light of a guage-lit
Engine. Your useless knees stiffen
In the coal dark dialogue. You are lost

In the sweat stained rings of dirt
That will fade from your hat.
You don't need the heavy plaster
They've administered to my shaking nights,

Your broken days, so we will cut
It away like the loosely fit feeling
That was ties around us, that caught
Us and held us from falling.

Rip off that white gown and wipe
It in the oil and dirt
Under your bed. Stand
Naked before your nurse.

R.E. Burkholder

SUMMER EQUINOX

Gypsy moth, dancing by bulb
fire, ignores me:
dacfaying floor boards resonate..
Something's humming in the hall.
Flashing lights hit headless
hats, unseated chairs.
The far is sucking,
gently, lilacs in, bring
the chatter of friends in,
in on a breeze.

David Ripley

FISH

To the sea, to the sea, to the wonderful sea
To catch a bunch of fish
But the sea ran away, and the fish today
Were biting at my knee

To the beach, to the beach, to the beautiful beach
To find but an ocean of sand
Not a wave in sight, how terrible my plight
For the fish had invaded land

To the hills, to the hills, to the beckoning hills
To save my life at least
Tuna is nice, but don't think twice
That I'd be eaten by the beast

Christopher Ahalt

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE BUSH COUNTRY

Halloa, Sir John Drench I presume.
Righto, and you must be Lord Blustry.
Didn't expect to see you here, old boy.
Nor I you, not in a month of sundays.
You're a bit sandy, old fellow. I say, have you come from the beach?
Right again, nasty spot that, bloody hot sun, and little crawling things.
Bloody coconuts in the trees too you know, just out of reach.
And up spoke Tommy, I need a drink of water boys, my mouth is dry you see.
Here you go Drench, eat a bit of this chocolate chap.
What ho Blustry, look at those ruddy flowers, a lovely garden spot this.
Indeed indeed, a tropical paradise, will you have a gingersnap.
Thank you yes, now tell me where we fit into this business.
Well, we could colonize the place and exploit it I suppose.
Oh bully Blustry, a splendid idea, but what about the natives?
We can convert them to Christianity. That should keep them on their toes.
And Tommy said, Give me a drink of water please, for my mouth is dry you see.
We must return to Britain posthaste, and fetch the things we need.
Yes yes, bloody good peaches plums and pears sealed in tins.
My boots and breeches and riding crop, and some honeymeade.
To be sure, we'll want some money, and motor cars, and more Englishmen.
Good God old boy, licorice whips and a bumbershoot, yes, and my wife.
And my valet, a burlesque show, a munitions works, and a thousand coolie slaves.
A fleet of ships of course, the royal marines, a flock of geese and a carving knife.
And Tommy cried, I cannot move for lack of water, my mouth is dry you see.
Oh bully, jolly good Blustry, when do we leave?
But wait, What are we to do with this bloke Tom what appears to be quite dead here.
For Gods sake Drench, act like a white man and stop hanging on my sleeve.
Why we'll bury him of course, here, do have a banana old chap.
Not today, as I happen to have a bit of brandy, and it's the kings birthday you know, the thirty first.
Buy why did the blighter die? I say, cover his head.
You're splendidly stupid Drench, his mouth is dry you see, he died of thirst.
Righto Blustry, remind me when we get back to find some bloody monuments for the war dead.

Peter Read

IN THE SUICIDE PARLOR WHERE THEY LOCKED BILLY

Something and
Nothing and
Billy (the goon)
Stood in
The center of nowhere
Talking at noon.

"That was something,"
said Nothing
Who came from somewhere,
"I'll wager you couldn't do that again soon."
"It was nothing,"
Said Something
To Nothing,
"To accomplish that move,"
He had a twisted wry smile
And leaned on the moon.
"All you need is some
kind of a decision
just one moment to choose."
"Yes, I suppose you're right
On that much for sure."

Said Nothing
From something
To Nothing
"I'm sure."

Said Something
To Nothing,
Who stood on his ground,
"I just figured I'd stop in
For a little relief,
See what it's like
and then maybe leave."
Something smirked as he said this
And smoked at the nose,
Clouds of yellow sulfur.

"Why that's something I've heard Nothing about."

Said Billy (the goon)
And fell over backwards off of the moon
Into the ocean's
Swirling black tar.

"Alright!" said Something to Nothing," Let's see what you say."

"I'll say nothing untill I see something," said Nothing.

"I mean when I see something done,
And I really quite doubt it because of your gun?
it smokes."

"Well there's nothing that can stop me!" yelled Something,
And kicked the dark halls and scratched at the ceiling
And bit at the floor
And all of a sudden began hard to shout, and withered away,
'Cause he couldn't get out.

Scott Woolever

POEM

Stiff necked and muddled head
A showered warm before to bed,
I slunked into the bathroom.

Feeted above the cat I towered
Body be and had been soured,
Snifted, turned her nose away.

Watered on the clothes a'piled
Hoped I'd not be crocodiled
I camed beneath the flow.

Kneaded softed, flowed and draining,
Subtled, lulled, feeled unstaining,
Brushing gentle awful niceness,
Breathing steeping sweet un-iceness,
I bent to towel toes.
Weighted future waits before me,
Now the cat will not ignore me.
I'd bedded for to sleep.

Born, reborned, and yet reborning,
I'll another in the morning.
Snore will snoring having snored
Amphibiously landed lord.

David Merritt

INCARNATION

The streets wind their way through dampening night air;
the houses wink invisibly in the fog
glistening lights illuminate the path of the rain as it
falls in sheets
down streets
where feet meet pavement of wet cobbleston and remind
you of ducks and children with melting chocolate bars,
peering through dropleted windows as you pass by.
One summer long ago here the sun was shining;
thoughts run through you; like the fog that spreads in
the early evening, they mist your senses
and are scattered
like the wet leaves on the cobblestones
that the street cleaner left to dry by lamplight.

Ellen Harrison

A BAD YEAR FOR OLD WINE

Most people my age are alive, riddled
with life and light passing through a pink pulse,
their congealing eye. I've lazed and fiddled
away more time than nearly no one else.
But here's a book: its poems prove that becuases
hardly affect, or even gently wake
easy-going friends. They will pick and pause
over who they like, careful not to shake
their green fruit off the branch that always bends
to youth. If I seem spoiled with their bunch,
I'm easily tossed away. Still my sunny friends
will keep me, keep getting me drunk before lunch
and forgetting the time I have left. Lover,
get out of my bed. Horseman, move over.

Dave Coady Beandouin

THE UNION

Toward the end of time John Falcon was supposed to be in love, he decided he was not in love anymore. It was quite a confusing paradox. Summer had come, school ending, passing quite as naturally as his passion into a remembered sterility. He supposed it was simply too long; great demands had been made upon time. But for John, the paradox could endure no longer: so many desultory months had passed; love sounded everlasting, like a maddening whine.

He was only eighteen. A little tall for his age, slightly gangly, but good enough looking, with a tight smooth face, and a crescent of blond, short silky hair like a baby's, he could count the girls he had known on the fingers of his right hand. The experience had satisfied him, he had to admit to himself. He had been in love, and would now pass on, marvellously whole, normally sane: (after this calm and satisfactory interval he had reached the first of many solstices.) The arrangement need only to be broken off.

He could remember Liz, always, as a good girl for him. He knew he was right: she had been a great girl; lovely to look at, long haired, and thinwaisted, the tip of her forehead just resting upon the clavicle underneath John's shoulder. He could remember the way she took his elbow in walking, as if she would concentrate all her affection on the small area of jointure between his forearm and shoulder. At his side, every day seemed an exhilaration for John: always the duties and pleasures of calming her wild humour and recurring depression. He remembered when he loved her. But John would be leaving for college in the fall; therefor, he must set himself free of all entanglements, all institutions and arrangements.

Therefore in June, John suggested they not see each other. He mentioned something about the summer; the folklore ran: everyone looks for new ones in the summer; don't get tied down; you know? He suggested they leave each other alone: behave the inevitable logic. It was a cheap shot any way you looked at it, John admitted. She had not even bothered crying.

John was more sorry later on. The summer months distended her further in his mind, unsettling him, drawing for him a fairer memory. She never called at his home, never troubled him with letters and calls. It galled John sometimes, she wasn't giving at all, for this great departure she would not fee a valuable memory.

Out of the confusion and unsettling loneliness of the summer months then, John finally arranged an afternoon with her. A going away re-union. In two days John left her behind for college, while Liz began work at the Dallas city bank. John expected the change in their lives, expected never to see her afterwards. He woke up on Saturday, a cherished memory of their time together blooming with the morning.

After cleaning and washing his car, and a lunch prepared by his mother, he remembered the essential

need of theirs for something to drink. Unsuccessfully searching the hidden spots, he finally approached his mother.

"That poor girl" she said. "If I were her I would have forgotten about you a long time ago."

"That's the difference" John said. "She's loyal."

"She's misled" his mother answered. "You've treated her terribly from the beginning. "Why are you so mean to everyone?"

John Falcon could never understand how she put together such concrete images of himself. Except for a few technical flaws her impression were like an ambiguous flattery.

"Why do you say that kind of stuff?" John asked. "You know as well as I do that I'm kind, too kind, and right now I need to know if you have any wine."

"You don't deserve wine" she said, going into the kitchen. "Perhaps she deserves a little wine, but you don't and we don't have any. We've got a six-pack of your father's beer."

"I'll take it" John said.

Her street was the same: one of a street of little brick houses in a suburb of Dallas. Getting out of his car John remembered it looking like this, a desuetude linking each property together into a stream of children's toys, bicycles, trash cans, and fifteen year old clunkers hugging the curb. Up the street a family disembarked from all four doors of a Ford, the children racing in whites and black patents for the house, where they squabbled over the opening of the door. In another yard, a man stripped to the waist, his yellow back glistening in a patina, trimmed his hedge. Abruptly John felt sorry for them; in other yards other men trimmed their hedges, and each passing car flickered an errant response at John's festive shorts and white Australia hat. Such was domesticity, the mass consigned in the plural, he realized. The street seemed to signal his particular mission, a solo adventurer on Saturday. With a mixture of pity and pleasure he walked up to her step.

The quiet obdurate personality of Liz's mother met him at the door. She smiled at John with her former manical persistence, showing the gap between two large and grayish front teeth.

"You have a ice tan" she said.

Because of a romantic and pleasantly profitable idea of his father's, John Falcon had spent the summer playing golf. Following the quaint ceremony in which John graduated from high school, his father mentioned, in perennial tones, the everescent quality of youth. After a summer on the links, and two sets of woods, three new irons and a putter twisted around a water fountain, John had acquired a deep and luscious tan. Staring away from her woman's face, wrinkled and white from work, John lied. "It's a

sun-lamp tan" he said.

"Well it looks nice all right."

In a quavering sennet she called first Liz's name and then his own. Behind her John quivered to hear again the discordant tonalities of her voice. Despite its gusty sing-song he had alway suspected in her words a trickling taciturn message. HIS mother did not possess such a wisened wisdom. Perhaps he still displeased her? John wondered.

With the floppy edges of her slippers hopping like a dog's ears over the floor, she led him into their garage, converted into a den. John had spent many afternoons in that room with Liz. Its immediate aspect seemed the same in every way: old Indian rug on the floor: its volumes parting over a yellow wood underneath: the picture on the wall of Liz's father, in regiment, with one hundred other men. The father himself, twenty years later, sat on the couch, grinning at John out of a wrinkled white shirt, open at the chest. The room would have seemed to diminish around him, fading into a etiolated familiarity, as Liz burst into the room behind him. But as he turned to greet her, gleefully, John saw that she carried a baby, a pink-skinned baby boy, dressed in yellow shorts and shirt. The booties on his feet waved and frolicked frantically before John's eyes as Liz came closer. Suddenly the scenario of Liz and the child, father and mother, closed on John with all the convincing imagery of a well laid trap.

"Johnny, oh sugar, I want you to meet Pete" Liz siad, "Yeah, far out, say hello to John, Pete."

Innocence has its own compelling decorum, as John stepped forward he even looked into the child's rapt face, grasping the small amorphous palm still in baby fat. Pete was so cute, she said. Wasn't he cute? Yes oh surgar he's so cute, she said.

John shook the tiny paw again, and waited with an immolated stare at Liz.

"Oh sugar, listen" she said. "Marcy had to work today, and couldn't leave Pete home by himself, so I told her I would take care of him, all right? Oh sugar;" she said, leaning toward him with tenderness, "I mean the bugger can't sit around in his own pee all day can he? Oh sugar;" she said.

"I guess he can't. Who's Marcy?" John asked.

"You know, Marcy. Married to Tommy Henderson."

"Oh! That Marcy!" He advertized a smile around the room and picked Petey up with a patriarchal heft, aiming him in his arms, nuzzling him. It was absurd...Petey wiggled, uncomprehending, and then kissed John on the cheek.

"Atta boy!" her father shouted.

"I guess he likes me" John said.

"Golly damn!, you just have a regular way with kids sugar. Oh, I just DIDN'T know how you'd feel about it," Liz said, "but Petey's such a good boy. Aren't you Petey!"

"Feel about what?" John asked.

"Taking him with us."

"I don't mind watching him, he won't be any trouble" her mother said stridently. She had sat down in the rocking chair in the corner, knitting. The two long silver needles rose and fell over each red-knuckled hand. She looked up then and smiled at John.

"I guess we can take him along. Why not?" John agreed, floating his words in a cheerful, but careful script across the room. Acquiesced now, he could only look at the child with a bewildered sovereignty, careful of his talk. Throughout this romantic period of his life John had feared and abhorred the third party, be it mother, father or friend. But a baby? It was inconceivable. "We'll take some milk along and some baby picnic food" he was going on cheerfully.

"Atta boy" her father said.

"Well, I just DIDN'T know" Liz said, "but Petey's such a good boy." taking him out of John's arms and assaulting him with a warm bath of his own goodness. "Yer such a good boy, aren't you? Aren't you? Oh yessiree, yer such a good ole feller--"

"Yer not bad yourself papa" she said turning and kissing John.

Bewildered, John held himself in the purgatory of his position. A bright remnant of his purpose died hard in his mind: this day that should have enacted with all the ritual of the past. The child grubbing on the floor below him demanded a host of immediate sensations; bumping first into John's kneecap, turning, falling onto his face with the heavy, catastrophic finality of little children, and then wonderfully without a cry Petey crawled back upwards, knees apart, pulling himself onto his feet. John looked at Liz for some measure of comfort in his heightened incapacity to understand.

"You watch this kid" she said, then "while I go get my stuff."

With Liz out of the room John suddenly recognized his function, and realized he had not got outside a radius of three feet from the door. On the couch her father beamed at him with a grin of pure sympathy, the heavy lids of his eyes and reddened nose incongruous age marks on a boyish face. With a flourishing handshake, matching each other's futile failure, the older man pointed for John to sit down beside him. Her father was a fruitworker now? a gravedigger? John could not, did not want to remember. Given to hobbies and sudden passions, like skin diving, and the collection through one whole year of 1/32 scale model locomotive trains, he had drunk himself into a sort of half-health and marital welfare.

"She really nailed you into that one -- didn't she?" he grinned. "She's a smart one, that Liz. She did that to me once" pointing with his elbow, while John held the urge to confirm his reference. In the same way the mother had taken over the family's financial support, and worked her way upwards into an insurance company, John could feel, like Liz's father, her inviolate status. "They're smart, smarter than you or me, goddamit!" he said.

John thought he could hear a short exhalation from across the room.

"That Liz's sneaky as a cat" her father went on emphatically. "But she don't get it from me at least. Gets it from her mother. Gets her good looks from her mother too, and from me she gets advice." He laughed even more loudly.

Just then Liz re-entered the den, carrying a red and yellow kit bag, and a lunch pail. On the floor, Petey gurgled his recognition and Liz picked him up in her arms.

"Ready to go?"

"Yeah." John said.

"Seen my new air plane yet?" her father asked suddenly. "I got it out here in the kitchen - she's a beaut." He bolted up and lurched forward nimbly, surprizingly quick for such a frame and pot over his spindly legs.

"He don't want to see yer old planes Pappy" Liz said. She turned to John. "Boy what a joker! He's buildin' planes now. Real little planes that fly. They really fly. He spends three months buildin' and paintin' and cooing all over one of these planes like a mother hen or something, and then he crashes it, right off, every time, right in the dirt -" She made a wide and seemingly flaming arc with her hand. "RRRR - R - KA - BOOM! He's killed every one of them. Yer a murderer!" she said.

"Shut the hell up, daughter. You look at this baby" he said to John "and you can rememember it afterward when it gets shot down."

Caught in the middle John started forward to look at the plane, temporarily allied with the friend in her father. Planes were their business, he suddenly realized. Like any other guy, her father beamed the extra-ordinary pride of his model craftsmanship. They started toward the door, her father saying "She's a thirty two inch ya see, not too long, but kind of hefty in the middle -"

"C'mon Petey" Liz said. "You and I a gonna hitchhike to the lake and go swimmin' while Romeo here flies air-o-planes."

"Now, hold on Liz -"

"Atta boy" her father bellowed.

"Well, c'mon, golly dam, I wait three months to see you sugar, and he wants to fly air-o-planes and it's

just not fair." She sat down on the couch, and hugged Petey for relief. "It's just not!"

Her father scratched the creosote-like hairs on his face and went to Liz, sitting down beside her. His stuffed tenderness gave to all his movements a pathetic caution.

"Now, Liz baby, come off it,. Here. Sit up. All right?"

"y!"

"Now knock it off."

"Gimme some money."

"I ain't got a cent." he said.

"Ya got a fiver. I saw it!" she said, sitting up close to him. Her father quavered like a huge baby with candy in one clenched hand. Liz put two tendril fingers on his knee. "C'mon Daddy, I need some money. John's savin' all his money for college and stuff, c'mon, you got some money, I know it."

"She's smart as a cat, ain't she?" her father said to John. "Now where would I get a five, or a four, or a three --"

"Don't give me that crap" she said smartly. "How do yer want ti huh? I'll roll yer for it, or flip you, or deal straight--" she laughed.

"I gotta get a new battery for my plane with that money Liz."

"Why don't I flip and you call?" he said.

"Yeah, o.k. Here's the quarter." She huddled close to him tremulously, her arms fluttering like moths beneath his eyes. The coin was then launched, spinning, its glinted features waving the same image as it hove near the ceiling. It fell with a clap into her father's hand. "Head's" she shouted.

"It's head's he confessed.

"Gimme that five" Liz ordered.

"Congratulations" John said. He still stood in the doorway: the baby Pete clung to his leg with a filial tenderness. At least he knew she was going to win, he told himself.

Before leaving Dallas, John drove to a liquor store, to add to his smallish bit of beer in the back. Thinking he looked the legal age of twenty-one John stood non-chalantly before the freezer: artfully choosing from the different brands of beer. The store owner scrutinized him with obvious intent, until John nearly lost his nerve. Just then Liz and Petey left the car and came inside. While Liz bought a pack of cigarettes from the man, Petey wandered unobserved about the store. When he bumped into the bottom packs of a stack of Daquiri mixes, John rushed to the aisle and putting the cardboard boxes back together, he picked up convenient Petey in his arms. With one hand John then lifted a six-pack out of the freezer, and arms full of beer and child, John could

"Ya got a quarter?" Liz suddenly asked John. She walked across the room, and set Petey with an imperative bounce in front of him.

"No...yeah." John looked.

"Give it to me."

"Goddamit you Liz" her father was saying, "you'd take the clothes right off my back, goddam you little brat. You'd take my last nickel, take the shirt right off my --"

"Nah, I don't want yer ole clothes" Liz sang. "Here old man, flip it, hurry up. Flip it."

"And you little honcho, what if I win?" her father demanded.

"We'll flip it again" said Liz.

"And if I win again?"

"Hell, you know."

Her father twisted away from her and launched a stare across the room with eyes listless as old coins. From John's vantage point he could see all three of them together. With a gemometric significance they formed a triangle, the converging lines of mother and daughter hitting upon the man. For a brief instant the similarity between Liz and her mother rose and flouished. Her father finally quivered and put his hand toward the money. "I can't win" he breathed. "Here, take it. Take all of it, there's not a dam thing of mine that's not yours, here--"

"Nah..." she said sweetly. "I couldn't do that pop. Here, we'll flip for it, it'll be all fairly and squarely...O.K.? All right. You flip and I'll call."

stare the man confidently in the face. The beer was sold. John and Liz and Petey returned to the car and left.

"That guy thought I was married," John said, "that's why he sold us the beer."

"Good thinking, sugar," Liz said.

Everywhere the reaction was the same. A gossip teacher from his high school saw them with the child and turned her head away mawkishly; imagining, John thought, a whole history of possibilities. At street lights the child provoked eager stares and conversation from the cars around them, as if John were a freakish inspiration. Like a blemish on his cheek John was forced to carry around with him the notion of marriage and exhibit himself in a new state to everyone. Prior to this time in his life John had never thought of marriage. That he was an integral part of the connubial system did not attract his attention; the gulf between his parents and himself seemed deep and wide. He had laughed and scoffed at their arrangement. Therefore the woman and child beside him attracted his attention with the grim allure of a prophecy.

Through it all Liz sat unperturbed, popping tops from beet cans and winking through the windows. Wasn't the day beautiful? she asked.

Summer had turned Dallas dry. As the last bank and restaurant signs were well behind, the long looks at pastures and fields and trees began. Great white puffs of clouds broke up a blue sky mottling the way in moments of lessened light, broken again by intervals in the sunshine. The warm air

whistling through the car ruffled Petey's hair as he held his head against Liz's arm. His bright red arms and legs seemed to breathe an excitement. He walked from window to window on the resilient plank of John's front seat. In John's lap Petey brought his face closer and closer to the stream outside, giggling and squirming against its current. "Take him out of my arms before we crash," John said to Liz.

Holding him tight in her arms Liz began a running monologue, sounded over the noise of the wind. "Today I'm the mommie," she was saying in his ear. "Today I'm the mommie, but you ain't got no daddy. Nope. No daddy...he gone with the wind..."

The child touched her cheek tentatively, delighted with the texture of her flesh. "We look like each other don't we," she asked Petey. "Oh yessirree, we're twins, and the old bugger over there he just looks like himself. Yeah, huh?"

"What did you say?" John asked.

"He a ugly old piece of poop, huh, sugar," she said to Petey, almost nodding with the syllables. "He a terd on the face, huh, yeah, he a piece of excrement, a ugly old ferdterd and word-ferd, oh! He such a ugly old fucker."

"Goddamit!" John shouted, "First you rob your old man and now you're trying to teach this kid you own crummy vocabulary. What are you doing?"

"Oh, he doesn't understand, does he sugar," she said to Petey, "Nope. He just all puffed up today." "What are you talking about?" she asked John. "Are you a lilly of the valley or whatever you call it?"

"I'm decent." John said.

"Hell!" Liz said. "He decent" she said to Petey.

"Why don't you teach him nursery rhymes?" John offered. "Something lyrical and sing-song. And clean ones."

"John" she said, "why don't you knock it off with that crap? You think you know how to raise kids? Now c'mon sugar. This kid does not need you mitigatin' influence. This kid is all right..."

"Petey's not the point," said John, "the point is you don't know any nursery rhymes."

"This ain't your kid John," Liz said. "This ain't your boy. Are you trying to tell me this is your boy. These blue eyes, these blond hairs..."

"Forget it Liz."

"He ain't your daddy," Liz said to Petey, "your daddy's the wind."

Outside his window John noticed cars were passing in angry surges; while listening to Liz he had allowed the car to lose its speed. Pressing the pedal they slowly regained their momentum, the engine of John's car rising in a whine. By then cars surged more slowly, each one a microcosm of interest with its baskets, beer chests, and any number of children frowning from the rear seat. In hot swooshes of noise, mufflerless cars would pass with girls inside them John's own age; rubbing him with envy. Catching sight of the child beside him startled smiles would replace the usual ritual of stare, disappearing up the highway. Their relative momentum gave John the dreamlike feeling he was standing still, held within the puddle of an absolute stigma. Another car and errant stabbing gazes forced John's senses into a chiaroscuro void. The interval lasted for only the briefest moment, like the figure he was groping in the dark John sought again the aching goosebumps of sensation. "What do you mean you think I'm playing father?" he asked Liz.

"Kidding you sugar. Don't get hot under the collar."

Beneath John the clumping tremor of tandem car wheels were catching on the highway, pounding out a cadence of thought. John reasoned perhaps he was too sensitive. Perhaps it was all a dream? A sectarian piece of purpose seemed crumbling in the throb of motion.

"You think I'd make a good father? Huh, Liz?"

"Don't know sugar. You still stay out late at night?"

Her uncanny humour annoyed him. What was behind all this? he asked. Her expression that he was playing the father hurt. That feeling, already hovering like a cloud in his thoughts, began to grow and darken; before everyone he now passed as a married man. How could he, John R. Falcon, fight a solo denial against overwhelming odds? The feeling twinged him into a reevaluation of himself. The painted fact of father demanded recognition. John turned a curious glance toward the girl beside him hovering over her child. THEIR child he must admit.

The inescapable debt suddenly came due. A father! With his role around him John's consciousness could no longer hold against introspective doubts. In his rattling metal machine, a child beside him, he passed as such. The three of them hurtled along a hot muggy road of matrimony.

My wife, he almost said aloud. He then felt toward her an even tempered sovereignty, according her minor escapades.

"You say something sugar?" Liz asked him.

How had it happened? he asked himself. They had met at school. They were friends. Then they were more than friends, they had been seen everywhere together. Out of the hazy winter of his past John suddenly remembered a scrap of graffiti, singing at him from a desk top in one of his monotonous classes. Isn't it funny how young lovers start as friends? An anxious process had transcended the graffiti message into a purblind prophecy. In his usual haste and zeal John Falcon had overstepped the necessary limits of love and gotten himself annexed in his neophyte years. The bright dream blooming in his morning years had suddenly adjusted itself to a familiar outcome. What had happened to that last soaking pleasure before the turning of the page?

With a groan John could see all his days now aligned like this one in the marital union. His days were endless days, shortening years as he grew older, among diapers, dishpans and a growing brethren of children. He would drive old cars and strive mightily to keep his family at a meridian level. It was not for John to be rich. Too many spikes and bulwarks of the

many other men stood in his way. Civilization meant for John a comfortable niche amidst its middle sprawl. It was horrible, he suddenly realized. Life had not prepared him for such a struggle.

"What's the matter with you," Liz asked, "Your lips are moving."

"Huh?"

"Jesus. You're turning all different colors too. What are you thinking about, God?"

For an angry eclipse of a second John thought of cuffing her; mastering his moving household. A man with responsibilities needed his peace, he reasoned. On the other hand the lurking morality of marriage stayed his hand. "I was thinking about us," he said with a resigned voice.

"Well not so hard sugar, you'll hurt yourself."

The afternoon advanced. When reaching the lake John found, after catching sight of a shining piece of it, like a broken piece of glass, that they were lost. The access road to Lemming beach, where John especially wanted to swim, was gone, vanished, and an hour and a half John still drove around exasperated. Everywhere in the roads were cars and cars of people arriving at or leaving for a destination. The streams of sunburnt mellow faces driving by in one direction and the gaily laughing couples in the other, told John he was the only one lost in that territory.

If he drove in one direction long enough John found them lost in the provincial system of farmroads, ranchouses and flat rectangular pastures. Behind him the fluid sounds of melting ice reminded John of tepid beer. The country only then became barely bearable and John would

turn around again toward the lakeside's car population. Surrounded in a bumptious, whining, rout of automobiles he fled again in disgust, seeking a more peaceful position.

After another five miles that meant nothing to him John finally pulled off the road. With a last futile firing the car engine died as John breathed a sigh and took his hands from the wheel. They were miles from the lake; beside them, bounded by wire a huge pasture filled one window. Across its width yellow roses of Texas waved in peristaltic union with the wind. At the pasture's are end a red earthen tank mirrored the suggestion of long sought water.

"We're lost."

"I know" Liz said.

"And what do we do?"

"I think Petey's got to wee-wee" Liz said. "C'mon Petey, let's go wee-wee! All right? C'mon boy, let's hit it, alley oop!"

Outside, Liz and Petey stalked through Jonson grass halting before the barb-wire fence. Deftly Liz lifted up the lower strand. Petey crawled through and watched Liz try the trick. Crawling through on her belly Liz then stood triumphant on the other side. Watching them the anxious protector inside John wondered how they should find shelter in such a lawn-like expanse. A grassy felt smoothness covered the lumps and shallow concaves like well-made bed sheets. Except a bole of three mesquite trees beyond the tank might prove shelter. Liz ran for the spot.

When they had disappeared beyond the tank, John's eyes released themselves with a correspondent sense of the stillness around him. He shut his eyes. The quick diorism of his hearing accustomed itself to the small sounds around him; for a moment he was left in silly peace. Beside him, voices of meadowlarks etched a pleasant melody in the field. Dully vaporous in the clouds a jet sound overhead whispered to him subtle reassurance of life beyond this spot. With his hope resurrected, John took a map out of his glovebox, and sought a prospectus of their position. The map unfolded from the floor to the ceiling filling John's eyes with a black and red veined homony of Texas. The map showed roads, railroad scars, rivers, the capital, and two hundred and fifty-four counties.

But finally the map did not show an insignificant road, running through a hot yellow countryside. Poking a hole through one county, John then began to fold the map up. He began methodically with a strategic intent; bending it down the middle, halving it, halving it again, smoothing the creases. Halving the diminished square once again he then held the bulging map between two fingers. The compressed paper surged with an anxious life all its own. John unfolded the squares and told himself to relax. He prepared

himself. Beginning, John specifically kept his eyes on the cover, a picture of a gasoline station with the national emblem. Folded, the national emblem sat on the top of the paper-stack like the lid of a jack-in-the-box. John tossed the map in the back.

Outside the pasture remained empty. A stock path wound a meandering journey, leading away at on point where John could

see its furrowed width. In the growth on both sides were cow chips, like a colony of anthills along a road. The heat shimmer of a late afternoon sun waved away from him and into the horizon.

And then, sitting inside the car John suddenly felt alone. A cessation of the wind had accomplished both an eerie quiet and a lack of any movement in the field. The former sensate tonalities of landscape now assumed a suspect rigidity; what if something had happened to them he wondered? In his usual absent mindedness he had lost all sense of time. What a negligent example he counseled himself. Lighting one of Liz's cigarettes, John stared anxiously at the clump of trees, straining his eyes. They might have been bitten by a snake or even worse. The high earthwork of the tank obscured a part of its water. What if they had fallen in the water and drowned? Under the pale blue sky the sea of green grass and bole of trees still possessed their malignant calm. e was bout to leave the car and follow after them when suddenly a yellow flicker

He was about to leave the car and follow after them when suddenly a yellow flicker emerged from the trees. Another figure, and before John's eyes Liz and Petey could be seen making their way hurriedly. Beside Petey Liz dissimulated, ran in circles bending down to hasten him. Against the prickly ankle growth Petey pushed his limbs, his knees failing jerkily. Taking Petey by the hand Liz pulled him closer. John could see clearly now, the parallel shapes of her legs, efining themselves with each flashing step. He got out of the car. With a mental overview John could see all three of them closing together, the final physical inspiration. Their tandem beauty

came closer.

He helped their crossing of the fence. A faint wetness touched her upper lip as Liz then stood beside him.

"I got worried. What took so long?" John asked. Like the first time he had stood beside her John felt a pang of pain mottled now by their weathered union.

"This boy has learned a new revelation! Tell him Petey. Go on, tell him, he knows all about it."

"What?" They got inside the car. The flush of Liz's face seemed a maternal affinity with the child's

bright and pink shape. Sitting close beside her, John could tell himself she was utterly changed. It was even more of an agonizing loneliness so close.

"Taught him how to pee standing up!" Liz said. "Ain't that something? Today, Petey ~~of~~ boy, you join the race of homosapiens. Yep! And you say I'm a bad influence on the kid. Could you have taught him?" she demanded.

Driving a few miles in silence, John Falcon was struck with a thought. They could drive to the Lake Junoper Floating Marina, a place he knew very well, and ask directions.

At the Lake Junoper landing, they got out of the car in the parking lot and stretched themselves. Following the example of the two older ones, Petey pulled the wet cloth shirt from his back and allowed the cool breeze to soothe his skin. John finished a beer from the cooler in the back, and cracking it open, admired the lake as it sat below them. The beer soothed his parched insides, while the enchanted picture of burnished blue, and resume of shore growing green into a pale horizon stopped for a moment all extra doubts. Shaking his head

in silent approval, he turned to Liz.

"Ain't that a sight?" Liz said. "Let's go get them directions."

She was right. Together they crossed the parking lot and came to the high bank above Lake Junoper Flating Marina. Wooden stairs in the bank dropped down to the water.

Below them the marina seemed an incongruous trap of painted wood, pontoons, Coke signs, and rickety gray boat moorings splattering the surface. Instead of the usual sunken pilings, the producers of Lake Junoper had put the marina on a huge system of pontoons, billing the place as a floating way-station. The novelty had now weathered many years. With its interstices of pontoons holding a difficult stability against the wind and current, the marina building itself rose out of the water like a roller rink or gymnasium. It was a huge structure, its paint now chipped up into fluffy patches, with a tiny railing around its perimeter suggesting its real status as a ship. The ship now looked aground, no dead, but spawning great clusters of young around it. In coveys, the owners of pleasure boats disappeared inside, came out, and swam off in fine white wakes of spray.

"Goddamn frogs," Liz said to John.

"Waht?"

"Frogs. Those people. Look at them sugar. Look there. Bunch of goddam idiots. They come out here on weekends and pump gas in lakes, and think they're all a bunch of goddam buccaneers. Look at all of them!"

While it was true, John felt like mitigating her words. Without these men, without their offices, building, roads,

factories -- the almost mythical cogs of industry, John knew they were all fated for disaster. How could you support a wife and child without the advantages of a super economy? Money was the issue. Her father, moneyless, had been crushed beneath a heartless world. Flying airplanes! Despite the virgin territory of her opinion, John now allowed himself no illusions. He was caught in the cruel, dirty world of work.

"You read that feeling in a magazine, Liz," John said.

"And I hope you get yours caught in a dictionary some day," Liz answered. She rushed alone down the stairs. "Damn dirty capitalist!"

John followed after her down the stairs. "You don't understand, Liz," he was saying. "All you think about are blue skies and forests and wine bottles. It's all very complicated Liz. There are "Son of a bitch."

"And quit talking dirty around the baby," John said. "I don't like that."

"All right," Liz agreed, hurrying below him. "Yer right. I won't say any bad things around Petey. But you knock it off with that crap about circumstances."

"I'm not talking crap, Liz. We're getting older, don't you see? You can't walk with high-school civics class ideas."

"I haven't got any ideas," Liz answered. "I just don't like old men in motor boats."

It would be impossible to explain, John realized. Some things were better left endured. So many years allowed a

softening of difference. Marriage, so infinite, yet was marred. "Hold tight to Petey," John said. "He looks very afraid."

Finally setting foot on the horizontal pland of wharf, they walked along its narrow bounds. Inside one of the wooden doors, Lake Juniper Floating Marina became a huge room, unassociated with aquatic surroundings, except for a ring of fishermen holding sedately around a square of water in the floor. One of the further novelties of Lake Juniper Floating Marina was indoor fishing, complete with Coke machines, bait counter, and a tackle shop, twenty feet away.

"This place gives me the creeps," Liz said.

"Hold on to yourself. We'll get our directions and leave."

They stepped up to the bait counter and when the woman manning things put a coin into the register she turned to be asked a question, pausing in her grim movements. The woman's face softened a little, assuming a mask of wonder as she stared wide-eyed at John. Liz, very tired from carrying Petey, had put

him down on the counter.

"You don't know where Lemming Beach is, do you?" John asked.

"No. I never hear of it."

"I knew it," Liz said. "Let's go."

John said "Well, wait a minute. It's somewhere on this side of the lake, I'm positive. I was there earlier this summer."

"I could sell you a map," said the woman.

"How about someone else. Is there anyone else we could ask?"

A man standing nearby turned and walked behind the counter, leaning toward John with the benign effect of an oracle. He was tall and heavy, with a columnar thorax that filled his white shirt into the shape of a long cocoon. With two hands on the counter, his obliging eyes looked out at John from the bottom of a sloping alluvial blarney, his face a faded yellow stain. Petey kicked the wooden sides beneath the counter and looked at the man's round face above him. Even before he finished speaking, John could recognize the displaced twang of voice, a stretched erosion of language from an older, popularly traditional Texas. A white apron, stained and streaked from fishing worms, clung daintily around his middle section.

"I heard of that place," he said. He suddenly noticed Petey. "Whose boy is this, Sal?" he asked the woman.

"It belongs to the girl."

"Ke's mine," Liz said, clutching Petey.

"Well get that fella off this goddam counter. This ain't an orphanage."

"Hold it a minute," John said. "We just set him up there a min--"

"What did you say, you old son of a bitch?" Liz shouted.

"Hold it a minute, Liz."

"What's the matter, don't you like kids?" Liz asked the man.

"They sure talk filthy, don't they, Sal?" the man asked. He frowned and twisted the yellow flesh of his head in righteous turns. Hedging himself away from Liz, the man directed his words at John.

"Get your wife to get that boy off my counter, will ya? How can you expect me to run a store and all, and sell fishing worms and things, with a kid--"

"Just shut the hell up you old goddam frong," Liz said. "Just because you don't like kids you try to scare a poor little boy..."

"Hold on Liz. Hold it!" John said.

Bewildered fishermen looked up from the square pool of water like men suddenly roused from a deep sleep and soon annoyed, through the complacent confines of Lake Juniper Flating Marina. Every regiment of movement held rigidly to watch a spectacle. "You better tay'ell her to watch her language," the man said to John.

"Go watch you store," Liz said. "Just becuae you're not man enough to have a kid, or anything like on, you start picking on a baby. What kind of piss-ass--"

The rest, taken together with all that came before it, John put out of his mind as moments later he dragged her outside. With her arms held suffocatingly tight around petey, Liz was a protective bundle of fury, kicking cursing and insane. Her legs propelled her in a straight shot down the wharf-walk and towards the stairs. Half-ruled now she allowed John to hasten beside her, still howling her futy against the frogged mean injustice of it all. Late afternoon sunshine angled overhead in brilliant sallients of light from the edge of the bank above them. Trudging upwards John fell into her dark shadow, each step above him a whimper and a curse. Liz's blouse held tight across her shoulder blades and the beginning curvature of her ribs. Each leg lifted rippled the diastolic anger of her flesh. As they reached the top at last, Liz put Petey down and lowered herself beside him in the grass. And John realized also as the last step left his foot that he was utterly, entirely tired.

Except for the sound of heavy breathing it was quiet.

Relieving a short paralysis, John turned toward her brushing an imaginary blemish from his chin. The expression of his face; of his eyes and mouth, and the deeper flex of vocal chords would not co-ordinate, and he sat before her with a blank flat look, with a soundless O for a mouth.

"You just keep away from me, John Falcon!" Liz said, "A lot of help you were!"

"Now c'mon Liz," John said. "He was just an old crank."

"And what did you do JOhn Falcon? Huh? Some man you are! Why didnOt you stand up to that old crome-dome like any man would? Huh? What happened to your great courage, Huh?"

"My what?"

"Why didn't you stand up to him like anybody would for their girl and a little boy? Huh? You no good chicken-liver, you're a no good for nothing dinky coward!"

"Quit saying huh, will you?" John said.

"You ought to be shot," Liz said "Just like my old man. You're just as stupid and dumb and irresponsible as my old man."

"What did you want me to do, Liz? Punch him in the throat?"

"No. Cuss at him."

What was this then? , John asked himself. Of course he was quite new at it, a father for only the briefest time. Now he seemed irredeemably sunken; how had he suddenly failed? Beside him Liz 's fury dwindles into pitiable sobs. Her arms fell slack beside her and Petey crawled away through the grass. Pausing beside John he watched her crying. He then brushed John's face with a quixotic expression, wandering a few more feet away. Alone within the radius of her tears John stared out into the water, where a slight wind crenelated its surface. Tiny dots of skiers could be seen skipping monotonously after motor boats. On the lake's far shore a lace of whitecaps ran into the grassy bank. John's failure, warm and clammy was pushed by John towards the water's cool depths.

But he could not drown an illusion, he realized. The lake's cold denial, returning an ugly image, denying him all therapeutic relief. Until the crucial moment John had been stupid and unaware of his shortcomings; Liz had compared him to her father. He father! John laughed a sarcastic laugh to himself. Even in the worst circumstances, John reflected, he could laugh. Her father could laugh too, he suddenly remembered; more ebulliently giving himself to inanity. In thirty years John might also learn to laugh greater and greater guffaws in the teeth of his failure. Stop it, he said to himself.

What could he do? How could he redeem himself before the world? Liz still denied him all communication, her back a broad rebuke. What other opportunity would show itself? The afternoon had been completely ruined. John saw no chance of salvaging even a swim before the sun set and their required time to return. The cooler air of evening already blew into their faces from the lake. John suddenly spun round in fury. pulling tufts of grass up in his hands. There was nothing he could do, no little act, no dragon to slay. He watched the cause of it all, Petey, push himself off the ground with two tiny hands and stand up tentatively, focusing his expression on the water. It was difficult to tell what he saw, or what it meant. Petey took one small step closer to the water and looked around himself, pleased. With his hands he clenched together small rolls of his shirt.

Watching him, John envied the whole innocence of his life, outside the realm of conflict or failure. Petey's unconcern even carried him a foot closer to the brink, where the bank slid steeply downward. He mustn't fall off. John thought.

And what if he did? John asked. They would call for him not to take another step, and Petey, sensing their insidious intent would rush forward right into disaster. With the realization upon him. John would jump up with hunched shoulders, his terror squeezing him as Liz's screams followed the disappearance of the child. At the edge, John could only visualize and rolling yellow bundle below him, just beginning its

first thumping cry.

Yet he would hurtle over the side. For a distance the bank would support his movements down its face and John scrambled down it, thinking, I am in action, landing within a few feet of the rolling, tumbling child. Grim, unremembered movements responses of let and arm muscles seeking break his fall. John thought to grab him thinking now, as any second his momentum would prove too much, and his co-ordination collapse. Downward, he somehow fell to his knees, close to the child, grasping him close inside his arms, and then rolling over once, beginning to slide. Half successful then, he scratched painfully over the remaining yards of hard nobby surface, sinking feet first into the water.

With the baby blubbering in his arms he fell in a wild confusion; saturated in scrapes and cuts and blood, he knew he had done something imponderable. What the hell? he thought.

The cuts and scrapes upon his flesh cried out a painful lesson; in bewilderment John saw the inevitable outcome, knew the cold reality. Half-in and half-out of lakewater the coldness numbed his legs up to the waist. But he had done his duty, restored the sanctity of his union. The child was saved. Together with the lake and the green land John was locked in union, suddenly profound in its completeness.

"John."

He would restore the child to his mother, turning, John looked up into her penitent face, standing above him.

"Wake up sugar."

"What?"

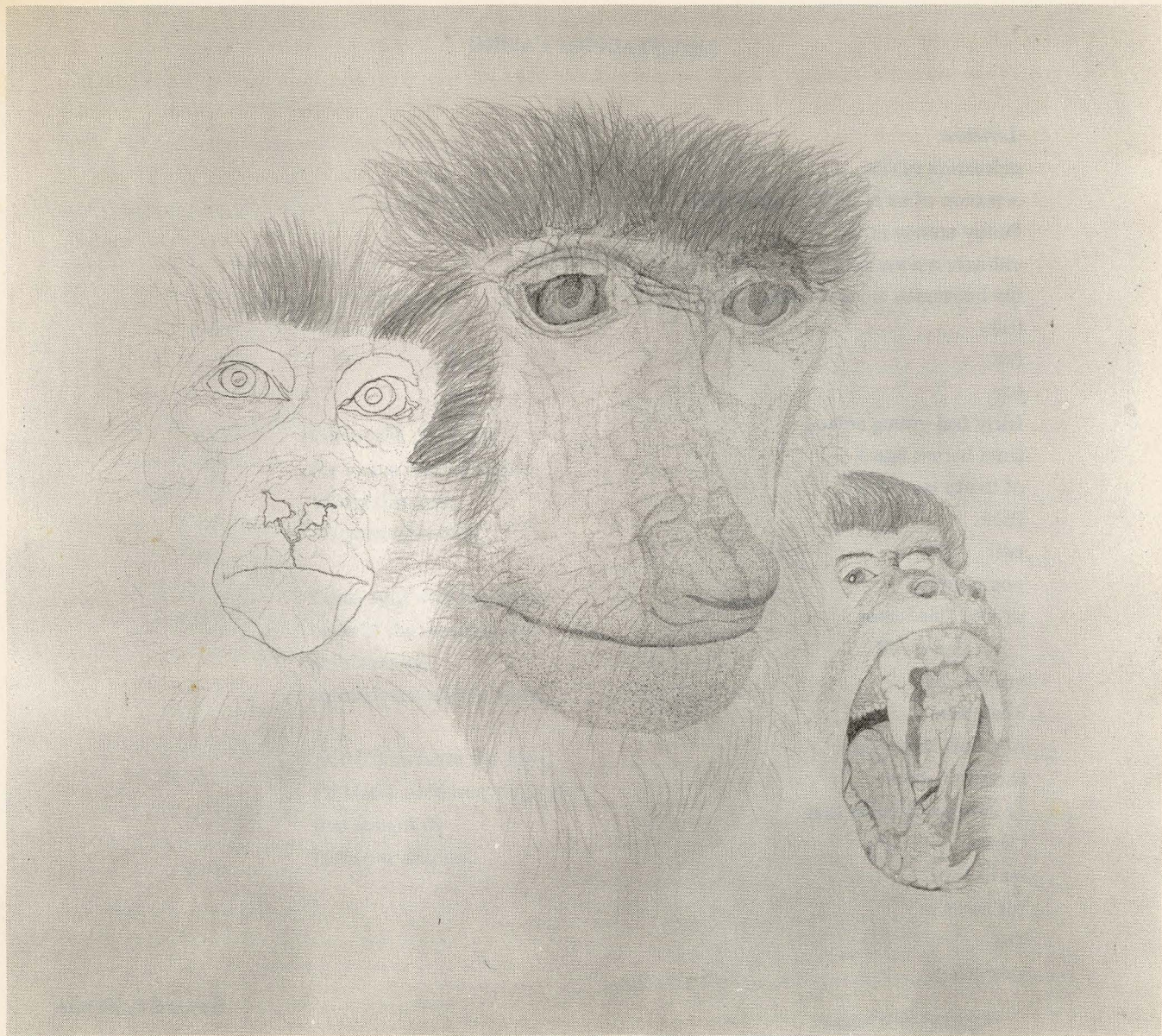
"You were telling yourself the six-o'clock news, sugar. C'mon really, I'm sorry. I'm really a bitch."

"No." John said. "No Liz, no you're not."

"Oh I'm really sorry, sugar. I just lost the old temper. But look! I got you a beer - ok? Don't you worry boy, in two days you'll be free of me forever. You know?"

She begna to cry, a wet sadness dropping her down beside him. John put his arm around her, holding her tight. "No, Liz, no I won't."

Martin Edward Williams



MOUNTAINTOP CASINO

Loveless
procession of the
recession of an enormous lump sum.
Funny money in the
ultimate recluse of
the boisterous cloister of the lovely day.

Run
run
tun
fairly fast young animal
from barren barrel
of frosty root beer.

Here
here
young furry
of nine fine leaves.

Can do all
you can or
even more
of a bore than you
thought before
or even previous to that.

Come
let us love
for those in
the
gala affair.

Howard B. Kracke

CYCLE...6

Come into the light;
for I have danced alone,
within the dark,
for your eyes only.

Come stay with me now,
or until the morning air
embraces us,
through last night's wine.

And if you leave me then,
I'll blame each morning's star,
that sought us
from our disguise.

Sharon Lee Stumph

DEAR TOM

"When is a man strong until he feels alone?"

Robert Browning

Smoke from my cigarette slowly rises,
its free flowing design is soon covered
by darkness too thick for sight. I, coldly
pausing like mist over water, shudder
with the wind, then turning back, move to cross
again the long night in hopes of shelter.

I remember everything as it was;
all the wondering memories causing
questions to rise before the infinite
eyes of moments, separate but moving;
listing abstract items like rich night
dreams wasted in the morning wake. Those dreams
(travels crossed by hard temptations) were dead
at birth, and lost formlessly in limbo.
The many items caught returning pain
like floods of sunshine in an endless glass prism
doomed to drown in their own foaming vessels.
The sequence of time between two alien
seasons; a concern of nine months quickly
drawn: spring to winter. All contradictions
angered from both our lives. Perfect colors
mixed in summer's light: green earth grown weary
by the grey matter of cities, the useless
sincerity of our actions, the car
you bought which never ran, sometimes your job

delivering car parts, hour swallowed skin.
our communal apartment, its faded
green rug and green light, the old ragged
brown sofa, two old stolen chairs, the striped
mattress, the once white walls, the outside roads
we traveled often, the sidewalk straining
to reach the door, dirty dishes molding
underneath furniture like discarded facts
without any meaning. All of it dead
without this list. These memories build form,
phantom in shape, that walk with me, closely
directing my journeys without clever
knowledge of directions.

Its all still there.

Both rooms (colliding in the stained bathroom) will
echo many voices. Everything now
lies immobile like stagnant water deep
in roadside ditches, festered by the sun.
Grwoths of old memories will never
replace the new ones.

I heard your last cry.

You were torn instantly by the warping
metal of first contact. You were scattered
randomly by its exploding impact.

Broken and bleeding you escaped us seeping
thickly through the smoke on the mixing black
asphalt; your last birth, your great creation.

Short years, like pools of mud after heavy
rains, will cluster close about, but I,
mourning light, longing for an exhaustless

returning, will loosely step over them.

I'll not forget the rains.

The sun, sharply

greaking through the clandestime foliage, warned
you of the coming day. Filled of thoughtless
cares and sleep, decaying leaves covering
your open world. Vainly playing nature
you built a few sporadic mud walls.

I found you in this transit home living
with the rains; the seasonal floods of your
hopes. Wild birds, appalled by intrusions, bore
witness to your fast. You came out weakly,
scratched by familiar poking thorns of strict
guided roses. Your lucid scabs peeling dry
like the clothes of a young girl. Led astray
by old forgotten paths draining dimly
in the woods; paths that never reach the larger
roads. And I, stranded there too, camped with you.
Easy worlds soon woven the way old drunks
would to wayside dreams.

We must be settled,

faithfully returned to daily standards.

We lost the vegetation when concrete
was poured. Our solid temples nothing more
than measures of collected dust. We met
there along the too soon used country roads.
ignoring the seasonal tides, our experience,
as stale beer, was raised and quickly lowered,
over repeating the broken sunlit
strips running through us. Magical rhythms
and mystical trees inclines to cover

us: bodies of burdened quilts on cold
nights. My stoic house (ages in substantial
watch open at night. Raw, sleepy mornings
closed searching for some good like Tantalus
who starved for what was just beyond his reach.
The old lady asking who you were. I.
laughing, was unable to tell her.

With self-selection

you later moved. As one mining the veins
of heated rock you sweated for the money and leased
the plaster apartment: an unlocked vacuum
world, almost an incomplete dictionary.
Suddenly friends speaking of abandoned
furniture appearing shouting and trading
for gun and mineral soup; the swine's flesh
becoming an Aean libation to stone
gods. First we laughed automatically.
But it was with my spoon you stirred your junk,
taken from the thirty pieced silver set
I stole from home. I left myself all over
that ceilingless flat.

Losing the door keys

we slept in your unmoving car, gravel
and splintered wood was strewn underneath like
worn shoes grown too small. Similar or same,
our lives combined borrowing all objects
gross in nature. You used my sexual
energy to have one naked chance. One less
miscarried temptation, nothing more than one
fine piece of lubricated machinery.
I left you when I saw you on that wet

night. The only things I took were the cracks
from the bed: she was soft like tracts in snow,
cold, crisp, yet melting with applied heat. She
was worse than Epeios for you.

Your selected
city fell silently behind drowning
in high tempest winds. This same careless force
controlling me. The wooden belly of your floor
opening up to a different lust.

You floundered, physically weak, never
to recover. An evening storm, dull
against colorless winter, blew the winds
thoughtlessly over lands, indifferent
like swollen tides and cruelly like a child.
My flight, soon measured by telephone pole
spaces and long empty fields, becoming
mere passings of regret to memories.

Never did I consider the newly
build highway laid safely or avoid
the eroding route. Those summer temples
changed silently to solemn winter tones
as spend passions toss and heave endlessly
in deeply lost waters; their harbour gone.
My absence reminding you of your strange
victory.

I have not seen your new dreams
but will remember the old. News of your
death arrived late by mail personally
coded in not-so-white stationary.
Between the long grey blocks, I, like the pale
pages of a book, shall be paused over

both intently and lightly. Will you come
again timestruck with me? I reason your
reptured temples and question the traveled
homelands once rode then wished for. Thinking
of how to evaluate the problems
of your life outside this list: the drunken
spirits - those that sired or tried, your final
death cry, vainly needles by the foul yellow
shades you passed, your pulse breaking long before
your neck, you eating your last meal alone
in the hospital, you: who were heading home,
you: who always were, your blood (now dried dust)
blows like fine powder along the board peeling
roadsteads, the kind of day it was, colors
and pictures of your death, imaginations
filling your grave - a trophy of your
life, your ebbing fluids trapped in soft pools,
frozen in winter, rotting in summer,
smelling of stone parlors and unnatural inroads,
your features fading like the sheer
satin surrounding you, your name chiseled
in grey polished rock set in course cement,
your processing putrescence moves too slow.
Rising
without end, struggling without rest, the need
to kill the cruel traces of old laughter
grows thick and hard, blocking most basic paths
of conscious sorrow, tearint down used dreams.
As floods bring famines to doubly lay waste
to helpless lands, this purging need carries
the sad recognition of our senseless

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action: you forcing death, and I oddly
aware. Useless questions suddenly burst
spreading bitter melancholy, boiling
in rage like maddened flames, it greedily
consumes and destroys my well kept meanings.
Closely guarded ideals burn weakly back,
becoming the trail indefinite hopes
they once were. And again differences,
now strangely sized, quickly vanish
in winds felt curiously familiar.
Our realities are again as one,
combining all emotional tenses.
But now wild our motion from shapeless form,
Perhaps they buried time instead of you.

Soon the distant spring will return, forcing
the dead and dying plants to rise and build
the sweet growths of coming crops and seasons.
The long empty winter fields will waken
then stir and finally wipe the crusting
sleep away like old drunks sick with spilled wine.
Easy futures lean forward and boldly
dare the coming colors and youths of dawn.
Our laughter refuses and stays behind,
grumbling and hesitant in knowing parts
as a whole, gentle mute disbelief holds fast
in bad weather and steadies what is not.
It will not help the onnocents thought blind
nor will it taunt them or mock them harshly.
It is useless to divide common points,
circles are perfect.

Lying inward in my chair I
watch the dark night shadows, thinking not of one form but of many, always
feeling the heat shivering next to me.
I feel you and know you from ages dead
of time, I call you Elpenor, your real
name. From secure labels I understand
I sweat oaths and promises, unholy
and unknown in nature, the thankfully
fill your last desires and eulogize death
assuming all accepted excuses.
Through the window
Panels I see outside illusions from light
mixing behind me. The full evenness
of near colors. Once to experiment,
one to experience, how small borders
and boundaries are. The involent curves
continue to challenge your death.
But again,
the still shadows deceive, awkward in shape,
cunning in growth, twisting and freezing they
now follow the course of night winds. Their speech,
bounding and falling like sins on demons,
dies shrieking from defending towers.
The car,
sensing the roads' strength, move only their own
shadows. My car, unburied in shallow snow, waits soundlessly to be driven. From here
those queer fences have no chance to divide.
I feel the patterns on my cushioned skin.
I look at my outside self through assorted
panes of glass. It might have, for a second,
been you, for a moment it should have been

you.

I consider the carpet dirt below
me, the chipped paint, the tones of your waning
echo. It is the mildness of my house light
causing the night shapes.

The tine telephone
wires cross the stars. We are their outside
illusions.

I realize in hours the sun
will disregard all dark figures.

I want
only to think of tomorrow, wishing
you had not died. Your dying will outlast
your corpse.

Daniel Williams

THE WAXEN WINGS OF ICARUS

I had time to fly today, to lift
my colored wings above the lower skies.
Soaring higher than usual, to reach
the furthest heaven designs and still climb.

Time to carelessly swallow pure air
and blance on a wind, to watch
the hesitant day moon rise with the dawn.
To laughingly tumble amid the clouds rolling
over, gaining and twisting in weightless
contortion. To glide along thin currents
of sunlight, sternly glaring with them
at the small world turning below.
All the time wondering when I'd find time again.

Daniel Williams

PROSTITUTE

Extra high quality!
Lies flat, withstands abuse.
Ideal for professional,
Industrial
And work-a-day folk.
And students everywhere,
Twenty dollars, please.

Robert King

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

A park bench, lit in shades of gray. There is little to suggest that it is in a park for the bench might very well be streetside or perhaps on the platform at a railway station.

A woman sits knitting on the bench. She is old, and retains a sense of distraction from her work throughout the performance.

An older man, wearing a hat and carrying a cane or a walking stick enters. He pauses after passing the bench and seeing the lady. There is a painful detachment about them both. In their speech, they start and stop often, fearing a verbal infringement or someone else's thoughts..

The woman looks up, as if by cue.

MAN

(Nodding.)

Good day.

WOMAN

Hello.

MAN

It's a fine day out.

WOMAN

Yes. It is - nice.

MAN

But not as fine as yesterday.

WOMAN

(The ultimate in agreement.)

Not in the least. Now THERE was a day.

MAN

But perhaps tomorrow will be even better.

WOMAN

There's always that chance.

MAN

Of, course, we won't really know until then, will we?

WOMAN

That's for certain.

(A little laugh.)

MAN

Yes, a fine day.

WOMAN

But..perhaps tomorrow.

MAN

Yes, perhaps. Tomorrow.

WOMAN

Well.

(A break. She returns to her knitting. He remains motionless.)

(Clearing his throat.)

Of course, for this time of the year -

WOMAN

(Quickly agreeing.)

Oh, yes.

MAN

Oh yes, what?

WOMAN

Weren't you going to say that for this time of the year, the weather isn't really that bad?

MAN

Yes, I was.

WOMAN

I thought as much.

MAN

Actually was going to say that it isn't really bad for any time of the year.

WOMAN

Considering the climate.

MAN

And the time of the year.

WOMAN

And this area. This area is so terribly conducive to rapid meteorological changes.

MAN

Indeed?

WOMAN

Which means that the weather may or may not be like this tomorrow

MAN

Well, who are we to complain?

WOMAN

Exactly.

MAN

Why, we have every reason in the world to complain. If we don't complain, then who is going to?

WOMAN

Exactly.

MAN

He lets me walk whenever I want.

WOMAN

I'm sure that this one is mine. A mother...

MAN

Whenever I want.

WOMAN

...can be sure about such things.

MAN

As long as I tell him when and where I am going.

WOMAN

It must be nice.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

Living with your son.

MAN

Of course, it wasn't always like that.

WOMAN

No?

MAN

No. Even I can remember when he used to live with me. I took it on faith that he was my son. Took my wife's word for it. She was my wife. A family.

WOMAN

Any other children?

MAN

I have a son.

WOMAN

No others, I see.

MAN

Somehow.

WOMAN

It must be wonderfully secure feeling to have a home of your own. A roof over your head of your own, even if it is someone else's.

MAN

I see what you mean.

WOMAN

Your own son. Regular hours. A cot of your own. No one, to bother you. Not have to feel that you're taking charity even if someone is giving it to you.

MAN

It's clearing up.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

I thought for a minute that it was clearing up. It's been so overcast all afternoon.

WOMAN

(Back to her knitting.)

Yes, it has.

MAN

I'd better be moving along. I don't like to stop for too long a time. Once you lose your stride, it's hard to pick it up again.

WOMAN

I imagine it is.

MAN

(Rising to leave again.)

Well, good day.

WOMAN

(Looking up, straight out, knitting suspended, an effort to hold him there.)

Of course, I don't just have the one son.

MAN

(Stops moving away. Turns back to her.)

Oh?

WOMAN

But you want to get on with your walk. Mustn't keep your son waiting.

MAN

Son?

WOMAN

If, of course, he is yourson. And the woman he lives with. His wife, perhaps?

MAN

Perhaps. WOMAN

No, it isn't only the one son that I have.

MAN

And I suppose that there are -

WOMAN

Several.

MAN

Several what?

WOMAN

Daughters. Isn't that what you were going to ask? If I had daughters?

MAN

Yes, it is.

WOMAN

People always do ask. I suppose they figure that if you can have one, you can just as easily have the other.

MAN

I only have one -

WOMAN

Son. Yes, I know. Or at least one that you're sure of.

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

I have any number of them and let me tell you they're spread all over the place. I don't believe I've ever visited them all yet. You see, we travelled.

MAN

You and your husband.

WOMAN

And I've never really had a home of my own. Someplace that I could call -

MAN

- call your own. My wife used to say the same thing.

WOMAN

I suppose it's the security which makes it sound so inviting, but I wouldn't know because I've never had it. So I'm not a very good judge to decide whether that's what I'm talking about or whether it's something entirely different. I'm sure that you're not interested in all this. You've probably got your own problems or something better.

MAN

Not at all. Just my own problems. My son. I live with him.

WOMAN

So you said.

MAN

Or at least I take it for granted that he is my son. I'm sure that I've one somewhere.

WOMAN

I'm sure you have too.

MAN

No, only ne.

WOMAN

You misunderstand me. I meant that I'm sure that you have one, ALSO.

MAN

Oh, yes.

(Pause. Restlessness.)

WOMAN

This is such a pleasant conversation. I've not talked with anyone for such a long time. The people on the trains now are a different breed than when I first remember travelling. Very pleasant then.

MAN

I don't get much of a chance to speak at home. With my son, who should be my son. As I've said, I walk.

WOMAN

Indeed.

(Pause.)

I'm not boring you, am I. I've always been afraid that people wouldn't find me half so interesting as when they were merely talking to themselves. Just tell me to be quiet and I won't say another word. Not one.

MAN

Not at all.

WOMAN

I can go on with the knitting and you can continue on with your walk.

MAN

I'm enjoying talking with you. It's been such a long time that I've forgotten how it feels to enjoy oneself. At least I believe that that is what the feeling is.

WOMAN

Even with your doubts, that was a nice thing to say. You're quite a gentleman. I can see you made quite a place for yourself in the world.

MAN

No. You're not boring me...I don't remember what it was like talking to myself anyway. As I said. I walk.

WOMAN

Then, perhaps, you'd better continue on.

The weather.

WOMAN

Oh?

MAN

So changeable. This is a good spot to stop. Of course, I've never stopped at this spot before because, well, this isn't on one of my regular routes. But there doesn't appear to be any bad points about it. And I've got plenty of time. Som won't let me back into the house until six o'clock anyway. Says that I get underfoot.

WOMAN

Really.

MAN

We really have a great deal in common between us, don't we?

WOMAN

Oh, yes.

MAN

Hobbies.

WOMAN

My knitting and your-

MAN

Walking.

OWMAN

The ch MAN

But of course, they're not really children any more. They're grown.

(A long pause. Neither tries anything for a moment, before one continues.) MAN

But as I was saying, I was never able to find the perfect woman, that is, the perfect wife for me. Or for that matter, even the perfect woman would have done the job. It wasn't that we weren't made for each other; maybe it was, but we never discussed anything like that. After all, we were only married. We got married. Had children. The so. And I walk now. Can't get back before six o'clock. But so much of this was so long ago that I can hardly remember much about it or anything else anymore. Not that it matters because there aren't that many more people to listen anymore. I've had woman. There was the wife, that, the mother of my son, my child. But woman. The past is being forgotten. For what? Forgotten. To forget, to forget age, or to even remember what it is I'm trying to forget.

You know, ?you're the sort of woman I'd like to get to know a lot better. I shouldn't be saying these things to you. It isn't proper. I wouldn't be angry if you asked me to leave. But there's-

WOMAN

The same in my situation. You don't know me from the man-in-the-moon. Don't know what kind of a person I am.

MAN

Of course, I wasn't always old.

WOMAN

Nor I.

MAN

But then I couldn't stay young all my life.

WOMAN

That would have been a fine trick.

MAN

And there was a great deal of time between being very young and very old, that now doesn't seem very clear.

WOMAN

You have a way with words. I never COULD say what I mean. Except...

MAN

Yes?

WOMAN

I know it will sound silly.

MAN

Go on.

WOMAN

There's something about you that makes me feel I could tell you anything. I'm not sure what it is, but there are some things...

MAN

Yes. I know. I feel...

WOMAN

Well.

(There is a pause as each waits for the other to begin. Their conversations exist side by side in the following section)

MAN

Warm-blooded. No, it isn't that alone. Hot-blooded. There was something in me that made me seem alive to, no, not just alive, but aggressive. As if I was reaching. People thought that. Of course, they could think that. That was their right. At the time, I was. I am. Still.

WOMAN

I wouldn't begin to tell you about myself. You'd be asleep in ten minutes if I begin.

MAN

The wife could never understand those things about me. But that's what it is when you're dealing with me and woman. Opposited attract.

WOMAN

Well, there isn't a great deal to tell about myself and if you do get bored, please stop me. I won't be the least big offended. I'm used to it.

MAN

Used to being stopped or offended?

WOMAN

Yes.

MAN

When it comes to the end, I'd much rather be aggressive than aggressed against. If everyone believes you're aggressive, you're over the biggest hurdle right there. Now with the ladies, there is one thing to remember.

(He stops.)

If I'M speaking out of line -

OQMAN

Now, you certainly don't have to apologize to me for speaking of your lady friends. I know the way things are. I've been around. I bet it's even a part of your charm.

MAN

Warm? No, no, hot-blooded,

WOMAN

It's been such a long time since I've seen my husband. I don't think I'd recognize him if I saw him again.

MAN

Of course, the wife passed on causing problems that can never be corrected. It had a great impact on them.

WOMAN

You see, I was forced to travel during most of my life. I never really got used to it. But I put up with travelling.

MAN

The father figure.

WOMAN

Isn't it funny how you remember some little details and the important things so often drift farther away from you? I can remember the knitting basket that my husband carried off with him by mistake. I can remember it so clearly.

(Her hand is resting on it.)

The gray quilting and these little straw handles, but for the life of me, I can't recall my husband's face. The features, the color of his hair. Nothing at all.

MAN

If someone else is being aggressive, at least then you know that someone wants you.

WOMAN

I feel sure he was tall.

MAN

For something. For anything.

WOMAN

I'm certain of it.

MAN

For awhile.

WOMAN

The few memories I have left are less of the homes that we had than of the arrivals and departures at the various stations across four continents.

MAN

I had to keep moving. There had to be movement. It was only when I was moving that I ever felt really at home. Of course, she wanted a regular home, with children and all. The house, But I kept her moving.

You wouldn't catch me dead stagnating like the rest of those men.

WOMAN

My husband, you see, was in the service. The service of what or the service of whom, I assure you, I have no idea. But I'm certain I knew at the time.

MAN

They wouldn't lock me out again.

WOMAN

And in the service, you don't remain in one place very long. When we were settled in one place and had had a child, it came time for us to move on to somewhere else. So we dropped what we were doing and headed off for the next stop.

MAN

There was a woman in every station

WOMAN

In the service.

MAN

When I was a boy, that is, young, a child; at any rate, when I was that way, I used to dream of having nothing at all to tie me down. Taking off on a moment's notice for anywhere I wanted to go.

WOMAN

My present situation is to be planted with one of my offspring for a season, only to be uprooted, shipped off and grudging grace for awhile.

MAN

Times change.

WOMAN

As a result of my husband's epic travels, I've got children spread half way around the world. My first husband saw to that.

MAN

Your first husband?

WOMAN

In addition to being my only husband, he was also my first husband.

MAN

But have there been some women! More women that I can remember. I used to keep count. But now, they don't seem to be the whole women, so much as parts. I recall the legs of one, the breasts of another, the hair, I'm sorry.

WOMAN

My husband was a man, too. There's no need to apologize.

MAN

Every place I went, there was a different woman. At least they all seemed different at the time. There were some wild ones. I don't know why I'm telling you this. We've only just met.

MAN

It wasn't so much a wife I needed as a travelling companion. Someone who would take off on a moment's notice with what she had on her back and head for warmer climates when it was cool, and cooler climates when the heat became too great.

WOMAN

I don't know why I'm boring with you with all this. We've only just met.

MAN

Nothing to tie me down.

WOMAN

My first and only, up to the time that I lost him.

MAN

Of course, now that I live with the boy, that is, my son, things have quieted down a great deal. I'm older.

WOMAN

And so I took up knitting. It gives me something to do those long hours I spend in transit. You meet the strangest people traveling. Buses are by far the worst. It's probably because they're the slowest and you're forced to spend the longest amount of time with the people beside you.

MAN

(With great relish.)

But the women.

WOMAN

Of course, it also depends on how long the bus trip is.

MAN

I always like warm women. She was warm when she had to be if I remember anything near the truth.

WOMAN

There's a wonderfully secure feeling on a train. Despite that fact that I lost my husband in a railroad accident of sorts, I still have a liking for the railroads. You can lean a little ways out of the window of a railroad car and you can look ahead and see the tracks. And then you can turn around and look behind you and see the tracks that you just crossed over.

Where you're going where you've been. Without questions. Without fail. The railroad.

MAN

I always took long walks and her suspicions were always more aroused more than anything else.

WOMAN

Then there are ships if you're not in a hurry and of course airplanes if the time is pressing. And cars for those who would rather have themselves in control.

MAN

Please excuse me if I touch upon anything too delicate.

WOMAN

But then, you're bored by all this.

WOMAN

Temperate zones are plentiful but so changeful.

MAN

On a moment's notice.

WOMAN

I've never put much faith in cars.

MAN

Of course, I haven't given up looking yet. I'm still blessed with the oppressive freedom of being alone.

WOMAN

My life doesn't sound half so exciting as yours now. You even almost have a house of your own. But a home.

MAN

My son and the woman he lives with, his wife, I suspect, but who am I to ask questions; give me a place to sleep at night. That is, if I get in by six. It's not that late yet, is it? I don't relish the thought of spending another night out in this weather.

WOMAN

It could happen again.

(At the conclusion of their simultaneous speeches, they both pause haltingly. The feeling and expression of painful detachment has reached its peak. Both now become apologetic for trying to be something with the other which they could not be.)

MAN

But the boy took me in when the wife passed on.

WOMAN

Passed on? When did she die?

MAN

Oh, she didn't die. She passed on to Detroit. She had a brother there. In Detroit. She couldn't stay settled down in one place. Restless. No, she didn't die, Detroit. I've not seen her once since then - my wife. But she couldn't stay in one place - we were always on the move. I've had women. But the wife. I don't know where she went after Detroit. I stay here. With my son. Though we never mentioned it, she was never able to stay in one place. I know she'd never admit it.

Is it near six o'clock yet? If I'm late, he'll relock the door and I'll have to stay out all night.

WOMAN

It's nowhere near six.

MAN

The weather is holding at least.

WOMAN

Of course, I always travelled a great deal. My husband was in the service and we were forced to travel because of his work. His job had something to do with the military. Yes, uniform. But that's all gone now. Since I lost my husband things, have changed.

MAN

I'm sorry about your husband. How did he die?

WOMAN

Oh, he didn't die. I lost him. We were on a train out of Chicago. Bound East. There was a switch of one of the cars or a transfer, or I seem to remember him standing there by himself on the station platform. Yes, that is a good image. The train pulling out and there's old - stadding there, all along on the platform waving away. The old fool. Yes, he was lost.

MAN

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

Oh, I shouldn't have been bothering you with all of this foolishness.

MAN

Not at all. It is I. After all, you don't even know me. I could be - all sorts of things. You know, a strange man in the park. I I shouldn't have spoken.

WOMAN

Nor I. It seems we spend half of our lives apologizing for something we didn't know we meant to do in the first place.

(Neither makes amovement to leave, though both would prefer it.)

MAN

So you've travelled a great deal?

WOMAN

Oh, yes.

MAN

Well.

WOMAN

All over.

MAN

I did in my day.

WOMAN

Must be nice to be settled in with your son - and the woman.

MAN

(Too exuberant.)

Oh, yes. It is. It is. It is. It isn't past six yet.

You know

WOMAN

Yes, he locks the door.

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

I'd say it's getting close. Time-

MAN

(picking up.)

- flies.

WOMAN

Well.

(She turns back to her knitting. He rises, replaces hat.)

MAN

Well, I hope you finish your knitting. What is it going to be?

WOMAN

Well, I've never really thought about it. It's just - well it could be a scarf or a sweater. Or a pair of mittens for one of the grandchildren?

MAN

Oh, you have grandchildren?

WOMAN

It's been such a while since anyone told me anything about them, but I feel sure that I do somewhere. It's not use anyone telling me anything. I'd probably only forget it again.

MAN

Yes, I know what you mean. The old memory just fades on.

WOMAN

Just drifts -

MAN

- away.

WOMAN

Yes.

MAN

Well, perhaps I'll see you again next week along here. I walk along here sometime.

WOMAN

I doubt it.

MAN

But I assure you that I do walk along here quite often, or at least I could.

WOMAN

No. You've misunderstood me. I mean, I doubt that I'll see you.

MAN

Oh.

WOMAN

The children will have shipped me off again somewhere. I'm never sure when or where it will be. I'll come home - they won't tell me ahead of time for fear I'll leave before the time comes and rob them of the pleasure of responsibility. I'll come home and my bags will be packed and sitting there at the door.

MAN

I see.

WOMAN

And they'll whisk me off to the next one - but I'm boring you.

MAN

Not at all. It's only that -

WOMAN

Yes. It's getting late.

MAN

I'd better be going. Thank you for our little talk.

WOMAN

May I thank you?

MAN

(Falsely heartily.)

No. No. The pleasure was all mine.

WOMAN

Have a pleasant walk.

MAN

Oh, I will. Unless the weather changes. And have an enjoyable trip.

WOMAN

(Maybe a little wear.)

Thank you. Good-bye.

MAN

Good-bye.

(And he continues on his walk, cane swinging, hat poised. She bends back over her knitting and begins humming softly as the performance ends.)

H. Jones Baker III

LIFESTYLE

Not wishing to scorch her skin
Or soil her clothes,
She sat as far as she dared from the fire,
Which,
She'd read somewhere,
Would keep wild animals at bay.

The flames were hungry,
Jagged toothed,
It was hard to keep them fed.
They'd gnaw, lick with red tongues,
Growling for more,
Spitting back,
Undigested charry lumps.

The fuel was neatly stacked.
She had put everything she could find
On the pile.
Without moving she could throw offerings,
Sparingly,
So they would last her lifetime.

As a result,
She was never really warm,
Yet always she could hear
The lashing tails.

Mary Wood

GENEALOGY

The china milkmaid with flowers all over her dress,
And the china cow with flowers all over its back,
Were once on Aunt Marion's table,
And now they are on mine.

The woman sits on a china three legged stool,
Her china pail set beneath the china udder.
Her sleeves are rolled up, and
Her porcelain face with its Renoir hair
Is turned toward the cow.
Its head, the tip of one blue Delft horn missing,
One ear chipped off,
Turns toward her.

Twin points of light,
One on the milkmaid's shoulder,
One on the cow's bony forehead,
Decorate them like medals.
Those reflections are the only thing
In the cluttered room
Touching them,
Except for the serene brown wooden
Space their presence clears
Upon my table.

Mary Wood

CONDOLENCES

No, you would not,
If you could.

I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry, too.

You do not understand.

This is so terrible.
It is terrible.

You can not understand.

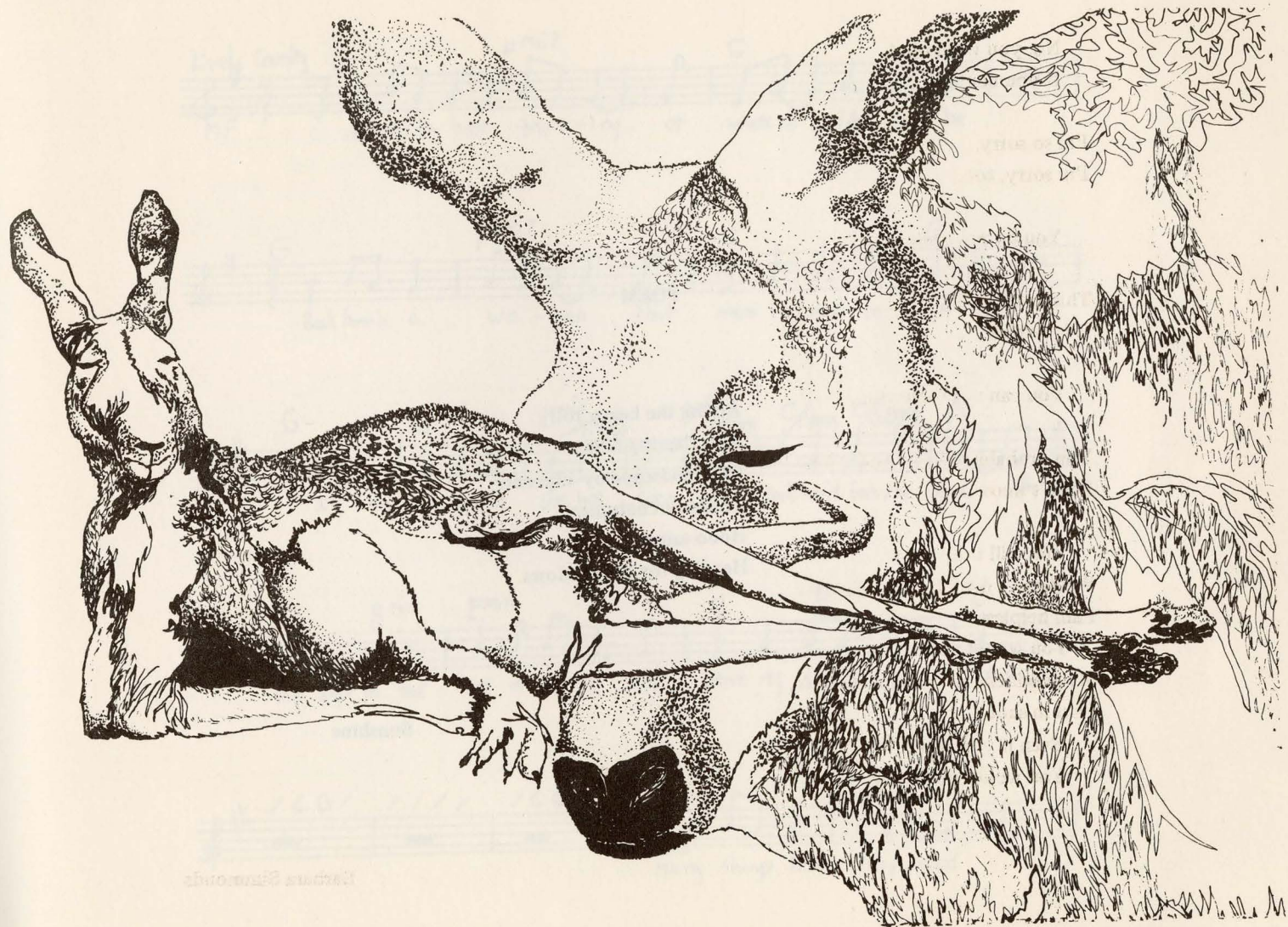
You probably don't know which way to turn.
I don't know which way to turn.

You will not.
What can I do; I feel so helpless.
I am helpless.

You would not.
My goodness, it was such a shock,
I am in shock.

Even if you could,
You would not know.

Barbara Simmonds

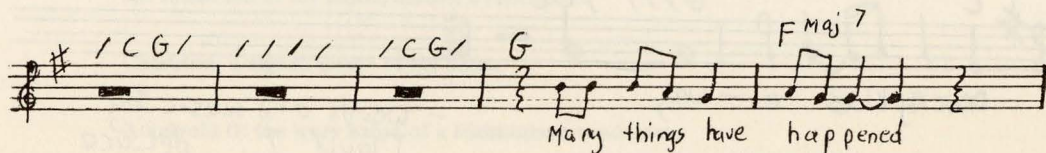
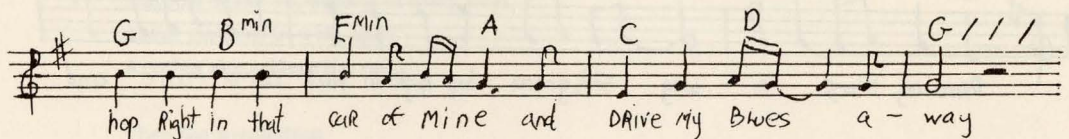
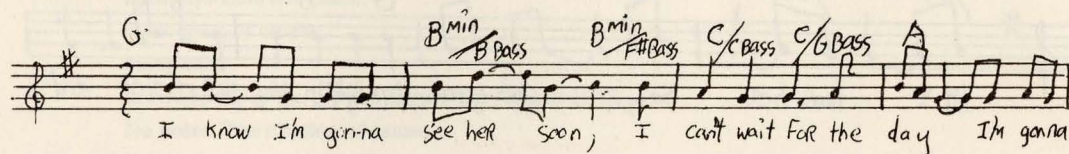
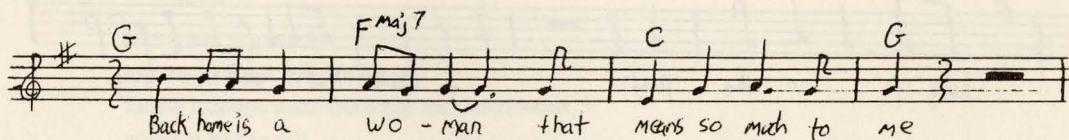
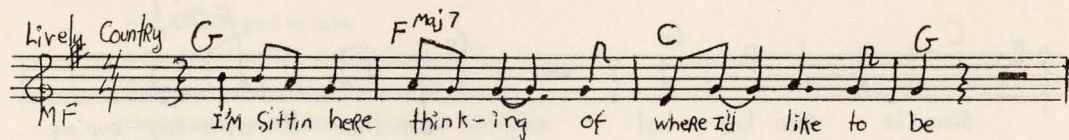


POEM

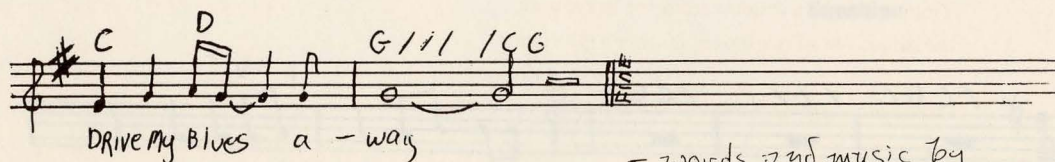
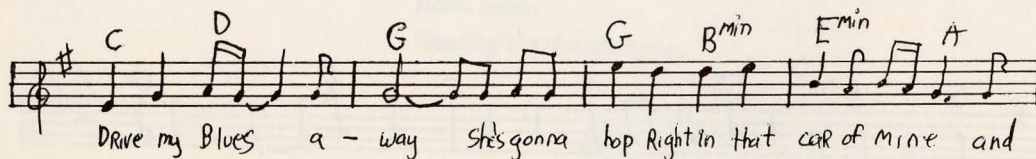
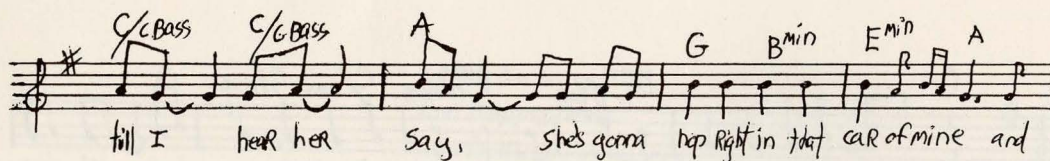
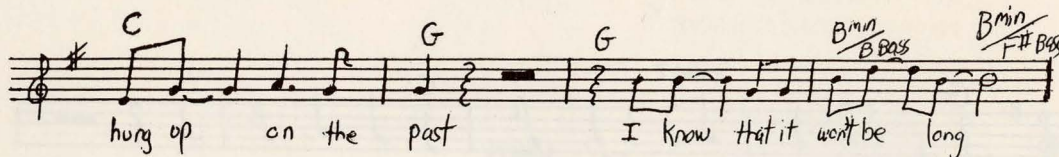
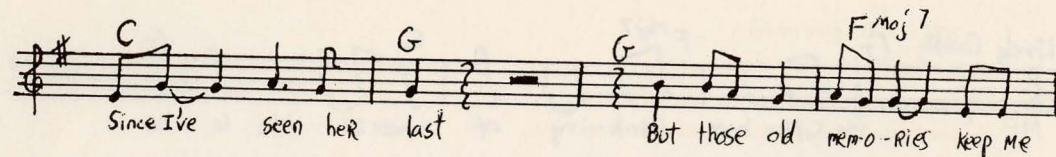
Across the heavy roll
And flaming fields
Of a landscape by Vincent,
Trudge archetypical
Hobo saints
Heading for the shodows.

Sunshine

- DRIVE MY Blues Away - copyright David S. deLuca 1971 ©



- DRIVE MY BLUES AWAY -



- words and music by
David J. deLuca

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

898,600,00 give or take
a couple of million seconds, ago,
for me were distances we have all shared;
the blurred recognition of plasmic numbness
white blood ripples by heat lightning,
the seeds of titanic invisibility.

Hourglass. A grain fell,
leaving where it felt, having to,
falling through small freedoms and restrictions,
where it had to fall.

I fell into time and place,
worn gears of clocks,
compasses
in Annapolis as the ground nursed firey leaves 1948.
No notes. The dilation of senses.
No hewing the lava of self, no edges;
the airflesh, snowhair, moonbrow,
magnets of the un, bandits of rainy days,
stellar maidens to wish apun
Another ring widens the oak.

Then the wanderings.
Virginia Beach: a splinter from the boardwalk,
the sunset red of my blood, mother's milk-warm.

Charlston: a nigress woven of the night.

Annapolis II: the ivory baton of a Midshipman conductor.

Bethesda: a magnolia tree cut groundlevel
sprouts, grows double size,
School. A felt cloth board, man, woman,
a talking snake wound around an appletree.
After school I ate five apples until I threw up.

Annapolis III: the pumpkin yellow bus
tangling lessons of the heart.
A tailoring of time suddenly too small,
ragged, to be shed.

Dallas: the wreckages of dense dwellings.
Rain falling through the dust of the Panhandle
rust red.

Wallingford Connecticut: surrounded by a godlove
of accuracy. the jackboots of learning.
nearer the calligraphy limned in wind-deviled snow,
the untaught deermouse collecting lint and broomstraw.
A hint, the cold false dawn, of song,
the feather of a wing.

Chestertown: questions slept in the air,
daring their waking,
an owl plumbed the forest.

Centreville

the blueblack mudwasps
suspended since the first frost
woke from woodstove heat
tricking their wings,
beautiful and potentially painful.

Usually,
geese are the ear's thieves.

Just now, in the forest
An owl was answered.

James Leigh Dissette

SIX-THIRTY NEWS

I had a dream
I was able to fly
Far away from the six-thirty news

Losing my mind
To the times
Of sorrow and hate

All the killing that's today
I was unable to sell my soul away
To stay one moment longer

If you'd throw down your guns
You could run along side of me

She
She showed me the way
To be free from the world
To feel her close
And to know that
She longs to be there
And she moans
Real low
From the glow
Of our two bodies shining

She helps me to know
Teaches me more
Than I ever thought
There could be

If you'd throw down your guns---

John Dixon

DREAM OF AN ADDICT

Before I went insane,
Big Runny came
and eased my
aching pain.

He shot the dope
into my main vein
that soon spread
throughout my brain.

Yes,
it
eased my pain -
but will I ever be the same?
I mean with all the dope
stuck between my vein
and my brain.
swelling my vein
destroying my brain.

Is this what
you want to call
"doing your own thing"?

Yes, ma'am,
here I stand,
one little lonely man.

Sometimes I feel as if I was
a new breed,
from a different kind of seed.

Needle marks up and down my arm
I feel as if I'd just been born.

See, I want to touch the sky
Without saying "good-bye"
I feel the only way I can do it
is just to stay high
until it's my turn
to die.

Leroy Smith

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS . . .

CHRISTOPHER AHALT is a student at Washington College.

H. JONES BAKER III is a student at Washington College.

DAVE COADY BEAUDOUIN is a student at Washington College.

R. E. BURKHOLDER is a student at Washington College.

JACK BUTLER attended the MFA Writer's Workshop at the U. of Arkansas, and now lives in Jasper, Texas.

JAMES DISSETTE won last year's Sophie Kerr Prize at Washington College for his poetry. He presently lives in Centreville, Maryland.

JOHN DIXON is a student at Washington College.

SARAH GEARHART is a student at Washington College.

ELLEN HARRISON is a student at Washington College.

NORMAN JAMES is a Professor of English at Washington College.

LARRY JOHNSON attended the MFA Writer's Workshop at the U. of Arkansas, and now lives in Alma, Michigan.

HOWARD B. KRACKE is a student at Washington College.

ROBERT KING is a student at Washington College.

DAVID J. deLUCA, formerly a student at the Berkeley School of Music, lives in Tolchester, Maryland.

SUSAN LUSTER is a student at Washington College.

DAVID B. MERRITT is a student at Washington College.

CHRISTOPHER MILLER is a student at Washington College.

WELDON MONSPORT is presently packaging amphetamines in New Jersey.

ROBERT MURPHY is a student at Washington College.

NANCY NORWOOD is a student at Washington College.

SUSAN PIPPIN is a student at Washington College.

PETER REED is a student at Washington College.

DAVID RIPLEY is a student at Washington College.

GEOFFREY ROYCE left the writing program at the U. of Maryland because no one understood his poetry. He presently lives in Silver Spring, Maryland.

HUGH SILCOX is a student at Washington College.

BARBARA SIMMONDS attended this year's Writer's Workshop at Washington College. She lives in Chestertown, Maryland.

LEROY SMITH is a black eighth-grader from Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILLIAM STAFFORD, author of four books of poetry, recipient of the 1962 National Book Award and a Guggenheim Foundation Award in 1966, lives in Lake Oswego, Oregon. He teaches English literature and composition at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon.

SHARON LEE STUMPF, a graduate of Washington College, lives in Chestertown, Maryland.

SUNSHINE is really a student at Washington College.

PAT TRAMS is a student at Washington College.

LISA TURNER is a student at Washington College.

NANCY WALSH is a student at Washington College.

DANIEL WILLIAMS is a student at Washington College.

MARTIN WILLIAMS is a student at Washington College.

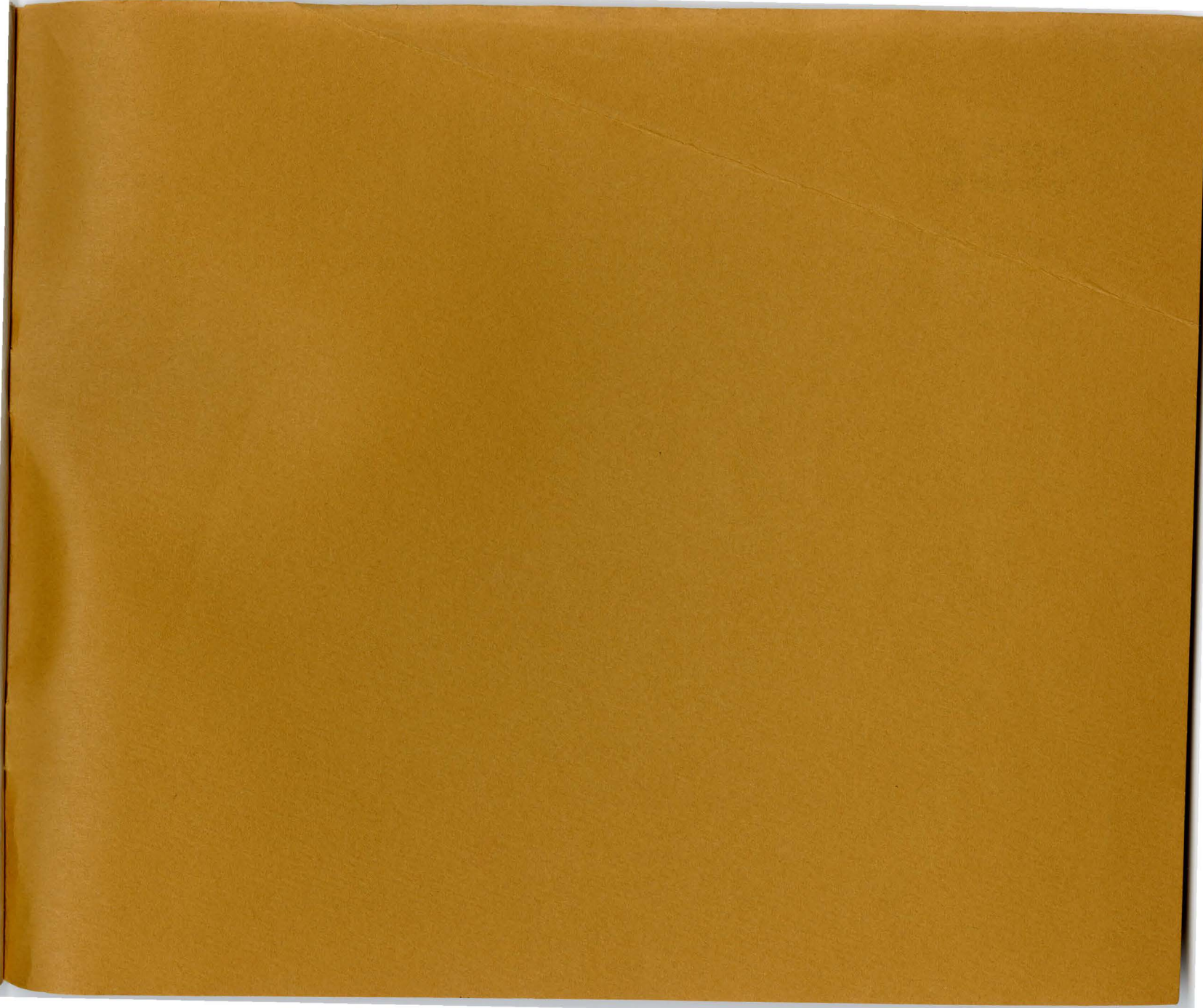
ROBERT WISER is a student at the Rhode Island School of Design.

MARY WOOD attended last year's Writer's Workshop at Washington College, and lives in Centreville, Maryland.

SCOTT WOOLEVER is a student at Washington College.

WENDY WOOLEVER is a student of the Richwood School of Art, New Jersey.

MARY RUTH YOE is a student at Washington College.



CHILD

MISCELLANY 190

Washington College
Chestertown, Maryland

MENDY